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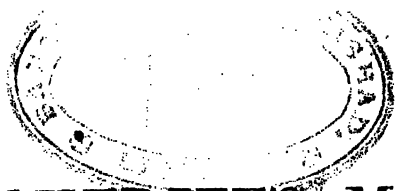
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MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1874.

THE FUNCTIONS OF GOVERNMENT IN INDIA.

BY A MADRAS GRADUATE.

A REMARKABLE article appeared under this heading in a recent issue of *Fraser's Magazine*. It professes to show to the people of England the real state of their Eastern possessions and to deal in a statesmanlike manner with the important problem of Eastern rule. The *exposé*, however, is unhappily a one-sided one, and, the treatment, consequently, most unsatisfactory, and, indeed, positively misleading. With the easy help of a number of dogmatic assertions, the writer endeavours to convince the British Public, that the whole policy of Government in India, from beginning to end, is wrong. Of course he earnestly advocates a prompt and radical change. Little as is the interest generally taken in the subject by the British public, we dare say its importance is sufficiently, if hazily, appreciated by that public for it to accept the *ipse dixit* of the greatest and most dispassionate thinker, and the writer under notice is very far from being a Montesquie or a Bentham, and farther still—as far in spirit as may be—from a De Tocqueville. It is a subject on which, to all honest and moderate politicians, Anglo-Indian or British, light must, we suppose, be welcome from all quarters. A brief consideration of it, of even a few points brought to exceptional prominence at this moment, even from a native Indian stand-point may be of some possible interest.

The Government of India has been described as an anomaly in the history of the world. It is despotic ; but has little in common with other despotic Governments found in ancient or modern history. It is not a monarchy, nor an oligarchy, nor an aristocracy, and certainly nothing like a democracy. It is the Government of a foreign nation over a people composed of various nationalities and races. The rulers have nothing in common with the ruled. Nor do the rulers form a *determinate* Body. Nominally the Queen and the Parliament of England are the rulers of India ; but their influence is little felt in this country, as little as that of the Emperor of Delhi was felt by the Mussulman Delegates. Practically, the Viceroy of India with his Council of fifteen exercises the Sovereign power in the state. During his five years' rule his authority is supreme and it has been said that the only safeguard to oppression or cruelty, to which arbitrary Governments tend, is in the feelings of an enlightened English gentleman. The Viceroy is the creature of the party which for the time being holds the dominant power in England ; and he is generally a gentleman or nobleman of high attainments and official experience. There is a strong political party, however, in India, to which the Viceroy himself, being new to the country and in need of advice, must yield : and this is the Covenanted Civil Service to which the major portion of the Viceroy's Counsellors belong. The members of this Body enact and administer laws. They are the Supreme Judges and Magistrates. They have the Military forces at their command ; in fact, form the actual ruling class in India. All these officers, from the Deputy Viceroy or the Lieutenant Governor to the Junior Assistant, are bound together by common interests and common sympathies. It will be interesting and instructive to see what this anomalous Government formed of a Viceroy and civilians has done and we must own that whatever it has done, whether for good or evil, has been done, for the most part, with the best intentions.

The good that the British Government has done

to this country has oftentimes been exaggerated and sometimes under-valued. The severest critics of the English rule must admit, as a fact, which it will be absurd to deny, that the present Government has given us the inestimable blessings of peace and civilization. English historians and others have said much about the deplorable state of the people during the days of what they have called the Native Governments. Such a Government, in the proper sense of the word, never existed in the greater portion of India within the historic period. The Moslem was as much a foreigner as the Englishman; and as he was an ignorant and a more bigoted foreigner, his rule was much less conciliatory than the present rule. The English will consequently gain little by representing that their Government is better than that of a Tippoo or Aurungzebe. There have been great Princes even among the Moguls; and there was one Prince whose justice and generosity command equal respect with that of the English themselves, and whose reign will stand a favorable comparison with their's. Good government in those days was, however, rare, and an isolated Akbar will not wash away the stains that deeply disfigure the House of Baber. Wherever *Native* Governments had been,—and of these there was not one independent state without dissensions with its Mahomedan neighbours,—we cannot say that the feelings of the governed were not in favor of the rule. That the English Government is a hundred times better than the Mussulman Governments that it supplanted, may thus be conceded, without conceding that it is perfect or unexceptionable. The Railroads and the Telegraph, that traverse every part of the country, show what our rulers have done for the conquered races. Were it not for them, we would, to this day, remain ignorant of steam-power and electricity. Splendid roads, magnificent bridges and stately buildings; vast public works, great institutions; these we acknowledge, are found in every part of the land. For these and a thousand other things, we can never be too grateful. Among them all, however, the highest benefit conferred upon us is Education. This, some men, who watch with

jealousy the progress of the Native mind, have of late mercilessly attacked. The writer in *Fraser's Magazine* denounces it a costly failure. According to him, it has turned out a set of indolent and dissipated men. His opinions on this subject are so strongly expressed and are given with so much spirit and emphasis, that they ought not to be left without contradiction. We quote the writer's observations below :—

"They (the educated Natives) abandon all prejudices of caste and with them, but too frequently, all notions of self-restraint and self-respect. They ape our manners with ludicrous effect and emulate our vices with decided success. To evoke a precocious intelligence which never keeps its promise, and quench every spark of native originality and manliness, seem to be the general result of the English system of Education. The pliable, plastic, receptive Baboo of Bengal cagerly avails himself of this system, partly from a servile wish to please the *Saheb Loge* and partly from a desire to obtain Government appointment * * * * Politically, these people are ciphers and need not be taken into account. No amount of sharpness and intelligence can compensate for the want of moral and physical courage."

The duty of defending our University men against scandalous charges of this character has been so very ably and completely discharged by other and eminent men, that little on the subject remains to be said. We only appeal to those of our countrymen and those distinguished Anglo-Indians, whose lives have been devoted to the moral and intellectual improvement of their Indian fellow-subjects ; and ask whether the words quoted above are not an unjustifiable libel upon a class of men, who are destined to play a mighty part in the social and political revolutions of their country and who have enlightened India even now to some extent. We may also mention that the charges mentioned above are quite the reverse of the charges that are made by the Englishman on the spot. It is not the pliancy, but the determined opposition and the stern moral courage of the educated Natives, that are here found fault with. It is not the Baboo's desire to please the *Saheb Loge*, but his determination to cross them, which is the every-day subject of complaint. There is no foundation whatever

for saying that the present system of education is availed of only by the plastic and receptive Baboo ; for we find that the manly Mahrattas and the hardy Rajpoots furnish no inconsiderable number of students to our Schools and Colleges. There is no foundation for saying that the mass of the people hate English education ; for are not the alumni of our Universities the sons of our ryots and landlords ? Our University men are not, after all, so abandoned as they are represented to be. That enlightened Theism, which in so many thousands of minds has supplanted the belief in Hindu idolatry, of which Brahmoism is the noisy representative, to whom is that due ? The vast improvement in the tone and probity of the Native Service, to such an extent that a foreign Government has trusted it with ample powers, to what is that due ? An increasing taste among our countrymen for education and learning, which were gradually dying out in the land, to whom is that due ? The Model Native Governments, which bear no unfavorable comparison with the English rule, to whom are they due ? The Native pleaders and advocates of our High Courts, about whom one of the most eminent Indian Judges has said that they are no whit inferior to the ordinary Barristers in Westminster Hall, who are they ? A better understanding of the grievances of our countrymen by their rulers, to whom is that due ? And what more can a generation of young men accomplish within the course of a few years. The educated Natives have contributed as much, if not more, to the good government and enlightenment of their country as any class of Englishmen have done ; and considering the time and scene of their operations, it is no reproach to them, that India is not still England. It is their duty to go on, as they have done, disregarding the spiteful charges, which are brought against them and which plainly refute each other. Far from being a costly failure, the English education is the only solid advantage that our rulers have conferred upon us ; and whatever an Indian graduate may be, compared to his brethern of the West, to whom eminent men have said he is not decidedly inferior,—he is not a nonentity in India.

Those who say that vernacular education will do more for the people than what the English education has done, know little of the people and no more of the vernaculars of this country. In the first place, a body of men must be found, in case of dis-continuance of the English education, to act as interpreters of Native ideas and feelings. In the second place, the service of the state requires English-knowing Natives. In the third place, the vernaculars of the country are generally deficient and there is such a difference between the written and the spoken tongue, that they must be improved, before they are made capable of imparting thorough and useful knowledge. Lastly, a knowledge of jurisprudence, law, medicine, modern philosophy and the Western sciences can only be communicated through the medium of the English, and without this, education will be defective, not to say useless. That the masses are ignorant is a fact much to be regretted; but it is not proper to say that, on this account, the superior classes ought to be no better. The path of the Government is clear before it. It ought to encourage vernacular and industrial as well as higher English education. The requisite funds may be spared from the Departments which are, often, and rightly, accused of profligate waste. We may live sometime longer without magnificent buildings and splendid Exhibitions. The national mind must be improved before it can appreciate such luxuries and superfluities.

There is one other question on which the writer in *Fraser's Magazine* has touched and about which we will make a few remarks. We cannot, indeed, characterize the proposition, that the Asiatic is not fit for European institutions, by any other term than absurd. There is no magic in a name. The Asiatic is as good a man as a European; as intelligent; and, in ancient days, was far more civilized than his western brother. It may be, that, sunk of late in ignorance and kept for centuries in subjection, he has forgot his freedom, but there is no earthly reason, why he should not improve. The Saxon population of England, during the reigns of William the Conqueror and his successors, put up with Norman despotism; but

what would be thought of a French contemporary writer, who had said that freedom would not suit the Anglo-Saxons. It is said, that it is a great mistake to suppose that, because some institutions are good for England, they are equally good for India. It is said, that the system of Trial by Jury and Municipal institutions have been tried, with no success. The fallacy in these statements is clear. Trial by Jury and Municipal institutions are not institutions which are good for England alone. Nor is it true that they could not take root unless they be the growth of ages. When properly introduced and transplanted, they will thrive in any civilized soil. The truth is that our Trial by Jury and Municipalities, have nothing but the name in common with similar European institutions. The trial by Jury in England is a matter of right. It is a matter of discretion with Executive Governments in India. The systems are, moreover, essentially different in other respects, and, after all, the Jury system has not been widely adopted in this country and has not proved a failure. The Assessor system has proved a serio-comic farce. The people naturally could not see, why men should be interrupted in their avocations and brought to court to be ill-treated or insulted, or, at the most, to sit like Mummies at a place several miles distant from their homes, and it is the introduction of this farce that has ever raised a prejudice in the popular mind against the Jury system. Again, what are the Indian Municipalities that are intended to teach us the inestimable lesson of self-government? *They* are not the representative institutions that are found in England. They are official councils with the all-powerful Collector at their head. The ex-officio Presidents and Vice Presidents are cautious enough not to choose troublesome chaps to play the game of self-government. The blind Local Governments are sanctioning day after day lots of appointments about the propriety of which they know absolutely nothing. Our laws on this subject are simply polite. Our Municipal institutions do not thrive; not because they are not adapted to the country, but because they are no genuine Municipal institutions. It is certainly unjust to accuse Natives of apathy under these

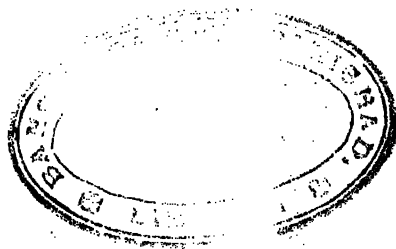
circumstances. And this we will make bold to declare that wherever educated Natives have been allowed a fair share in Municipal Government, the result has been striking. We are no doubt puzzled and perplexed at some of the institutions imported into this country ; not because we do not understand them, but because we understand them too well to be imposed upon by mere names.

It is nothing about right that the British public should know the real state of things in this vast Dependency of the British Crown, but it is time enough to make them clearly understand that they generally hear of us through a false medium. The reports of Anglo-Indians are for the most part inaccurate, their views one-sided and their judgments unfair and not always impartial. With some brilliant but rare exceptions, which are now a days becoming rarer, Anglo-Indians are under the influence of "caste" prejudices. They are, for the most part, superficial observers, and under the belief, real or affected, that the Natives know little even about their own concerns, refuse to hear before condemning us. They altogether ignore the maxim, that every man is the best judge of his own affairs.

What we desire is that the British public and the British Parliament may properly understand our wants and grievances, that the Government of India may be made to act by us fairly and impartially, that it may be made to consider the sons of the land as its loving children and that it may act as a father ; not as the rash and cruel Roman father, flushed with the legal rights of a paterfamilias, but as the sympathizing, considerate, and self-sacrificing Father of the Christian Church.

-To govern India with moderation, to adopt a settled and mild policy towards her, to curb the aggressions of Viceregal or Civilian power by providing her with those free institutions which in all civilized countries have been found the bulwark to national and personal liberty, to allow the governed some real share in the Executive and Legislative Government of the State, to keep with the utmost scrupulousness to the promise of reli-

gious neutrality once so solemnly made, to improve the Native mind with high English as well as vernacular education, to develop Native trade and manufactures, to preserve the equilibrium between the income and expenditure, to reduce taxation by reducing the enormous cost of Civil Establishments, to exercise strict and unrelaxed supervision over the Departments entrusted with a control over the Public Purse, and to improve the relations, social and political, between the ruling and the ruled classes ;—these are the functions of the Government in India. This is a mighty work, but it is a work in which the worker is not uncheered by ample hope in the immediate future : nay labour in that work, as it is accomplished, carries with it its own invaluable reward.



THE HAZARD OF THE DIE.

Dramatis Personæ.

HEROPHILUS—an Impostor.

EUGENIUS—the steward of

HORUS—the slave of

POLEMON—a pupil of

} Herophilus.

EUGENIUS.—How can I keep things straight in a house where everything is at sixes and sevens, and of which the master is so fickle and uncertain? Oh that I were not so poor as I am, and had but a deal-board to sleep upon! Then would I quit a service that is so unpleasant to me, and in which I can scarcely hold my course aright.

HORUS.—The deal-board to sleep upon you will get, Eugenius; but not permission to throw up the stewardship. Master wants your service yet. They say that one poet saved a city in ancient Greece, and great will be your praise if you can save our household's good name.

EUGENIUS.—But how can I save that which you all are selling away in every direction, behind my back? Oh Horus! your acts are enough to drown a state, leave alone a little household like ours; and Polemon too, whom I first took for an upright boy, is, I find, but a cunning knave.

HORUS.—Suffer us to be what we are, Eugenius. Every man answers a particular purpose in this household, and master receives fully what he expects from us. From you, Eugenius, he expects that you will keep the vessel straight, however our weight may incline it on one side or the other.

EUGENIUS.—And willingly would I do so, if I could; nay, I have tried might and main to do it. But master veers so often that I do not understand him. How can I serve one faithfully who is not faithful to himself.

POLEMON.—A mistake, Eugenius; a great mistake. Master is always faithful to himself. He recognizes none other; whatever he does, he does to serve his own interests. He came out to this country for that purpose, and will go away the moment his object is attained.

EUGENIUS.—You are too young, Polemon, to know master's mind so fully. I, his steward, have never been able to read it aright. Horus, what say you? You as master's favorite would know his mind best.

HORUS.—And would blab about it least. But what do you want to know, Eugenius?

EUGENIUS.—Is it true that he deports himself hence in a short time?

HORUS.—Yes; cant you read the signs? Has not master always trampled roughshod over the mob, and is he not now truckling to them? Wherefore, but that he wants to go away with a good name? Has he not raised a tempest with a wizard's wand, beneath a cloudless sky, and has he not offered to allay the tempest for the good name's sake? Why should he be so anxious for a good name now, if he were not preparing to go away?

POLEMON.—I have a powder which a witch gave me many years ago. It has the power of drawing love, attention, and sympathy, like a magnet. Should not I give it to master, Horus, now that he is canvassing so resolutely for a good name?

HORUS.—Master has tricks of his own, Polemon, which will work better than any witch's powder. Dont you see that all the mob are now pulling caps for him? He has assumed the character of their protector; he points out that the skies are overcast above them; drops plain hints that he alone can allay the storm by a turn of his potent wand; and are not all the *Bungodoots*, *Durpuns*, and *Durshuns* already blubbering forth their penitence and gratefulness to him?

EUGENIUS.—But is this all a sham then?—this tempest, this affection for the mob, this straining and exertion to serve them at their need?

HORUS.—If the mob had one neck and master could get hold of it, he would hew it down with as little compunction as the priest of Kali hews down the goats presented for sacrifice. But—see he comes, musing and speaking to himself, as is his wont!

HEROPHILUS.—(*coming slowly forward, and speaking to himself*) I have called forth a tempest from the vasty

deep! Will they allow me to allay it? If not, how long will this mob-worship last? They are now weeping in sackcloth and ashes before me—those very beggars who hooted me before in unmeasured terms. Those hands now hold forth before me a jewelled tiara that a little while earlier raised whips of scorpions to belabour me. Has the end been attained? Is the prize of a good name yet secured? I have risked everything on the hazard of the die; the die is cast; how my heart palpitates in its eagerness for success!—Who be these that stand before me? Speak, wherefore are my private hours disturbed?

POLEMON.—Forgive us, noble master! for this intrusion. Our affection for thee is ever watchful; we like not the fawnings of the mob, and the crocodile tears they are shedding, and we, therefore, surround thee at all times lest danger should spring up before thee.

HEROPHILUS.—Leave me alone, slave, to deal with the mob. Assurance makes the soldier, not his arms: and brass guards the impostor, not the aid of his hirelings.

HORUS.—But have you no work, master, for your hirelings. We come here not to vex, but to serve you.

HEROPHILUS.—To serve me! What service can you render, Horus? Hierax is going to inform Argus that I am an impostor—that the tempest is a sham one! Can you prevent him?

POLEMON.—But what if Argus knows of it? You are now practising on the mob; not on Argus. Why should you fear Argus, or Hierax, either?

HEROPHILUS.—Infirm of understanding, you apprehend me not. Argus and the mob are friends; and if Hierax is deputed to examine the tempest and report on it, why then I am done for.

EUGENIUS.—Ah, my master! A message just come from *Pycetes* tells me that it has been arranged as you fear. Hierax has been ordered to look after the tempest; and, if there is a tempest, to allay it.

HEROPHILUS.—Oh! my prophetic soul! And is it come to this at last, ye envious gods? (*Falls down in a swoon—curtain drops.*)

THE DREAM OF HECUBA.

I.

" **W**HY do my limbs so quiver ?
" Why beats my heart with fear ?
" I saw a dreadful vision
" Before the morn was near ;
" By a ravenous wolf, I dreamt,
" A dappled deer was torn ;
" And by a spectre to his tomb
" A living maid was borne.
" Oh dames of Troy ! what further ills
" To me this awful dream reveals ?

II.

" Who shall my fears now interpret ?
" Where's Helenus, my seer ?
" And where's my poor Cassandra gone
" Who knows my heart to cheer ?
" Avert, oh Jove ! the fates I see,
" For I am now forlorn ;
" My offspring gone, the old man dead,
" My heart is rack'd and torn :
" The light of life is quench'd in me ;
" Oh ! send not further misery."

III.

Alas ! alas ! decrepid queen,
Not yet thy trials cease ;
A victim for his cheerless tomb
Achilles asks of Greece :

And lo ! the chiefs decide to tear
Polyxena from thy side,
And lead her living to the pyre,
A spectre's virgin bride !
Who wrests her from thy clasp so close ?
Ulysses, fellest of the Trojans' foes !

IV.

And is there more, ye gods, for her ?
More evils to endure ?
Upon the wave-wash'd sand there lies
The corse of Polydore !
Thy dappled fawn, thy youngest boy,
Torn by the wolf of Thrace,
Behold ! oh luckless, childless queen
Behold his swollen face.
Thy dream is read ! Arise once more !
Avenge the death of Polydore !

S.

REMINISCENCES OF A KERANI'S LIFE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE REGISTRAR.

“COME boys, let us leave off work and go to sawing wood,” as the blacksmith proposed to his apprentices, who were grumbling over the task he had assigned them ; or, as the farmer said to his hired men, “let us play digging cellars by moonlight after the day’s work is done.” This is very good advice to follow, particularly for young men, who, if they are lazily inclined, are sure to go to the bad. Excluding office hours, there is plenty of idle time hanging on most of us, and we must find occupation for them, or some other gentleman is sure to forestall us. Work ! work ! work ! It is the condition of our existence, and we must abide by the condition manfully. Nothing is more painful or more tedious than to be idle, and nothing can be more dangerous.

To the above sage advice, which is not a very new one, I will add a sager maxim, which also has run many editions, that every man who minds his own business, without troubling himself about that of other men, can always create for himself plenty of work to keep him well employed. In this respect, an office mate of mine set all of us a good example by selecting for himself the idle trade of a scribbler. Yes : the trade is called an idle one, and is so to this extent, that it brings no money to the till ; but it never fails to find full employment for those who seek it ; and it carries with it its own reward — as well as its own punishment also. And so the person I refer to found it ; and so others will who follow the good example. He began by tagging verses, and spinning out long yarns in prose, on all and every subject, merely to kill time ; and long columns of prose and verse began to appear regularly, week after week, in the

saturday-evening papers with his full name attached to them, he being then at that age when people fancy themselves to be unusually clever, and are particularly anxious to see their names in print. Of course his effusions were nothing to speak of ; but he did not think so, and besides keeping him well occupied they did him the great service of introducing him to the public at large, which eventually was of much benefit to him. One or two very clever men, high in the public service, were pleased to see something in them, not exactly of merit, but of indications of future usefulness ; and this encouraged the writer to go on, though young fellows like ourselves, who envied him vastly, lost no opportunity to disparage his efforts, irrespective of the private feeling which we felt was gnawing up our vitals. He was not however to be easily put out. His success increased with his years ; and eventually the Magazines and Reviews were glad to accept his contributions.

This young fellow had, like me, no friends to push him on in life ; but his scribbling did that for him which his so-called friends would not. The head man of an Account office, who had noticed his writings on several occasions, was pleased to think that he would do particularly well as an assistant in his Department, where there was plenty of letter-writing ; and from the chrysalis state of a Treasury clerk he was at once converted into a veritable Kerani. Among the papers of recommendation produced by him, was a letter addressed to " Douglas Bennett, Esq.," written by the Editor of the best Magazine of the day, advising the transmission of a cheque for a specified amount in payment of a particular contribution. " Who is this Mr. Bennett ? " " I am Mr. Bennett, Sir," was the prompt reply. Mæcenas smiled, and the appointment given to the young man on probation was at once made *pucca*. Oh ! How I envied his good fortune ! and did I not teaze all my friends that I was not equally lucky ! For weeks and months I screeched about like a mad man, disparaging the merits of the man who had succeeded, and cursing Mæcenas who had failed to discover my superior merit.

Such is friendship! Such is life! At last, as chance would have it, I too was successful, and, success curing envy, I bade adieu to the Treasury with hearty good-will, and joined my old office mate in his new office, once more as a friend, under the respectable designation of an Examiner, from which grade I was sometime after promoted to that of a drafting clerk.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SHOE QUESTION DISCUSSED.—SOME OFFICE MATES DESCRIBED.

NOW then for reminiscences of the Account Department, which I shall begin by introducing to the reader the Registrar of our new office, Mr. Milk-and-Water, a very quiet gentleman—exceedingly fussy, but absolutely harmless. He does not understand any work himself, nor does he pretend to do so. In the struggle he had for bread, he tried his hand at everything, from indigo-planting to the occupation of a broker; but he did not succeed in any. When put to his wit's end he thought he would make the best of his stalwart person, and, with this view, entered the service of a gentleman high in the public service on a very small pay. Mrs. Percy soon took a liking for her husband's personal assistant, and, when Mr. Percy died some years after, Milk-and-Water stepped into his shoes without any difficulty. A Civil Servant's widow always has many friends, and Mrs. Milk-and-Water had only to ask to get her new husband his present high post. Is not this a nice way of getting on in life? Only very few persons have the necessary qualifications.

I knew of another very similar case in which an East Indian assistant on small pay got into the good graces of his master's wife, and lived with her *paramours* after her husband's death. Here there was not the same success in life on the part of the lady's favorite, first, because the living *paramours* was a great scandal and drawback in itself, and secondly, because the fellow

had no ambition, being quite content to spend the lady's fortune (a very handsome one) which she, with a fatuity common under such circumstances, allowed him freely to squander. This man held a small post in a Government office. He died a sudden death, they say, in his sleep, while in the arms of the woman who loved him so dearly.

Well, Mr. Milk-and-Water's fitness for the post he held need not be further discussed. He did hold the post, and no man who had the good fortune to work with him ever complained of it. He knew his own shortcomings well, and never tried to lord his authority over those below. Of course he was fussy,—very fussy as I have stated. How can the head of an office, who does not understand his own work, preserve the respect of his subordinates without being fussy? "Do this," "Do that," "Is the work done?" "Quick, please"—to assistants; and to the Burra Saheb (Chief Accountant)—"Oh! I shall see this done, Sir," "This will be attended to at once," "The other work you will get in no time,"—was all he had to practise every day. With most Burra Sahebs this was enough. So long as the work was done they cared little who did it; and inefficiency at the top is, as a rule, seldom a defect to note upon. It is inefficiency at the bottom, or towards the bottom, that is always critically observed. Occasionally, however, Mr. Milk-and-Water caught it, and I was an accidental witness of this on one occasion. The Burra Saheb had got very angry over something which old Milk-and-Water had not been able to explain. I did not know what the matter was. I had been simultaneously sent for about some other work, and only came in to hear the last part of the great man's rebuke. "Mr. Milk-and-Water, I see you can't understand anything. You are absolutely fit for nothing, Sir. Very well, you can go now." After this my work was disposed of and when I came out of the Burra Saheb's room, I saw Milk-and-Water waiting for me near my desk. "This is an office of humiliation," he said; "see to what an office you have come with your eyes open. I dare say

you were much better off where you were. But, pray, don't let this matter circulate like wild fire in the office." "Certainly not; don't think me so indiscreet."

CHAPTER XXII.

SCRIBBLING VINDICATED.

IN the office to which I now belonged, the East Indian element was very strong, much stronger than the native element, and the new appointments of myself and my friend were regarded by the former class as a poaching on their preserve. The fact is the Burra Saheb who selected us had taken into his head the idea that the work of an Account office could be done better by natives than by East Indians, and we were especially selected to give his experiment a trial. The class of natives hitherto in the office belonged to the old school, though there were one or two among them worth more than they passed current for. Of the rest, one instance will suffice.

In going to the Burra Saheb I of course always went with my shoes on. I was surprised one day to find that another native assistant of an equal status with myself stood before the Huzoor with bare feet. When we both came out, he gave me a lecture on the disrespectfulness of my conduct in not taking off my shoes. I did not, however, see in what the disrespect consisted, and said that to my mind the disrespect was in going in with bare feet. This made him very angry, and he called together a committee of all the old native assistants of the office, who were unanimous in condemning me. I refused, however, to accept this decision. "Has the Burra Saheb ever asked any of you to take off his shoes?" "No; why should he? or how could he, when we never gave him the opportunity to do so?" "Is there any order, written or verbal, requiring that shoes should be taken off?" "None of recent date; but there was such an order in times past." "Which has now become obsolete?" "Well, not exactly. People who want to show their respect for the Burra Saheb

always observe it still." "It is just there that we differ, my friends. You observe the practice as a mark of respect; that doubtless was the view taken of the matter many years ago, when the order you refer to was passed; but it has long ceased to be so regarded by civilized men. At this day, they regard bare feet as a studied mark of disrespect, and it is therefore only that we never pull off our shoes now." "But suppose the Burra Saheb were to take notice of your recusancy?" "Of course if the Burra Saheb orders me to take off my shoes, I shall do so. But I don't expect such an order, any more than I expect an order to pull off my trousers; and, in the absence of peremptory orders, I consider it more respectful to keep on both trousers and shoes, and shall continue to do so." They looked daggers at me, but I was not further molested.

The East Indian Assistants also were for the most part inimically disposed towards me; mainly because, as I have already stated, they thought that I had no business to be in that office at all; and also, because I did not cave in to them as the other native assistants did. There were two exceptions among them, however, whom I cannot but remember with thankfulness. One was a literatus of some standing, who had made himself a name by his contributions in Magazines and Annuals. He welcomed me with open arms as a personal friend, though he had never known me before; helped me with his experience in the office, whenever I had occasion for such assistance; and proved himself every inch a gentleman, quite above every feeling of rivalry or class antipathy. The other was also an educated man, but not possessed of an equally good heart. He, indeed, sided with me, but only because I was the Burra Saheb's nominee, and he thought that the best and safest course for him to follow was to pull with the current with a good grace.

It is scarcely necessary to notice any more of my office mates at this moment. They will doubtless, many of them, turn up in the course of the narrative, and I promise to depict each faithfully as he comes forward. As the Irish Magistrate mentioned from the bench, I shall

always take care neither to be partial nor impartial in dealing with them. I can say of them generally, what Johnson said of the Scotch—I don't hate them, nor do I hate frogs, though at times I am obliged to regard them as very unnecessary evils.

CHAPTER XXIII.

VISITORS AND OMEDWARS.

IT will be understood from the notice I have taken of the treatment Mr. Milk-and-Water received from the Huzoor that the latter was not a man of a very even temper. He was nevertheless not a bad man: far from it; taken all in all he was a very good man to work under, one who did his own work conscientiously, and always showed a liking for those of his subordinates who worked well. He took a particular fancy to me, gave me a room adjoining his own, and befriended me in diverse ways on diverse occasions. What he was most fond of was work, constant unremitting work, without rest or respite; and what he did not tolerate was being interrupted in his work. One day a smart young man, neatly dressed in Young Bengal fashion, with a new shawl turban and new patent-leather boots, came to see him. The usual glazed card was sent in, and the visitor sent for. "Take a seat. What do you want?" "Come to pay my respects, sir." "Very good; but what else? Is there anything particular that you want to be done for you?" "Yes, sir; give me an appointment, sir." "Why Baboo, we are making no appointments now; there are no vacancies to give away just at present. But you can send in your application, stating your claims." "Yes sir; But will you give me a good appointment in the Department; a fat, gazetted appointment, sir?" "I really can't say anything at present. I shall submit your application, when I receive it to the Governor-General for orders." "Very good, sir." "Good morning to you, Baboo." "Yes, sir." "You can

go now ; you see I am very busy." "Yes, sir," again replied the Baboo, but without stirring from his seat. "Do go, Baboo ; will you ?" "Yes, sir," and he rose from his seat, but stood fast behind the chair. "Well, what more do you want ?" "Nothing, sir." "Then go, please." "Yes, sir." "My goodness ! why dont you move ?" "Yes, sir." Short Temper could hold out no longer. "Will you go or not ?—*Qui hye, Baboo ko nekal dayo.*"

This, the reader will say, was an ignoramus, demeaning himself as ignoramuses will. Yes ; just so ; but unfortunately these ignoramuses are very plentiful in every grade of life, and bring a bad name on all natives generally. A Deputy Magistrate, while in a boasting mood, related to me how he had forced himself *volens nolens* on the notice of a Judge of the High Court. He came to our office very early one morning when I and a few other assistants only had dropt in. "Hollo ! Deputy Saheb, what brings you here so early ? Has there been any difficulty in passing your salary ; or any mistakes discovered in your accounts ?" "Oh ! neither ; I have just dropped in on my way back from Garden Reach, where I went to see Mr. ———, the High Court Judge, at his residence." "I suppose he receives visitors only in the morning." "Well, no ; the fact is he receives no visitors at all. I called another day in the afternoon and was refused. I asked his Jemadar when the Saheb was comparatively idle, and learnt that he did nothing in the morning besides reading the newspapers ; but that even then he did not receive visitors. I was determined however to see him, and went this morning. I sent in my card, and what does he do but write on it—"On what business ?" I replied—"To pay my respects." The chupprassie brought back the usual reply—"Phoorsut' nehi hye." I did not know what to do. Shortly after I heard the Saheb ordering his *gharry*, and I waited for him at the landing-place. How was he to avoid me now ? I stopped him just as he came down the stair-case, and I kept him full one quarter-of-an-hour standing there and talking to me. Nothing like perseverance you know."

"But had you anything particular to tell him? Did you know him before?" "No, I did not know him before; nor had I anything particular to say. But I make it a point to call on all these great folks, and make friends. You dont know when they may be of service to you." Can a character more despicable than this be conceived? Mind, the man was a so-called educated man, and held an honorable post in an honorable branch of the public service.

The Huzoor of the Account Department never refused to see any one. He had only no leisure for idle talk. Sensible visitors took the hint he always gave them. One idler after a short interview was told by him that he was very busy. "I can call another day when you are less so." "Oh, Baboo, I am always very busy." This was enough for the person I refer to; he never came again: but the hint does not operate on others in the same way. One brave Rajah in particular vexed the Huzoor out of his life. Him he could not well turn out as he did all meañer fry, and the fellow took advantage of this and came to him very frequently—every time with a new favor to ask. He compromised me too with the Burra Saheb to some extent. Seeing that I sat by myself so near to the Huzoor he took me for his special favorite, and thought I might be able to help him; so after seeing the Huzoor he made it a point to see me also. While in my room he would often become so uproarious in his mirth as completely to upset the Huzoor's equilibrium in the adjoining apartment, and the Huzoor thought me partly to blame for encouraging his visits; though I of course could not have kept him out even if I had tried to do so.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HUZOOR No. 2, AND HIS FRIENDS.

THE Chief Accountant was a very good man; but Accountant No. 2, was the reverse. He hated natives, and was exceedingly foul-mouthed. I had nothing to do

with him especially, the Burra Huzoor having selected me as his personal scribe ; and it was very fortunate that it was so, as I could not possibly have agreed with No. 2. He also had a favorite in the office, but that favorite was quite as afraid to approach him as any body else ; and even visitors were treated most rudely by him. My contiguity to the apartments occupied by the Huzoors enabled me to note all that passed in his room. During some vacation or other there was a rush of Mofussil officers "come to pay their respects" to the Huzoors. They easily found admittance to the Burra Saheb for short interviews ; but the case was very different with No. 2. "*Ham janta hye. Salla lok ka cheote milla hye. Bullo Salla lok ko, hamara phoorsut nehi hye.*" Of course this was between the Saheb and his peons. If he had dared to abuse the officers to their hearing he would have surely caught it, as doubtless some one or other would have had the courage to hand him up to the Government, and abuse is the last thing which the Government will tolerate. If I remember aright some Mofussil officer was for similar conduct degraded and warned.

The friends of our No. 2, were also apparently of the same feather. One of them in coming up the stair-case was accosted by a clerk of the office by mistake as a brother assistant, with the cordial "Hollo ! Robinson" and a slap on the shoulder. The Saheb was running up the stair-case while the assistant was running downwards, and they found themselves looking at each other with very different feelings when one was at each extremity of the stair-case. The assistant had already discovered his mistake, but was puzzled and did not know what to do. If he had only run up and apologized there would have been an end of the matter. This he did not, and the irascible Saheb, not receiving the apology he was expecting, ran downstairs, chased the assistant all over the first floor of the office, and gave him a tremendous caning. I don't blame the Saheb much for this, for he was a young man then and hot-blooded ; but it ought to have occurred to him that the man who had slapped him on the shoulder as an office-mate could possibly have had no object in doing

so purposely, and must have done it by mistake. Fortunately for the Saheb the assistant he fought with was a short puny fellow, who accepted the thrashing quietly. The result might have been different if he had a hardier man to deal with, and therefore was the Saheb's action exceedingly indiscreet.

CHAPTER XXV.

SUCCESS IN OFFICE AND OUT OF IT.

SHIRK work is the great secret of an Account office, as probably of all other offices also ; and when the head man, like the Registrar I have described, does not understand his business, this is easily done. My cue from the commencement was to take up as much work as others chose to shirk, and I never had cause to regret this. Of course it was painful to be constantly grinding away, when others equally placed had plenty of leisure and holiday. But the day of reckoning came. The Burra Saheb saw what I did ; the experiment he had taken in hand had fully succeeded ; and I was rewarded to an extent for which there was no precedent. Then arose a cry of rage and disappointment from all sides, and this took the shape of a roundrobin remonstrance addressed to the Huzoor by all my seniors, some nineteen in number, whom I had superseded. But they had mistaken their man altogether. The Burra Saheb sent for all the recusants, returned their remonstrance to them, and said that, if it was not forthwith withdrawn, he would be under the painful necessity of dismissing the whole of them at once. Of course all this tumult did not make me a favorite in the office ; but my success, such as it was, quite reconciled me to the discomfort of my lot. This however was the only promotion I ever received for many years, and, though I was never actually superseded, I saw people on all sides of me afterwards getting on better in life, and never could understand how I came to be left in the lurch. One thing I never did ; I never cringed to any man for a favor.

The experiences I had in this office are of a varied

character. Those who got out of it, I found, generally fared well in life; but those who stuck to it stuck in the mire. One European Assistant left the office and became a horse-dealer in Australia, made a fortune there, lost the whole of it again—the d—l only knows how, came back to the office, left it again for Australia, where, when I last heard of him, he was said to be doing excellently well. Another European Assistant was sent away for some fault, and became a tea-planter, and then an indigo-planter, and is now said to be worth some lakhs of Rupees. A third Assistant, an East Indian, joined the Police Department, where he is doing exceedingly well. A fourth gave up his appointment to join his father's business of a hotel-keeper at a distant sanitarium, and is said to be worth plenty of money now. A good many others were pensioned off, of whom one has become a man of substance by private enterprise; another is doing still better by service under other masters, his perquisites being greater than his pay; and another is fighting with his wife, with whom he has all along been living a cat-and-dog life. Of the Native Assistants one went out with a fat appointment to the Mofussil, where he has earned well-deserved honors; another was most fortunate in obtaining a fatter appointment in Calcutta, to which he is still attached; a third, who held a very petty post in the Account Department went out on a fortune-hunting expedition on his own account, was taken in favor by some silly up-country Ranee whose faith in a Calcutta Baboo happened to be implicit, fleeced her and her minor children handsomely, and came down laden with booty, the envy of gaping thousands. A fourth and fifth have died; one in the prime of life, both exceedingly regretted by those who knew them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BABOO MADHUB DUTT.

THE office building was private property. It belonged to a millionaire, who used occasionally to call over personally to inspect it. I have immortalized a good

many millionaires already in these pages, but this man was of so different a stamp that I am induced to foist him in also. We did not know each other personally before; but he came and introduced himself as well-acquainted with the seniors of my family. He was an old gentleman of very unostentatious manners; I may say having about him almost the simplicity of a child. The race is dying out. We find very few men like him now. Of him an excellent characteristic story is told. He had a good *bazaar* which brought him a handsome income. Another rich Baboo set up a rival *bazaar* in the neighbourhood, with a view to break up the old *bazaar*. It is said of my millionaire that he thereupon went over personally to his own *bazaar*, and there accosted each dealer and fishwife thus: "You see I am an old man, a very old man. You are all my children. I have two children at home; but all the rest are here. Will you desert me, my children, in my old age? Has your father deserved this at your hands? If anything sits heavy on you tell me and I will remove the oppression. Do you complain of anything—any misbehaviour on the part of my servants—any shortcomings of my own?" They one and all said that they had no grievances to complain of; they one and all swore that they would never leave their old father's protection for all the new *bazaars* that might be set up. Each dealer and fishwife then received as presents, in ratification of the contract, a new cloth and sweetmeats. The rival *bazaar* had to shut up within a week.

Poor old man! He had perhaps no enemy in the world, and yet was not this man murdered? Of course I allude to the well-known Madhub Dutt, who was killed on his way to his house at Chinsurah from the Railway station. The enigma of that story has not yet been explained. Justly or unjustly suspicion looked askance in one particular direction; but no light whatever was thrown on the matter. It was supposed that one of his own *durwans* was the selected agent for carrying out the crime, and this man, it is said, was afterwards traced to Lucknow, where he joined the mutineers and

died sword in hand. But did that one man do the deed alone? Were there no accomplices? The mysteries of the Calcutta Police have yet to be unravelled.

The old man, as he came to me, had his *nāmamālā* in his hand, which he pattered as he chatted on. He was very happy, he said, at home. Of his two sons the eldest had died some years ago; and that was his greatest grief. But Providence had toned down his sorrow. He spoke of his surviving son with the greatest affection. He loved to live at Chinsurah, he said, because the place was so much quieter than Calcutta, and he wanted rest. Rumour had it that he was tied down to the place by the silken messes of an unorthodox love. Poor old man! Did he not pay too dearly for it? It was when going to this ladye-love that he was waylaid and murdered. By whom? Will that ever transpire? Years have passed over the crime. Is it yet to the profit of any man to leave the tale untold?

THE FEARS OF ORESTES.

I.

THE fit has left me ! oh balmy sleep !
Thou givest a respite which the gods deny !
When furies hound me in their rage
In vain unto the gods I cry.

II.

Voracious virgins ! wherefore me,
Horrid and fierce, ye madden day by day ?
What have I done ? A mother kill'd !
That mother did my father slay !

III.

Unholy mother and unholy wife,
Infamous her name throughout all Greece,
Was it a crime to shed her blood
Who kill'd her husband with a kiss ?

IV.

Ye gods ! how awful is your wrath !
Jove has no pity ; Apollo heedeth not !
My mother glares her hideous eyes !
Oh can my crime be ne'er forgot ?

V.

Whither, oh ! whither shall I fly ?
Oh Pylades, my friend, direct my way ;
The snake-crown'd sisters leap around ;
No rest they give me night or day.

VI.

Strike me with thunder, oh ye gods !
Almighty Jove, the matricide lay low !
Calmly I will meet thy fiery bolt,
But bid these frenzied demons go.

VII.

Ye heed me not ! With rolling eyes
The fiends approach me as I stand alone ;
Hide, Electra, hide me in thine arms,
Or see thy brother turn'd to stone.

VIII.

But soft, the Loxian prophet comes !
The gods are just ! my mother's rage is o'er ;
Latona's son brings rest and peace ;
Almighty Jove, I ask no more.

S.

BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.

CHAPTER XIX.

COUNCIL OF WAR WITHIN THE ZENANA.

“IN the meantime, the conduct of Chunder towards his wife did not escape unnoticed. Every one wondered how, being so loving a couple, they avoided each other's company. Besides, their health had in a few days suffered so considerably from the agonies that tore their breast, that it could not fail to excite general attention. Kusam's step-mother Rie did not of course trouble herself with enquiring into the cause. Her aunt Lukhsmi once considered it her duty to ask but she could elicit no answer. She concluded, however that it was a lover's quarrel, and as such, would soon die away. Kusam's cousins had often observed her in tears, but their attempt to discover the secret, was as fruitless as their aunt's. From what they already knew, they rightly conjectured that Kusam was actuated by envy and jealousy, but what the matter was with her husband, appeared a mystery to them. How so devoted a lover could in a few days turn into so indifferent a husband, was beyond their comprehension.

“The cousins kept watch at night to overhear the conversation of the married pair but they heard only sighs and cries of agony. The couple did not even exchange a whisper the whole night through. That a weak woman should, in a fit of jealousy or anger, refuse to speak with her husband for days, was no marvel to these experienced ladies. But how the husband could be so perverse as to eat his dinner and sleep quietly while his wife lay angry by his side, was more than they could clearly understand. It was held preposterous for a man to lie down in the same room with an offended wife without falling at her feet to appease her. They unani-

mously declared,—and the experience of some of them was considerable,—they had never heard such an instance from the time of their grand-mothers. They therefore resolved to fathom the mystery to the bottom. You are aware, Doctor, that in our country, sisters or cousins of a wife often sit to arbitrate in her differences with her husband. They generally give their verdict in favor of the wife, and kindly recommend the culprit husband to appease his offended partner by abject submission. But on whichever side they lean, they leave no stone unturned to bring about a reconciliation. They seem to take an especial interest in such arbitrations, and devoting, as they do, their heart and soul to the task, it is no wonder that they always succeed in restoring peace.

“Kusam’s cousins called a council of war, and after a lengthy debate, it was resolved to treat with the stubborn enemy. Chunder was accordingly sent for. When he arrived at their tent, speaker after speaker inveighed against his treachery and disloyalty in raising the standard of rebellion against his lawful spouse, and in broaching doctrines subversive of the divine right of women. All arguments and denunciations failed, however, to produce any effect on this redoubtable rebel. He seemed even to question their right to sit in judgment over him. For he flatly declined to name the conditions on which he was prepared to surrender. He said he had his own grievances, and there was no one present before whom he thought it worth his while to state them. Kadumbinee thereupon asked in a passion, if he would pour the secret of his heart on Bhooboneshoree’s feet were he offered another opportunity of kneeling before her. All the ladies laughed at this, but the bare-faced rebel said that the occasion would be too tempting to keep any secret in his breast. The cousins laughed, too, at this remark, but Kadumbinee took such offence that she immediately left the company, declaring the rebel to be incorrigible.

“Deprived of its leader, different opinions prevailed in the council, which at last dispersed for that day without coming to any definite conclusion on the point. Next

day the ladies again met, again called Chunder in, but found him as intractable as ever. In this way, they held court repeatedly, but always with the same result.

When all this was reported to Lukhsmi, she advised them to ask Bhooboneshoree to use her influence with the culprit. But though she was willing, said Bhooboneshoree, to lay down her life to bring about a reconciliation between the pair, she decidedly objected to try her interest with Chunder, as the quarrel had evidently arisen from the young man's supposed partiality for her. If he could be prevailed upon to disclose the secret to her, it would aggravate Kusam's jealousy and thereby widen the breach with her husband. This argument appearing very reasonable, it was at last resolved to employ Mukhoda in watching the conduct of Chunder, as her great experience in love matters would probably enable her to find a solution of the mystery.

"Mukhoda accordingly commenced her campaign against Chunder. Like the wise Fabius, she always hung on the enemy's rear without coming to a direct conflict. When Chunder laid seize to Kusam, he was besieged in his turn by Mukhoda. While he was engaged in watching the movements of his wife, his own movements were no less attentively watched by the veteran female general. As already mentioned, Chunder used to place himself behind a window in Kusam's room, and applying his eye to a hole, to observe all her motions. But when he thought he was safe in his hiding-place, Mukhoda stood two yards from him on his right, fixing her eyes upon him, through a window in the cross wall. Mukhoda had this advantage over him that from her hiding place, she could not only perceive what he was doing, but what he said ; while he was placed at so great a distance from his wife that he could scarcely hear her unless she spoke loud. The poor husband's struggles, his emotions, his explanations, his starts, his tears, were not in the least lost upon Mukhoda. She had carefully noticed how he often armed himself with his sword when mounting guard over his wife's castle. Above all, she had indis-

tinctly heard some portions of his last resolution in which he spoke or rather muttered his intention about his wife's murder and the attempt on Bhooboneshoree. Instead of being grieved, she would rather rejoice at the latter contingency, as it would thereby destroy the reputation of a lady whose stainless purity upbraided her vicious life.

"She began to deliberate with herself by what means Chunder's latter object could be first furthered and accomplished, so that the murder might be prevented afterwards. The only plan that occurred to her was to decoy Bhooboneshoree into the arms of Chunder at an early part of the night instead of leaving him to seek her at dawn when the murder shall have been consummated. As the last was not to take place till the dead of night, she thought she had plenty of time to take measures against it and need not be in a hurry to communicate it to any one else. As for Chunder's intention with regard to Bhooboneshoree, she was of course resolved not to let any one into the secret, so that her desire might not be frustrated. Therefore when Chunder retired to whet his weapon, Mukhoda repaired silently to her own room in order to mature her plans.

"At 12 o'clock that night, Mukhoda told her cousins to post themselves behind the sleeping room of Kusam if they wanted to overhear interesting conversations between the married couple. She had hit upon this plan with the double object of making them witness the outrage on one, and prevent the murder of the other. As the ladies were extremely eager to learn how the reconciliation between Kusam and her husband would take place, they needed no second invitation to hasten to the place indicated. In fact, since the interesting quarrel had begun, the majority of the ladies were in the habit of watching them almost every night that they might not lose a syllable of their important conversation. Chunder was not unaware of this. Indeed he had once or twice been disturbed in his bed by the ladies demanding admittance into his room for the purpose of mediating between him and his wife. But while at other times,

he would gladly invite rather than discourage such encounters, he had, since his quarrel with his wife, flatly refused to acknowledge their right to enter his room. This nocturnal disturbance which happened from the early part of the night till 2 o'clock in the morning, was one of many reasons which had influenced him in deferring the time of the contemplated murder to a few minutes before dawn.

"On arriving at their destination, the ladies under the guidance of Mukhoda, knocked at the door of Chunder's room, immediately adjoining that of his wife, and demanded admittance; as they could not, they said, any longer remain silent spectators of a dispute which threatened to last like Krishna's separation from Radhika. But Chunder would by no means open the door. He felt sleepy, he said, and he was ill prepared for a scuffle with so many combatants in the midst of a small chamber. Leaving the young ladies to contest the field with an invisible enemy, Mukhoda went to rouse up Bhooboneshoree.

"Bhooboneshoree was naturally a heavy sleeper. She had only to lay her body on her bed, and the god of sleep instantly came to fold her in his arms. The god was so partial to her that in spite of intense heat, cloudy sky or uneasy bed, he would never fail to pay secret visits to her chamber. But at early dawn, fearing to be discovered in his intrigues with so beautiful a person he always disappeared before anybody awoke. Her jealous husband, when living, often chid her for lying incessantly in the arms of her divine lover. But she excused herself, saying that the god came and went away without her being aware of his visits. But on the night in question, while she lay locked in his arms, she dreamed of being clasped in those of Dwarik, who, in spite of her struggles and screams, seemed to follow up a tender speech with a kiss from her cheeks.

"The attentions of this young man towards herself had recently grown so intense and devoted, as will presently appear, that it is no wonder if she dreamed the realization of his frenzied exclamation with his own wife

in his arms. But whatever the reason might be, she awoke in a fright, and though by the light of a burning lamp, she perceived she was only clasped in the fond arms of her eldest aunt Bindoo, whose lips at the same time touched her cheeks, she could not help trembling and weeping for several minutes. When she recovered, she gently disengaged herself from her aunt's embrace, and kneeling on the ground, poured forth her whole soul in a prayer. Closing her eyes from which streams ran down her cheeks, and joining her hands on her breast, she seemed absorbed in the contemplation of the great Author of her existence. "Have pity! Great Father," said she, "on a sinner. Many a time have I broken thy laws in the full consciousness that I was sinning. But I have still my hope in thy unbounded goodness. A mother cannot forsake her child, however, fallen. O! pardon my sins in consideration of the afflictions with which thou hast visited me, and let not such afflictions alienate my heart from thee. A child whom a mother frightens, clings close and closer to her breast. So the more thou dost afflict, the more let my heart cling to thee. The little ant does not give up its hold on the flesh even if its tiny limbs be torn up, so let my hold on thee be never relinquished even if thy anger tore my heart to pieces. The sugarcane, when squeezed, drops a sweet juice in consequence of its pain. So let my heart pour forth love and veneration the more thou art pleased to torture it. Let not my lacerated heart forget the kind hand which has already scattered so many blessings around. How blessed was I with my beloved husband and child around me! O suffer me to bear my griefs in remembrance of the joys thou once heaped on me. No more happiness I expect in this earth. But grant only this that after death they may be restored to my longing arms. In place of such terrific dreams as the present, let me, kind Father! nightly dream of my beloved husband and child."

"Here her prayer was interrupted by a knocking at the door. Having ascertained that Mukhoda wanted to speak to her privately on business of importance,

she slowly glided from the bed, and came out. Then shutting the door after her, she followed Mukhoda to another room, where the latter poured into her ears what she knew of the contemplated murder. Mukhoda was of course, silent on the irreparable injury which, as she knew, Chunder's guilty madness of sensuality threatened Bhooboneshoree, though she dilated at great length on the young man's frenzied admiration of Bhooboneshoree, and of his readiness to obey her in everything. She informed her also why she did not like to alarm the house lest in preventing the murder, she would occasion an eternal breach between the married couple.

"Bhooboneshoree was thunderstruck. She trembled to think that the occasion she had given the young man to jest with her, did not only mutually alienate a fond and loving couple, but was now to end in murder. She resigned herself entirely to the direction of Mukhoda, and told her that the suddenness of the emergency had so unsettled her understanding that she would act just as she was desired to do. If her life-blood could alone, she said, wash away all traces of the misunderstanding, she was ready to shed it at her cousin's feet.

"Mukhoda was highly overjoyed to find her in this frame of mind, and hastily conducted her to the door of Kusam's room, where the other ladies were still vainly imploring Chunder to give them admittance. The veteran tactician now called upon Chunder to open the door to his beloved goddess who had come to lay her lotus feet on his breast. Chunder could not believe that his beautiful goddess would be so propitious as to knock at his door. Her heavenly voice, he said, could alone convince him that she was there. Bhooboneshoree was still trembling from fear, but calling all her presence of mind to her aid, she said "yes, devotee, I have come. Your prayers have rocked me in my seat, and I could not sleep in peace while so zealous a devotee remained discontent."

"Bhooboneshoree felt herself to be in a peculiar position, in the like of which she had never been placed since her marriage. But the imminent peril in which

her cousin's life stood made her overlook every delicacy.

" "Yes," said Chunder, "that sweet heavenly melody can belong to no earthly being"—and immediately striking a light, he came to unbolt the door. While doing so, he said.—"But goddess! are you really come to illumine my room. The thing seems so improbable that I am tempted to believe some syren, imitating your heavenly tongue, has come to allure me to my destruction."

"The maniac had so carefully shut the door with bolt, chains and lock that Bhooboneshoree clearly saw that Mukhoda's information was correct. Before he had succeeded in throwing open the door, he observed in allusion to the other ladies, "Goddess! do not let those harpies come with you. They will obstruct me in my adoration." "A Goddess is not to be dictated to," cried Bhooboneshoree majestically. Chunder was hesitating when Mukhoda said.—"It is better you should go alone. He may divulge to you what he may not like others to hear."

"As Bhooboneshoree was deliberating the door opened, and she found herself within the room. In spite of her remonstrances, Chunder not only closed the door behind her, but carefully locked the one that separated his room from his wife's, so that her screams might not bring any one to her aid.

"Leaving Bhooboneshoree in this perilous situation, I am obliged, Doctor, to retrace my steps, and to narrate the history of Dwarik's passion so that you may clearly understand the events that followed."

MY LOVE OF OLD.

I.

THERE was a time, 'tis sweet to think
When seated by the brook's brink,
I'd watch the frets of fluid gold
With thee by me, my love of old.

II.

The joyous warblers' merry song
Resounding hills and dales among,
And Phœbus' flight to Neptune's hold ;—
What charms they had, my love of old.

III.

Life's daily scenes were then without
A sigh, an agony, a doubt,
They're full of hopes and joys untold,
Because of thee, my love of old.

IV.

Time and the hour then flew away,
Nor left a stain, nor wished to stay ;
Unmark'd by weeks or months they roll'd,
For thou wert mine, my love of old.

V.

How oft at noon of night serene
By the inconstant waning Queen
Of stellar oceans, I was told
Thou breath'dst for me, my love of old.

My Love of Old.

VI.

But times are changed, my bright hopes all
Are shrouded with a sable pall ;
E'en gentle zephyr now grows cold,
Bereft of thee, my love of old.

VII.

The lovely hills and dales of yore
Send bounding back my songs no more,
Our arbour looks like stygian wold
For want of thee, my love of old.

VIII.

No longer smiles the waving corn ;
No longer larks now welcome morn ;
No longer charm the mountains bold,
No longer now, my love of old.

IX.

And who was she, that formed a part
Of Time whose shadow soothes my heart ?
By whom my pleasure's knell was knoll'd,—
Need I name her, my love of old ?

X.

Still in this world none e'er shall see
The hour, the moment when in me
Thou, made of Nature's softest mould,
Wilt cease to be, my love of old.

R. MITTRA.

London, 18th December, 1873.

THE *TIMES* AND THE ANGLO-INDIAN PRESS.

To the Editor of Mookerjee's Magazine.

Dear Sir,—Anglo-India, I observe, has had its day of thanks-giving. The Deity in this case was the Thunderer of Printing House Square, and the favor, which evoked the gratitude, was its condemnation of your periodical. But the bolt, I am sure, has hardly singed a hair of your head. Criticism is only then respected when it is honest and discriminating, but mere vituperation is not criticism, and the *ipse dixit* even of the *Times* cannot shake the judgment of the judicious. But it reflects very little credit on the intelligence and education of the Anglo-Indian press, that it should take up a cry founded on reasons which are not far to seek. The Bard of Olney observes in his Task :—

“ Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment, hoodwinked. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of Error leads them, by a tune entranced.
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought,
And swallow therefore without pause or choice
The fatal grist unsifted, husks and all.”

The truth of the poet's remark has been well exemplified by the local press, with a few honorable exceptions. That press does not certainly boast many bright representatives of English thought and English literature; and hence, unable to form a correct judgment of its own on any question whether social, political, or literary, swallows the “grist unsifted, husks and all,” offered to it by any English journalist of name.

To every impartial observer, the attitude, assumed by the *Times* towards your Magazine, cannot fail to appear as one of reckless opposition. A column and a quarter of Jupiter's closest and smallest print, devoted to a Native periodical, means more than meets the eye. I have been a regular reader of your London con-

temporary for a number of years; and remembering the extraordinarily large interest it takes in Indian questions, I can have no hesitation in declaring that, if not the entire criticism, the inspiration at any rate is unmistakeably Indian. There is a rancour of tone and an unfairness of treatment throughout the article which points to no other conclusion. The utterances of the *Times* are at all times eminently entitled to respect; hence every one must regret, that it should have lent the weight of its name to an expression of opinion which the general voice of the country identifies with a rabid opponent of Indian progress. And yet to what, after all, the offences amount against which the *Times* has fulminated its thunders? A couple of apostrophic abbreviations in some unpretentious verses which appeared in your early numbers, and the misuse of an article in a prose paper! Surely the vision must be exceedingly microscopic which could magnify trivial errors,—especially in a new undertaking—into enormities deserving of the capital sentence pronounced by the literary censor. Rome was not built in a day. The literature of no country in the world has started up at once in the perfection of manhood. Look into the history of periodical literature in England itself—go back to the early days of the Gentleman's Magazine and its compeers, and point out, if you can, anything therein equal to the brilliant productions which grace the pages of Blackwood and Cornhill and Fraser and Macmillan. What was the position of the *Times* itself,—now an acknowledged power in the British realm—before the accession of Barnes to its editorial staff? Indian literature, then, cultivated with foreign tools and appliances, must necessarily be of slow growth; and when it is remembered under what disadvantageous conditions every Native undertaking is conducted,—I refrain from enumerating them here, since all honest disclosures of facts any way affecting our Anglo-Indian brethren, are utterly distasteful to them,—it will be readily conceded, that the difficulties which beset every Native undertaking, are of quite a discouraging character. Yes, the number of sympathising

Europeans in the land is fast diminishing year by year, and we are now having a stream of gold-seekers who evince no interest for the country beyond shaking its pagoda-tree, no interest in the people beyond using them as hewers of wood and drawers of water. A high English functionary once remarked to a Native gentleman, "well, what a change there is in the people now!" To which the other replied, "yes, and in the Europeans too." A Civilian of the old school, speaking of the latter, told the writer: "These birds of passage will never love the people so well as those who felt a kind of traditionary interest in them. The old cordiality between the two races must be ere long a thing of the past." How soon has the prediction been verified! Where can you now point to a Heber or a Hare, a Bethune or a Ryan, a Palmer or a D. L. R.—men who loved the Natives with all a philanthropist's love, and devoted to the welfare of their adopted country all the resources of their fortune and the energies of their brain? Instead of the old blandness of manner, genial sympathy, and large-hearted benevolence, you meet with superciliousness, race-hauteur, and intense selfishness on the part of those, whose religion should at least teach them humility. In the revulsion of feeling which this change in the bearing of Europeans towards the children of the soil has caused in the minds of the latter, the old confidence has unhappily given way to a feeling of great distrust. And who is responsible for this deplorable state of things? I answer—the Anglo-Indian press. I charge that press with sedulously fomenting race-antipathies—with, preaching not love and the charities of life, but hatred of the people and their most cherished institutions. Time was, when the pages of the Anglo-Indian newspaper teemed with instruction, sparkled with fancy, and breathed a tone of brotherly love for the Natives such as Humanity herself must have prompted; when the battle-cry of the press was—Progress and Justice to India; when the advocacy of Indian rights and the promotion of Indian interests constituted its mission as

they doubtless constituted its glory ; when its representatives were animated with that spirit of philanthropy which, in the person of Burke, thundered against the oppression and injustice of Hastings and his myrmidons and, in that of Wilberforce, knocked off the shackles from millions of Afric's fettered sons. It was my privilege to know some of these generous Englishmen. I can never forget the urbanity and earnest sympathy and genuine affection which marked their intercourse with my countrymen. They loved—they encouraged,—they nobly supported their Native friends. It was they who nursed manly aspirations in the Native mind. Apostles of constitutional freedom themselves, they taught us to fight for political rights by constitutional means. Under their fostering care, the Native press sprang into existence ; under their auspices, the first political association in the country had its being.

Stimulated by their example and encouraged by their teachings, a band of Indians arose, who felt that in the peculiar relations of India with England, if the Native, who was wholly unrepresented in the Government of his country, and differed so widely from his rulers in religion and language, in manners and customs, did not exert himself to ameliorate his own condition, a helpless dependence on Providence was not the most effectual means of securing that end. They observed that many states, which had fallen from their ancient greatness, were springing to life and activity again, and that India—poor India—alone remained in the Slough of Despond because of the listlessness and apathy of her sons ; and they wisely concluded that without self-help and self-dependence all hope of National prosperity would be built on sand. Thus they learnt to rely on themselves, and gradually created that Native public opinion which is now so well represented by the Native press and Native political associations. Their exertions were most generously seconded by their European friends. Read the speeches of George Thompson delivered in Calcutta about this time, and you will realize the warm sympathy evinced by Englishmen with those of our countrymen who first struggled to remove our civil

and political disabilities by means of corner table; agitation. . . . is exceeded-

But how stands the case now? There is enormous single undertaking with which we are identified, and not assailed with ridicule by a number of Europeans who claim to represent Western civilization in this country. Every educated Native, who is not a traitor to his fatherland, is an eye-sore to them. He is misrepresented, reviled, and held up to public scorn. The whole vocabulary of abuse is exhausted on him. And why? Because he dares to lift up his voice against oppression, to ventilate his grievances, to claim for his countrymen some of the commonest rights of humanity. With this class of Europeans, the *gurreeb* today is a jewel of a man, because he licks the hand that strikes him, makes no unpleasant revelations, and is content with the good the gods are pleased to give him. All the rest are niggers, who have no right to cherish any of the holiest instincts of the human race. The British Indian Association, for instance, is a dishonest humbug. Its memorials are simply long-winded, impertinent nonsense. Suppose a criminal bill is introduced in Council which proposes to entrust young executive Officers with dangerous powers hostile to the liberty of the subject, and the Association, in the interests of the people, urges its objections against the bill. A shower of abuse is immediately poured on its devoted head for such audacity. The *Hindoo Patriot* is a seditious journal, in which the half-educated Bengalee airs his republicanism and his bad English. If it attempts to expose the freaks of Personal Government, the attempt is credited to factious motives, and the editor given in custody to the Prince of Darkness. *Mookerjee's Magazine* is a rebel periodical, because it ventures to ridicule the mortal Juggernaut of Alipooree, and to break a lance with some of the heroes of the Anglo-Indian press. What right have you, sir, to cock up or whisk your head in that manner? If Jim Wilson is scurrilous, that is no reason why you should insult Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights in his person by exposing his pretensions. If

he calls you a "wild ass" or gloats on an imaginary "shoe-beating" administered on your editorial person, what of that? Is he not still within the bounds of good taste—is he not still moderation itself? At any rate, so thinks Alcibiades, and Alcibiades is an honorable man, so are they all—all honorable men! The white man's dirt is hallowed matter, your very ambrosia is but pitch—pitch—pitch. Fling it then to the Charivari and his "liberal man!"

A brilliant pupil of a Missionary institution once being asked what part of speech was John Bull, answered,—"an indefinite article." The reply is certainly correct in one sense. John Bull is beyond question a sterling-hearted animal, but he is an indefinite article for all that. Study him closely in all the relations of life, and I defy you to state what he precisely is. His nature is as unintelligible as the articles of some of your Anglo-Indian contemporaries. He is everything, and yet nothing in particular—an exquisite compound of inconsistencies,—a cross between a Lilliputian shell-fish and a Brobdignagian Gorilla! A prince in soul, he is still a shop-keeper at heart. It is hard to say whether he was entirely made after the image of his Maker, there is so much of the Angel and Beelzebub in him. Such a strange being, and yet so glorious withal! With aspirations soaring beyond the empyrean, he not unoften grovels in the mire. His religion, it is well known, is muscular Christianity. He kills his foe with a prayer in his lips. He preaches peace, and yet he would go to war for a sentiment. He inculcates love of man on all his neighbours, and proves his sincerity by loving himself. With a capacity for the highest intellectual enjoyments, no man is fonder of the creature comforts of life than himself. Roast-beef is his ambrosia, and home-brewed ale his nectar. Both he consumes in such enormous quantities, that his old doublet has grown too small for his burly frame. Of late he has been practising Bantingism to reduce his bulk, but still he cannot go without his cake and ale even on the occasion of a funeral. The best way of ingratiating yourself with him is through the belly.

His grandest schemes are conceived at the dinner table ; and though ordinarily reserved and taciturn, he is exceedingly garrulous over his bowl of punch. His enormous bunch of keys is perpetually dangling at his side, and yet should any one presume to insinuate aught of the counter in his hearing, ten to one the imprudent man pays dearly for his presumption. An enthusiastic lover of liberty himself, he often sheds his dearest blood and pours out his still dearer treasure in knocking off his neighbour's fetters ; and yet not long ago he grudged one of his children the exercise of a just right or two, so that the latter threw off the authority of paterfamilias, changed his patronymic, and is now occupying a separate residence under the *nom de guerre* of Brother Jonathan. His notions of justice are so very strict, that it is related by his family historian that, once when a servant forged his way into a splendid estate, he actually put on sackcloth and ashes and stormed and fretted and abused the said servant most scurvily ; but his kindly nature at length getting the better of his passion, he forgave the man, and quietly retained the property as a gift of Providence which it would be irreligious to give up.

Such being the characteristics of John Bull, his policy in his Indian Zemindary naturally partakes of the virtues and vices of his nature. He is generous and illiberal, gentle and fierce, good-humoured and captious, by turns. He has the good of his tenantry at heart, and yet, like all absentee land-lords, does not scruple to rack-rent them ; and he is, moreover, much given to levying *abwabs* or cesses. If he has a feud with another Zemindar, as he had the other day with one Theodorus, he proceeds to levy a *war-khurcha* from his ryots ; if he invites a friend home and gives his guest a sumptuous dinner, the cost is sure to be recovered from them under the name of *bhoj-khurcha*. And the good easy man actually fancies that they pay these exactions most cheerfully. If any of them ever complains of such illegal burdens, he replies that he might enhance their rents if he chose, but, as he was at once their

ma bap, he did not like to harass them in that way, but preferred levying a cess as occasion arose, deeming that to be a more satisfactory mode of adjusting rent. He is not a bad land-lord on the whole, and indeed he might make a really good one if he himself looked a little more closely into the affairs of his Zemindary, instead of relying entirely on his local Naib and Tehsildar and Darogah and other Cutcherry Amlahs. He might at any rate insist on the three stewards of his home-estate to watch the proceedings of the said Amlahs with greater vigilance. In that case, I am sure, he would be enabled to dispense with a good number of his paiks and lattyals, much to the relief of his tenantry.

I forgot to mention, that John is blest with a large family of children, both male and female. Many of the girls are patterns of feminine excellence,—one in particular, named Florence, is generally believed to be an angel in disguise; some are imitation-men, and delight in masculine pursuits, claiming equality with the stronger sex except in respect of certain hirsute ornamentations of the face, and resenting the least insinuation that, in the economy of nature, their chief function is to breed the species, and their proper place is only the lying-in room; while others form a devout sect,—a kind of Brahmicas, whose only Deity is Fashion, at whose shrine the wealth and peace of their parents and of their husbands, are sacrificed without remorse. Of his children of the male gender, a good many are downright bricks—chips of the old block, only a little too much inclined to submit to petticoat government which some koolin philosophers of the present day hold to be the most despotic form of government in existence; while others are perfectly graceless scamps,—reckless, arrogant bullies—who wantonly insult all who come in their way, maltreat the old family cow, seldom go to church, engage in constant brawls with their neighbours, and are eternally swearing and cursing for the mere fun of the thing. John has, moreover, a very considerable number of poor relations dependent on

his bounty. These are very industrious, thrifty souls with the bump of acquisitiveness inordinately developed in their cranium, so much so that some naughty wag or roguish malignor, I suspect, actually spread a rumour that they sold for a pecuniary consideration one of their ancient chiefs whom they were bound in honor to protect. As may be naturally expected, John has quartered many of his children and poor relations on his Indian ryots. To reconcile the latter to this domiciliary arrangement, he is good enough to entertain them with promises of a large share in the management of his estate ; and though his promises have not been fulfilled, he frequently repeats them in his perwannahs to his Naib, which is as good as perfect fulfilment. In justice to him, it may also be said that he is a generous friend of education and of liberty of speech ; but then he expects that both should be used for purposes of his glorification, and not for hostile criticism either of himself or the Masters Bull, who are styled Huzrut by the appreciative ryots. No man is more severe on himself than John. When in good humour, his sallies of wit are very often directed against his own unwieldy proportions, old-fashioned habiliments, gaiters and top-boots, protruding paunch and puffy cheeks ; but if *you* dare to sing to the same tune, though in a much lower key, he tucks up his sleeves, and with a thundering oath, which makes the very welkin ring with its irreverent notes, puts himself in a pugilistic attitude as if determined to send you to Blazes.

This, then, is the secret of the *Times'* unfavourable *critique*. If you should stand well with John, eschew politics, and restrain your independence. Burn Ram Sharma, especially, in effigy. Put his Muse in fetters. His satirical verses hit, which is an unpardonable offence. Every man is not a pachyderm, and Huzrut, in particular, is credited with a very soft skin and a still softer head. Hindoo as you are, he may call you *bonhi* and all manner of names, and pull your ears or tweak your nose for you on the strength of that interesting relationship, but you should quietly submit to the imputation, content

to pocket the insinuation of sullied *Jat*—nay, embrace the “liberal man” in loving folds of brother-in-lawship! Of course your occupation as an “unbroken koolin” would be gone, but then you would have the satisfaction of enjoying the *sumum bonum* of life—the good will of the haughty, overbearing *Quihye*.

Yes, meekness should be the badge of all your tribe, and your reply to all revilings should be pitched in a bondman’s key.” You should say with the Jew—

“Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn’d me such a day; another time
You call’d me dog; and for these courtesies
I’ll lend you thus much monies!”

That *Mookerjee’s Magazine* should be deemed *notorious*, and the quality of its articles depreciated by certain Anglo-Indian writers who see nothing commendable in any independent Native undertaking, is not at all surprising. Chime in with their views, and write yourself down a humble admirer of Huzrut and his oracles, and you are sure to be petted and fondled as a very respectable Hottentot. Is not the *People’s Friend*, according to them, the leading Native organ, whose bad English and silly twaddle are often quoted in their journals with approbation, because it plays the bottle-holder to them? A meek Baboo of the Uriah Heep type dies full of years, and they sing its requiem on the dead, because when living, he always buttered them to their hearts’ content. But Michael Datta, Bengal’s greatest poet, breathes his last in the prime of life, and hardly a word of sympathy is expressed for our national loss by the so-called friends of India, because in life he held his own, and devoted his rich gifts to the service of his country.

Your offences in this respect are so rank, that even the leading journal of Great Britain has thought it necessary to direct its kind attentions to you. The writer of the *critique* at all events meant to crush you with ridicule, though it is hard to say in what the ridicule consisted unless it were in the reproduction of your title page, and the use of inverted commas in

derision of the qualitative particles applied to certain writers in your Magazine. The criticism, however, is as effective as the doubt expressed of the honorific title of Justice Dwarka Nauth Mitter. The former is as generous, as the latter is significant of the writer's profound knowledge of India. Out-Heroding Herod may be a very agreeable pastime to a journalist, but it is not unoften indulged in at the expense of one's credit for honesty. No one, but a fool ever mistakes wholesale denunciations for true criticism, especially where a foregone conclusion appears to colour the judgment of the critic. We, Indians, at any rate, are not apt to make such mistakes; and, while grateful for the expression of discriminate verdicts, take care to receive unfair judgments for what they are worth. It needs something higher than the authority even of the *Times* to convince us, for instance, that the late Grish Chunder Ghose danced before learning to walk, or that you, or Babu Rajendralala Mitra, or the Reverend K. M. Banerjee, or the other Indian scholars on your staff, simply murder the Queen's English. We should have felt thankful to the critic if he had obligingly pointed out instances of the murder. Of course there must be inequality in the matter contained in a new periodical; nor is this to be wondered at, when the difficulties which lie in the way of a literary undertaking in India are taken into consideration,—difficulties which have baffled the efforts of Anglo-Indian literateurs to establish a Magazine of their own on a permanent footing. The concluding portion of the letter-press at the foot of your cartoon in the seventh number, has been condemned as a ridiculous anti-climax, but why, he has not condescended to explain. The writer evidently forgot that India is not England, and that the genius of the two countries in their sentiments and modes of thought is not alike. What may be ridiculous to the Englishman may be quite the reverse to the Indian, and *vice versa*. Smith may crack a joke with his old mother or poke fun at his elder sister without reproach; but this, in Ram Chunder, would be

deemed an offence deserving of social ostracism. Jones at sixty may dance a jig with his grand-children or his neighbour's wife, and will be set down for a merry old soul; but Kristodoss at thirty-five can not trip it "on the light fantastic toe" anywhere and with anybody without exposing himself to the charge of being an abandoned reprobate. Brown may go from Land's End to the world's end in quest of a fortune, and will be deemed a blade—a Scotchman almost, but Sumbhoo Chunder must not think of crossing the *Kala pawnee*, even for a change, without sacrificing his status in society, and that of the Mesdames Mookerjee and the *baba logues*. In the same way, India may bless a conscientious, popular, and beloved ruler, and ask him to remove an exceedingly obnoxious law without compromising her matronly dignity in the eyes of her children, though as it now appears, this may be deemed by an English writer as very ridiculous conduct in the old girl. Orientalism and occidentalism represent different, if not diametrically opposite, modes of thought; and he who confounds both, or judges the one from the other's point of view, manifests a sad want of discernment. It was his forgetfulness of this essential difference between the east and the west, which led Macaulay to pronounce his notorious verdict on the Ramayana and the Mahabharata,—the two greatest epic poems of India, if not of the world.

The writer in the *Times* further sneers at the prefatory notice with which you introduced an article from the pen of the late Grish Chunder Ghose as audacious and all that. Well, if to have observed that any posthumous production of a man, who, when living, was admired as a "genial writer" by a large circle of friends, both European and Native, would be received by your readers with pleasure, was a piece of audacity, then Truth itself must be open to that soft impeachment. He next complains that, with the exception of two, there is nothing in any of the articles he has seen like a treatment of the subjects they are written upon; and thinks he has completely floored you with a quotation from Mr. Justice

Mitter's article on the Analytical Geometry of Two Dimensions. If he had not been so carried away by his zeal to find fault with your periodical, he might have reflected that hardly any magazine article ever pretends to treat the subject it handles in an exhaustive manner "like a book," and that a scientific paper is not exactly a proper place for displaying the fancies and graces of literary composition. Perhaps he was so tickled with the title page of your Magazine that he forgot the unimportant fact that it professes to be also a journal of science. Comte's work on the Analytical Geometry of Two Dimensions not having, as far as we are aware, been yet translated into English, its translation was undertaken for the benefit of scientific students in India. That was very ridiculous indeed !

The poetry of your early numbers has also come in for a share of the critic's censure. Having discovered a couple of apostrophic abbreviations of doubtful propriety in a small epigram and some lines evidently inserted as a stop-gap, he exultingly places them before his readers—under an escort of inverted commas commanded by a sturdy "&c.,"—apparently as fair samples of Native verse. One is naturally tempted to enquire, is this all, after so much rumbling? Now, will your London contemporary condescend to express an impartial opinion on the poetical pieces which have since appeared in your Magazine ! Surely, as an oriental people, we ought to know something about poetry, or we must have degenerated under a foreign rule far more than is pleasant to contemplate or creditable to the paternal Government of Great Britain.

The spirit of captiousness which pervades the entire criticism must be thus patent to all. But the most amusing part of it is, where the writer, while kindly discouraging independent Native efforts, is good enough to advise us, if we wish to write English, to contribute to the English periodicals. That would of course be an effectual purification of our sins, but then our purgatory must be eternal, and heaven no where. When you have given a dog a bad name, you are

welcome to kill him ; again, your ox is Osiris in Egypt, and receives divine honors there. Say that an article is the production of a Native, and you at once ensure its condemnation ; but let the same article appear under English auspices, it is sure to be pronounced clever and all that, and its Native parentage denied. Do you ask, then, what's in a name ?

Yes, England would like to hold us in leading strings for ever. You may feel all the strength and vigour of youth in your veins, but grand-mother is constantly funky lest you get a fall, so you must not exercise your legs. There is that nice go-cart for you. Move about in it,—that's a darling. You may have all the manliness and hirsute honors of thirty, still the dear old creature wont let you venture in the dark unless escorted by Sarah the maid. All this solicitude is very kind no doubt, but it is apt to become very ridiculous at times. Was not the British Indian Association snubbed by the *Times* the other day for being cheeky enough to address the Government on a question which did not concern its members in the least, viz :—the question of the present Famine in Bengal ? What idiots not to know better ! With a truly Roman spirit, the old lady has conferred on us the blessings of education, and a free press, but then you must not make use of either except for promoting the vibration of that pendulum between Boishnuvism and Christianity,—Progressive Brahmoism or Keshuvanity. You may discuss the propriety of widow marriage, and the feasibility of tapping the clouds with volleys of artillery, or of bringing, Prometheus-like, fire from heaven ; you may urge the prosecution of works of public utility, such, for instance, as a causeway to the Moon, and speculate on the geological formation of Tartarus, or the Georgeological development of certain craniological bumps ; you may lucidly discourse on Mantras and Tantras, and reveal the mysteries of “ Om the earth,—Om the sky—Om Agni—Om fiddlesticks ; ” but politics—ay, that's forbidden ground,—you should never think of treading it even in a fit of somnambulism !

Grand-mothership has its privileges as well as its

anxieties, and he must be a very unreasonable man who would resent either.

To this very day the existence of American literature is almost ignored by Englishmen. American statesmanship,—nay, all American institutions, constitute the laughing-stock of English ridicule. The American press, in particular, is the Aunt Sally of English archers. It was only by ingratiating himself with some of the literati of Great Britain that Washington Irving succeeded in obtaining a footing among English authors. It was sometime before Longfellow's claims as a poet were recognised in England. The cold reception of his early poems by English critics probably led him to pen the following lines :

“ If perhaps these rhymes of mine should
 sound not well in strangers' ears,
They have only to bethink them that it
 happens so with theirs ;
For so long as words, like mortals call
 a fatherland their own,
They will be most highly valued where
 they are best and longest known.”

Lowell, also, another superior American poet, is, I am afraid, not much known out of his own country even to this day ; and that because he is a Yankee, which is as much a disqualification as being a Baboo, in the eyes of Englishmen.

I have, however, so deep a faith in the honesty of English nature, that I feel sure that, the moment of surprise and querulousness over, it will liberally mete out justice to my educated countrymen. No nation in the world is more ready to make the *amende honorable* than the English. The acknowledgment may be tardy, but it is nevertheless all that could be wished. As one connected with the *Hindoo Patriot* in the early days of its establishment, I well remember the ridicule with which, in its infancy, it was assailed by the entire Anglo-Indian press. But its stout-hearted founder and the small band of Bengalis who flocked round him, were not to be laughed out of countenance. Amidst much abuse—discouraged on all sides—with hardly a single word of approbation from any quarter, these young men silently, but still perseveringly,

went on, gathering strength from every opposition,—sustained by the noble cause which they had espoused, and rewarded only by the approbation of their own conscience. Alas ! how few of that band now remain to witness the triumph of the principles for which they so manfully fought ! To the surviving few, nothing affords a deeper pleasure than to observe the success of the journal with which their early struggles were identified. It is now in able hands,—Hurrish's mantle has fallen on worthy shoulders,—and that paper, which was at one time so much decried for daring to advocate the cause of India, and to give expression to Native feelings and opinions, is now listened to with respect and sympathy by a wide circle of readers both here and in England.

A word more as to the Anglo-Indian press. I must here observe, and I do so with pleasure, that my strictures do not apply to the *Englishman*, the *Indian Statesman*, the *Observer*, the *Bengal Times*, the *Civil and Military Gazette*, for though some of their conductors are not free from occasional exhibitions of illiberal petulance, they are on the whole conducted with due regard to the interests of truth, and where race questions are not involved, with fairness towards the people of this country. My censure is chiefly directed against rabid journals like the *Indian Daily News*, and the *Friend of India*. As the former is in charge of a penny-a-liner whose opinions are not entitled to much weight, I shall confine my remarks to the latter, the position of whose editor as the successor of such able writers as Marshman and Townsend, unfortunately gives him an accidental importance to which he is entitled neither by the gifts of his mind nor the qualities of his heart. He claims to be the leading exponent of public opinion in India, but the justness of his pretensions may be measured by the amount of popular confidence he enjoys as manifested by the result of the late Municipal elections at Serampore. With the exception of his own imps, hardly a single respectable householder of the town honored him with a vote. When he telegraphed to London to say that the election system was successfully introduced

into India, he might have added the significant words—"and George Smith was nowhere!"

He is at the head of that class of writers, whose cry is—India for the Anglo-Indians, and whose rampant Sahebism is so outrageous, that one is forced to exclaim with Byron :—

"Oh Wilberforce ! thou man of black renown,
Whose merit none enough can sing or say,
Thou hast struck an immense Colossus down,
Thou moral Washington of Africa !
But there's another little thing, I own,
Which you should perpetrate some summer's day,
And set the other half of earth to rights ;
You have freed the blacks—now pray shut up the whites."

To journals like the *Friend of India* under its present management, the English-educated Native, in particular, is an object of the most inveterate hatred. Whatever he does is assailed with ridicule, and he is represented as a pariah, who deserves only to be hunted down without mercy. If he urges a reasonable claim, however temperately,—if he exposes the tyranny of power, however justly, he is still condemned as an impudent villain,—as a traitor to the State. Every Anglo-Indian snob is an uncrowned king,—the anointed vice-gerent of Queen Victoria in India, and the audacious Native who dares to question the White Snobocracy's "right divine" to oppress their neighbours, is put down for a *budmash*, or felon if you will, whom they would hang, draw, and quarter without benefit of clergy. Furioso may prove a veritable Cain, but you must not hint anything beyond a diseased spleen as the proximate cause of his dark brother's death; for, if you do, you are at once taken to task for "Asiatic hatred of Europeans;"—English education is pronounced to be an utter failure in the country ;—and such stock abuse as "the leopard never changes its spots nor the serpent forgets its cunning," &c., is copiously showered on your devoted head. Dear me ! what a hubbub was raised a few years ago, because a certain Native gentleman, more outspoken than wise, dared to call a spade a spade at a political meeting in the Town

Hall. The din and clamour, at any rate, deafened me at the time.

The existence in India of a foreign government, under which the only open *sesame* to place and power is a knowledge of the tongue of her rulers, naturally induces the people to cultivate that tongue. Not that we are desperately enamoured of a language deficient in the commonest terms expressive of some of the ordinary relations of domestic life, and of which the indefinite *uncle* and *aunt* and *brother* and *sister-in-law* are as great puzzles to us as its nomenclology bristling with Hogs and Wolves, and Crows and Daws, and Foxes and Gooses, and what not besides. Sanscrit, being our glorious heritage, we might, without much violence to our feelings, forego the luxury of acquiring English with its irregular verbs, strange prepositional particles, and still stranger concord, were it not an absolute political necessity.

The mission of these writers would seem to be a systematic misrepresentation of the Natives. Japhet dwells in the tents of Shem, not as a brother—not even as a friendly guest, but as a visitor bent on picking holes. They forget that we are fellow-subjects of the same sovereign ; and that, in no true sense a conquered nation, we have established, by a century's allegiance to the British crown, our title to be treated with as much consideration as our fellow-subjects in any part of the British Empire, at home or abroad. They forget that we once had a glorious past, that our national existence began with the very Morning of Time, and that, compared with us, classic Greece and Italy are but things of yesterday. They forget that, though now fallen, we have sprung from a race ennobled by the heroism of Rama and Lakshman, glorified by the virtues of Seeta and Shavitri, and enriched by the lyre of Valmiki and Kalidasa. We are thankful for criticism, however severe, if it is just ; but they little understand the mild Hindu, who fancy that he is so oblivious of the past as not to feel with bitterness the attacks persistently made on his national character by his maligners in the press. While England's greatest sons,—her statesmen and her thinkers, would extend

to us all the rights of a British subject, a number of nobodies here unceasingly cry for a retrograde policy, a Reign of Force unfettered by Law—the dethronement of Constitutionalism and the elevation of Personal Rule. These men would fain see her recall the blessings which she has conferred on us,—the blessings of a free press, of education, and of equality.. Ignorant of the meaning of Liberty, they boast themselves as her sons, and yet advocate the imposition of heavy shackles on us.

“ Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt ?
No ! true Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free !”

Writers of this school frequently amuse themselves with selecting specimens of bad English either spoken or written by the philological shopocracy of China Bazar, and fathering them upon the educated Native in derision of his English scholarship. This may be a profitable employment to journalists in want of matter, but the censure is most provoking, coming as it does from men whose claims to be recognized as writers of chaste English are by no means very strong. I have before me, at the present moment, a number of Anglo-Indian newspapers, which teem with such phrases and expressions as “a month ago” for *a month hence*, “just exactly the thing,” “very two places,” “almost existence,” “better halves of a man,” “let him groan if he liked,” “curiosity to put right the majority of them,” “drink their money,” and the like. Indeed a very respectable volume might be filled with such choice specimens of Anglo-Indianese. In an article headed “The Queen’s *versus* Baboo English,” the *Friend of India* the other day pronounced its verdict against the Baboos, after its own characteristic manner ; but the same article that contained the verdict, contained also so many offences against Lindley Murray, that the Grammar School which sent out so distinguished

a scholar to indulge in *the pleasure of his individual culture* on the banks of the Hooghly, has hardly any great reason to be proud of *his* grammatical achievements. For the edification of your readers, I subjoin a few extracts from the article in question:—

“THE more interested we are in the extension of English education to meet a natural demand, and the more hopeful we are as to the future of the Native *thus* instructed, *the more jealous does it become us to be* that the purity of the English language in India *shall be preserved.*”

“Up to the Mutiny the old colleges, whether Missionary or Government, produced scholars who *were saturated with English literature and learned the English language* till they spoke it well *instinctively.*”

“We cannot speak for Bombay, nor do we believe that Province to show results so bad, because of the greater prominence given to the philological method of instruction, and of the smaller number who learn English.”

“We regret to find that even a Justice of the Bengal High Court *is held up to ridicule in the Times last week*, and his deserved appellation of “Hon’ble” is doubted, by means of inverted commas, because of the low literary company that he keeps in the most notorious Magazine of this class.”

“The root of the evil lies in *the bad school training.*”

“Were the good old drill and the indispensable memory work insisted on by teachers *in learning* grammar, as the *latter* is painfully practised *in learning* what is called History by rote, we should not have to complain of such lamentable results.”

“The Calcutta University, at least, instructs its B. A. Examiners to deduct marks, in every subject, for bad English. Hence, even in the *History papers*, more men are plucked for such Baboo English as “Whole Bengal” or “repudiate against” or Cornwallis spelled with one *l*, or Bentinck without the second *n*, than for their ignorance of the facts. The remedy lies first of all *in the school teachers.*”

“Thirdly, the University Entrance Examination must be *reformed*, as Lord Northbrook has wisely arranged that it shall partly be in Calcutta from December next.

“Finally, if English is to cease to be a foreign tongue to the educated Hindoo, if he is not to lose his grace of manner, his politeness of demeanour, his flowing vernacular style and his moral ideal, under our secular English teaching, Englishmen *will*

seek to affect native society by mixing more with its members, and by unconsciously influencing them alike in their literature and their life."

In the same number of the *Friend*, in which the article under notice appeared, occurred the following passages displaying a glorious confusion of pronouns :—

"The *public* look to the Hon'ble Messrs. Sutherland and Colvin for an effective representation of *its* views to Government."—Page 86, Jan. 22, 1874.

"But such was not the course adopted by Mr. Hogg, and in common justice we trust the *public* will shew a sense of the fact that his action has been taken in *their* behalf."—Page 90.

"The real difficulties of the new market have but now commenced, and they need not be feared if only the *public* be true to *its* own interests."—Page 90.

I closed my last letter with a question,—I shall conclude this with another.—*Is not the desecration of the Queen's English among the Huzrut class in India going on at an ever accelerated pace ?* Perhaps the reply will be, that the foregoing are not bad specimens of newspaper English. Humph ! There's a settler for you, Parmahangsha !

Yours sincerely,

BIRCH.

MOHINEE : OR THE HINDU MAIDEN.

I.

SONNET : TO THE READER.

TO Taste and Candour true I dedicate
These lines. Fair Poesy, the tend'rest flower
That doth bloom in the Muses' sacred bower,
Is destined still to feel the blasts of hate.
And 'tis the too inevitable fate
Of all, to whom is giv'n the gift and power
Of song, to meet at first a very shower
Of poison'd darts from wits both small and great.
This know I, nor regret the fate as hard :
For the true Critic, ever in the end,
Repairs the past, and, like a gen'rous friend,
To real Merit gives her just reward.
I plant this flow'r, then, in our Indian soil,
Heedless if praise or blame attend my toil.

SWEET Mohinee, sweet charming Mohinee,
Like Love's own star, cheer'd with her presence bright
Her father's hall, his sole delight in age,
And only prop in lonely, widowed years.
And day by day in perfect loveliness,
Like to the waxing moon, the maiden grew
The queen of beauty all the country round.
And she was gentle as a dove, and pure
As virgin snow, and artless as a child,
And rich in all the heart's affections warm :
Yea, a rose-bud without the thorns was she ;
A swanlet sailing in a crystal lake ;
A moonbeam through a vista glancing bright :—
And so this lovely thing was loved of all.

Her father's mansion stood upon a bend
 Fantastic of the noble stream, whose waters,
 Flowing from Shiva's hoary, matted locks,
 Salvation brought to Saugor's hapless sons.
 'Twas half concealed from view by stately trees,
 Which grew luxuriant in the garden fair,—
 That belted it as with a living green,—
 And looked like Solitude's own secret bower.
 Here were the graceful tamarind, and jack,
 Th' umbrageous mangoe, and the lofty palm,
 That fanned the lilies in the pool beneath
 With its broad foliage, the cocoa tall
 With its rich verdant tuft, and the shady *jam*.
 And, mingled with these, th' *ausuth* and the banyan,
 Growing on some dilapidated pile,
 Uplifted their green splendour to the skies.
 Here was the *kadumb* straight and fair, whose golden
 Globes, emulous of heaven's brightest stars,
 Recall the amours of the shepherd god
 By the green marge of Jumna's placid stream.
 Here were long lines of fragrant *bocool* sweet,
 And *kaminy* in most fantastic trim,
 And *champa* whose rich yellow blossoms breathe
 An odour that, borne by the summer breeze,
 Over a crystal stream, seems to the soul
 Imbued with love of Nature and her charms—
 An exhalation sweet from *Parijat*,
 That blooms but in Indra's ambrosial bowers.
 Here all unchecked, the jasmine sported wild,
 The white dhatura hung her modest cups,
 And revelled high the myrtle thro' the year;
 While the sweet *Malathe* with tendrils soft,
 And *Madhavi*, embraced some sturdy palm
 Or pine, and mated thus they flourished fair,
 Like beauty clasped in manhood's lusty arms.
 Here many a singing bird of various hues

Built on the boughs its curious, tiny nest,
 Whose delicate art shamed all human skill.
 Here oft the cuckoo with its silver voice
 Courted the yielding echoes of the place ;
 And the sweet *krishna-gocool* with plumage gay
 Of shining gold, and little ruby bill,—
 Like to some beauteous voice from fairy land,—
 Wished ever-living joys to married love.
 Here, too, the *bohoo-kotha-koho* poured
 Its plaintive soul in iterated strains—
 Their burthen still,—wake, damsel, wake thy voice ;
 And the *papya* pealed its sorrows wild
 In witching notes of luscious melody.
 Nor were less heard those minstrels of the east,
 The *doel* and the *shama*. These oft made
 The sylvan grove resound with thrilling songs,
 That steeped the soul in soft elysian bliss ;
 While the humming *toon-toon* from spray to spray
 Flew, trilling jocund notes of elfin joy.

This sweet spot and some miles of country round,—
 A rich domain—had to her sire come down
 From a long line of ancestors of pure
 Brahman blood, all whole and entire, though then
 The Moslem held the country in his grasp,
 And law was none. The place was called of men
 Shooropore, habitation of the blest.
 But was he blest, the lord of that domain ?
 Not he. For still he passed his days in moody
 Silence, rapt in his grief, and still bewailed
 His cheerless hearth and lonely widowed state,
 Though fourteen summers in their annual whirl
 Had circled round since she, his sainted wife,
 Left for the skies, leaving an image sweet
 Of her sweet self in lovely Mohinee.
 The precious gift of God to him in her
 He prized so much, in her who girt his soul

As with a golden zone of love,—now lost,
He through all those long weary years retained
The impress ineffaceable of that
Undying love he bore or rather wore
Round his heart, to aught else impervious now.
And so all earthly things, his house and lands,
Were unto him mean things beneath his care ;
And so the garden grew into a wild,
Where once he loved to range in happy years,
Himself then happy as the birds that carolled
There.

Lonely was his hearth, and Mohinee
His all in all ; and her the father loved
With that intense, that two-fold love of father
And mother, which a wifeless father feels
For an only child. And yet no one knew
That he so loved the girl. For silent still
And undemonstrative, he seldom spake
Word to her ; only ere the maid retired
At night, he ever would seek and bless her,
And then a tear would trickle down his cheek.
That daughter, and an ancient dame,—her nurse,
And a whole host of lazy menials, formed
His present household. Thus bereft of all
A mother's fost'ring care, young Mohinee
Grew—like a solitary lily fair—
Midst human weeds and reeds and rushes wild,
Nursed by the waters of a gentle nature,
And thence oft-genial dews of bounteous Heaven.

And she lived in a fairy world of her
Own,—Fancy's paradise—the heart's creation,
Where all the hours flitted on golden wings,
And all was shine without a touch of shade :
She—even she its flutt'ring butterfly,—
Ay, an aerial spirit, not of earth !
Flowers unto her were a living joy,

And ever as Aurora flung the gates
 Of crimson light wide open in the east,
 Or Eve, fair harbinger of soft repose,
 With golden tresses streaming in the west,
 Came on, amongst the flowers would she play,
 Herself the loveliest flower of them all.
 Or would she sit on some green, grassy plot,—
 A lustrous gem amid rich emeralds
 Set—watching now the fleecy clouds as fast
 Before the breeze of heav'n they sailed along,
 And now long lines of shrilling birds in air
 Returning homewards from their foray far ;
 Now the gay lilies dancing in the pool,
 And now the bee with cheerful hum disporting
 The roses 'mong. During these hours, her sole
 Companion oft, was Nobin young and fair,
 A distant relation, but constant guest
 In her fond father's house. Half-orphan he
 Like her own self. For when he scarce had learnt
 To lisp the name of father—Oh ! the sweetest
 To mortal ears when uttered by the lips
 Of one's first-born—that father was no more.
 In quest of gain,—of profitable barter,
 His sire had gone where Delhi's minarets
 Proud, and multitudinous din of life,
 Proclaimed her still the Mogul's capital ;
 And there, away from home, from wife and child,
 Made his last barter,—this world for the next.
 But though in life he was reputed rich,
 His death found Rumour but a lying dame,
 And he who managed his concerns sent word,
 All—all his ventures had been utter loss.
 So woke the widow from her dream of bliss,
 And so the silver spoon with which, she thought,
 Her child was born, proved but a wooden one.
 Now on a scanty income with her boy

She lived, the mother's best and only solace
He; till at last the needful discipline
Of school called him away from child-hood's sports,
Where in a distant hamlet held his rule
A man of learning o'er a youthful world.

And day by day he stored his mind with spoils
Of knowledge, ever sedulous to have
More and more; and his books were unto him
A passion, only less strong than he felt
For those soft scenes where, with sweet Mohinee
By his side, he brushed the pearls from the grass.
Oft, when on serious labors bent, her face,—
Her moon-bright face—would on his heart arise,
Lighting the chambers of soft memory;
And still he would yearn for the holidays,—
Those bridal days of their pure loving souls,—
When home returning with a merry heart,
All dancing to the music wild of love,
He 'd fly to meet that moon-bright face, whose greeting
Was sweeter far to him than honey, stored
In hives built by the busy swarm in groves
Of orange, or near lotus-mantled streams.
By that attraction mystical which draws
The same to same and like to like with force
Resistless, but still imperceptible,—
Draws souls to souls congenial, hearts to hearts
Vibrating with the same sweet symphonies,
These two were drawn each to the other, since
Their eyes first met in happy, toddling years,
Mated in heaven where their bonds were forged.

The boy was in advance by summers three
Of the girl. His fair form and early loss
Had pity first, then love inspired in all,
But chief in Shooropore's lord, who would have
The child about him oft, or on his knees
Or in his arms, before the heavy blow

Which made him widower so struck him down.
 And then the stricken soul grew all morose,
 And little Nobin was no more a joy,
 But came and went,—a daily visitant
 Unnoticed by the master of the house—
 Whiling his hours of stay in play with little
 Mohinee. When the twain were old enough
 To venture forth—to stroll into the garden
 Where bloomed all flowers that love the eastern sky,
 Together they would range the sylvan groves,
 Wakening the echoes of the shades with their
 Sweet ringing laugh ;—now chasing gilded wings
 That flitted gay at their sweet will through air ;
 Now list'ning to the voices from the boughs
 Pouring their notes in rivalry of song ;
 Now pausing to survey the *bhromora*
 Wooing the water-lilies with his hum,
 Or the water-fowls sporting in the pool—
 Floating lives, sounding merry clarions loud ;
 Now plucking flow'rs; which little Nobin twined
 In pretty wreaths around her graceful brow,
 Or placed with loving hands her tresses 'mong.
 Him gently now and then the maid forbade :—
 “ Nay, pluck them not ; they look well where they are.”
 To which in accents soft he would reply :—
 “ But they look better still wreathed round thy brow !”
 So glided their days happily away,
 Thus in companionship sweet, till they grew
 Two folded buds into op'ning blossoms fair ;
 She, nature's queen,—he, her Ganymede !

RAM SHARMA.

WHERE SHALL THE BABOO GO ?

A PROBLEM IN NATURAL HISTORY AND PRACTICAL ADMINISTRATION.

AN empire like British India, with a population of some two hundred millions of souls and a revenue of fifty millions sterling, must be acknowledged to be great. In truth it is a second-class state in revenue and only the second in population. Such an empire must offer innumerable interesting, even important, problems, and not a few knotty ones. Certain it is that the variety of the races and their endless sub-division in India render the questions that crop up in the course of its administration not only more numerous and more delicate, but also far more diversified than those of the Chinese Empire,—the most populous in the world, but comparatively much more homogeneous, at least ethnically. Under any circumstances, to deal successfully with such questions must require in rulers no ordinary amount of genius and tact, unless, indeed, luck, that universal solvent, steps in to their aid to make all other requisites superfluous. The Government of India must be not only a skilful, but also a very learned, nay, an all-accomplished government to be able to meet the problems referred to with any degree of confidence. Nor has it been known to shrink. In the variety and difficulty of the work to which it professes to do justice it almost arrogates to itself divine pretensions. It seems to know everything—to be prepared for anything. It is a cultivator of Chemistry, organic and inorganic, in all their branches, agricultural and manufacturing; it is a professor of Hygeine in all its ever-shifting mysteries. It is but saying little to designate it Master of all Arts, fine, non-fine, and finical. Antiquities, botany, mineralogy, geology, astronomy—nothing comes to it amiss. Of Jurisprudence of course it is the infallible Pope; of finance it must take daily cognizance. Sociology is its proper province; war sometimes its inevitable necessity and sometimes its welcome pastime. Agriculture and engineering, commerce,

manufactures, tenures—are its every-day work; and, indeed, between ordinary and extraordinary, necessary and unnecessary work,—what not, besides! It is a *subjántá* administration—an encyclopædic Government. Its modesty alone seems to have prevented its election to every learned society in the Universe. There is, indeed, no scientific body in the world can compare with it. For variety, the Social Science Congress of Lord Brougham is nothing to it, let alone the French Institute. From the chemistry of quinine to the geology of the moon, from the æsthetics of municipal administration to the hygiene of the cultivation of a new plant, from the political economy of coolie emigration to the ethics of the Opium trade and the excise department, unto the international law of the non-Aryans, and the theology of the car of Jagannath, the Government of India—including under that term all the subordinate administrations—“resolves” on every subject, “minutes” on all questions, “directs” and dictates on every conceivable matter.

Under such circumstances, I humbly venture to lay a question for solution before the great virtually omniscient Government of India. What are the respective countries—the proper countries—of the herds of Britons, Parsees and Bengalis indiscriminately scattered over the country? It is a question of physical geography and ethnology, perhaps, rather than of political geography—but what does it matter? The Government of India is master of all the ologies and ographies that were, are, are to be or not to be. With regard to Ethnology, it has even less cause for embarrassment. That subject is at the fingers' ends of its extraordinary legislative colleague and Lieutenant and ordinary Model Administrator and gallant Knight, and *আনন্দি anary* (Honorary) Doctor of Laws, and lucky *savan*, and fifty other things besides equally to the purpose. For, though Sir George, from the beginning of his career in the Indian Civil Service, now some thirty years ago, expressed his indignation at the Bentincks and Macaulays, the Treveleyans and Aucklands, the Camerons and

Grants, the Hallidays and Freres and Beadons for encouraging the study of the British classics in this country, and his dislike and antagonism to Belles Letters and the Fine Arts have grown with his growth and become dangerous in proportion to his official advancement, has he not always varied the monotony of the work of an Indian Civil Servant by the dilettante's addresses to—not the Muses indeed, for they are his abomination, but—a scare-crow of an Urania living on crumbs of Kol physiognomy (anatomy being out of the question) and Kashmirian dialect (philology being scholarly work)? What, indeed, is any question, however recondite, to a Government commanding the assistance of such admirable Crichtons. Let those master-minds who might be disposed to be vain of the absence of the word *impossible* in their choice practical Bowdlerized vocabulary forthwith hide their diminished heads before inspired geniuses who stare at the sound of *difficult* and ask what it means! Before the grave and reverend seigniors of the Government of India who divide between themselves the lion's share of understanding in Asia, I respectfully submit this question in Natural History. What is the habitat of these miserable Baboos and Parsecs who strew the path and cross the purposes and pleasure of the delicate, retiring, unobtrusive Europeans, the lineal descendants and heirs of that antique philanthropist Japhet? These half-naked starvelings, feeding on an apology of rice and curry and covering themselves for the most part with a coating of mustard oil and sheltering themselves under leaking mud-bamboo-grass-huts, who at once fill every school that is opened and cultivate literature on as it were a little oatmeal and deem it no bad luxury, who pore all night on Conic Sections and the Philosophy of the Unconditioned before a flickering stinking lamp (cherag) that makes only darkness visible, like so many Doctor Fausts who have sold their souls to the devil—where do they come from? What Zone do they belong to? over which parts of the earth are they distributed? Or do they issue out of the sun, moon or other sphere? Possibly

they are erratic imps of evil shot by some mischievous meteors or dropped down by some inauspicious terrific comet! At any rate it is important to know their first earthly landing. Day by day the necessity is becoming clearer of circumscribing the activity, limiting the sphere of the Baboos. Where can the miserables be confined except in their true home, their earliest abode in this planet? British philanthropy, when it could, retransported the Negro-slaves to Africa and improvised for them a state as a school for them in civil liberty. A British Government cannot even in its most oppressive measures depart from the noble principles of scientific justice. What, therefore, is the natural region of the English-speaking Indians? I humbly submit the case and try to be patient till the final, unanswerable, certainly unappealable, decision of Governmental Wisdom is declared. It is a grave question, on the solution of which depends a whole world of consequences:—the security, peace and prosperity of an Empire, one of the greatest under the wide Heavens, the weal or woe of full one fifth of the human race. For, whether for number, for vitality, or for passive capacity for irritating their betters, if not for positive mischievousness, these ragamuffins are not wholly to be despised. They are a constant thorn in the side of so many good and worthy people of the genuine aristocratic color, white or white-and-red. They prevent the development of a body of enterprising adventurers, a handful indeed, but eminently respectable, the only acknowledged sons of their *Father*, but *our Stranger*, Adam—the rightful heirs to Creation of

“The grand old gardener and his wife”

who are supposed by poetic drivellers, and logical ones too, to “smile on the claims of long descent.” Their very existence and that of such intruders as they, are a standing outrage on the true patent Kulins (though “broken”) of the Universe—a constant interference with their rights under Prophecy and Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights to ‘dwell in the tents of Shem’ and the rest, and at the expense of the poor fellows’ children. The sovereign aid of Scripture and Trial by Jury

goes a great way, and the arms and policy of civilization greater, in all parts of the world, in polishing aboriginal difficulties off from the face of the globe. But their efficacy seems in one of the Indies—the East—if not to fail altogether, at least to halt, to be but inadequately operative. The truth is, the nuisance is not at all of the nature of the ideal of the Roman population that that other ancient philanthropist Nero longed for, but, on the contrary, numerically almost as abundant as animalculæ, as tenacious of life as locusts, and far more intolerable. The weal or woe of these insignificant creatures themselves may be of too little consequence to disturb the pleasing reverie of the great Bureaucracy which rules the East; the prosperity or security of the Indian Empire in itself is not a great matter; but the peace of the good sons of better Dames Britannia and Europa above-mentioned is a concern of the utmost magnitude and import, and I am afraid this peace is in jeopardy so long as the question I have started is allowed to be in abeyance. The animal nuisance spoken of above is very widely dispersed throughout the length and breadth of the land. No honest European can stir out a step in any part of India without meeting with one or another of its unconscionable human elements. They turn up at every conceivable point, poke their officious little heads in every transaction. Formerly the Baboo (and that term includes the educated Indian,—Parsee, Hindu or Mahomedan, throughout India) was a wondering simpleton, gazing at the European in absolute admiration, as the latter modestly imagined—whom it was a pleasure to patronize, to elevate intellectually and socially—even an administrative necessity in some degree to educate in English. All that is now changed. The Babu now claims equality with the Saheb. He may not have quite passed his apprenticeship, but he has learnt enough to know the rights of man and feel a respect for himself and to strive for recognition of those rights and that respect. Of course the unselfish Briton who had hitherto petted him and got cheap work out of him as a human machine is annoyed beyond measure. The Baboo is now clearly a

brute—no better than a Baboon.* No treatment is too severe for him. He must be snubbed at every turn—bullied by every white or would-be-white man. So great has been the universal loss of temper and with it, naturally, of wits, so great has been the deterioration of tone of Anglo-Indian society, that the most high-souled Englishman, who would not, even in his bearing towards an inveterate foe, swerve one iota from his demeanour and conduct as a gentleman, considers it perfectly legitimate to forget himself in his intercourse with those who are guilty of the unpardonable sin of being the children of a soil which has given England the first position among nations for wealth and power and her superfluous sons an honorable career. So the Baboo is the butt of Our Own Correspondents and held up to ridicule in *quasi* comic papers—crushed under heavy boots and by heavier “leaders.” But the Baboo, unfortunately for Anglo-Indian peace, is not exactly the Bosjeman, to be exterminated either by brandy-panee or the bullet. He takes a deal of both without being done for. He is gifted with a most heartless tenacity of life. The country is too extensive to be laid waste, the fellows too many and too marrying and multiplying to be “finished,” or even dealt with as the Russians dealt with the Circassians; and, anon, they are too civilized, too quick-witted to be easily brow-beat into surrender of their rights and aspirations. And yet, with all, their leaders are too plucky, too clever, too dexterous in use of the Europeans’ own intellectual resources and weapons, to make the life of Anglo-Indians comfortable,—at all like what it used to be thirty years since, when they walked in glory the Indian earth like very gods, undisturbed by the remarks of the highly polished Orientals about them who spoke only Gentoo (Bengali) or the Moors (as the Hindustani was called in those days) or mumbled their most necessary-to-be-expressed thoughts in pigeon-English, as it would be called in China. For the sake of Anglo-

* *Vide* any issue of that gravely comic journal, the characteristic Anglo-Indian *Punch*, the *Indian Charivari*.

Indian peace, therefore, if for nothing else, I appeal to the Government for deciding the question raised by me ; let it once for all express its views and end the reign of suspense and heart-burning. There is not much practical difficulty about the Whites and Whitey-browns scattered over the land, no obscurity regarding their *genus* or *locale* ; and of course no uncertainty about their natural rights in Asia—at least in their own mind. They are indigenous to every soil—citizens of the universe. The only undetermined point is the natural history, and consequently the political position, of some at least of the darker races of animals. To come to the point at once, where, for instance, should the Bengali Baboo and the Parsee Jee go ? What is their proper habitat ? If the wisdom of the all-wise, all-knowing, all-powerful Government, the master of two hundred thousand bayonets, which occupies very near the place of a Providence over us, decide against us, it will be our duty to be resigned. It is certainly best for us to know and be prepared for the worst.

The question, as I have said, is one of no ordinary difficulty. The apparent facts involved seem to obscure the real ones. *Prima facie* the Parsees, Hindoos and Mahomedans are children of the Indian soil, heirs by natural right to the Indian continent. No matter ; in truth they may be strangers for all that. That they are called natives, even by Anglo-Indian speakers and writers, is nothing to the purpose ; the ruling Anglo-Indians may know better. Natives ! What's in a name ? Oysters are so called ! At all tables in Britain and Greater Britain—with every English-speaking man throughout the globe—oysters enjoy the name, whereas they are well-known to be true natives of no land in particular, indeed, no land at all—only of the sea. There are possibly benevolent Europeans who think that if the so-called Natives of India (with a capital N, for the sake of distinction,) do not mean to afford gastronomic gratification and nutrition to Europeans by being eaten up like their name-sakes, they would do well, and preclude much ado, by at once recognizing their affinity to the shell-fish

tribe and quietly going down to the bottom of the sea : Once there they will find enough work for their energies and their little wits in their exertions to elude being fished up. It is nothing, too, that they are born in the land of Hind. A Maori family travelling in the United States may have a child born there who would not on that account be esteemed an American, though he may be prevented by international law from engaging in war against the Stars and Stripes. No matter, too, that Nature has put the stamp of the tropics on the so-called people of India ; that does not necessarily constitute them the proper people of India, any more than the same stamp entitles the Chinese to the rights of Indian citizenship. There are American tropics as Asiatic, and the Asiatic tropics extend far beyond what the old geographers call India within the Ganges. The true natives, the rightful heirs, of India may be the Tanquebar Dutch, or the Pondicherry and Chandernagore French, or the Portuguese of Goa, Chittagong and Feringy Bazaar, or the Armenians, or the Greeks, or the Khonds, or the Santhals, or the Kols, or the Bheels ; they, indeed, are evidently the English ; but not, under any circumstances, the Parsees or Mussulmans or Hindus. Why, for instance, the cheeky, pushing, jabbering, speculative " tin-caps " and Pugriwalas of the Western Presidency who have the impudence to pretend to take a verbally unselfish and philanthropic British despotism at its word and the audacity seriously to essay to drive British manufactures from India and raise the country gradually to her proud old manufacturing eminence when she supplied the world with cottons and silks and other fabrics,—who are they ? These fetish-worshipping Zoroastrian fellows, who now keep their nose so high,—did not their great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grand-fathers take flight to India as mere refugees ? The fanatical Mussulmans, so murderous by nature as not to respect white life, nay not even the highest official white lives, though their peculiar idiosyncrasy may well claim for them an expedient, even a weak conciliation,—what right deserving of the name, can they urge ? Did they not first

make their appearance in the Arab descents on Sind and in the Ghiznian invasions? The Hindus themselves--do not their own foolish patrons, the comparative philologists, lingual ethnologists and pre-historic archæologists and such other unintelligible bores, make the important admission against them of their being rank usurpers of the fields and gardens and cities and forts and harbours and ports and shipping of the poor aboriginies? What nonsense, then, this perpetual talk about the rights of all these several peoples? how insolent their pretension to allow themselves into a place amid and beside the rightful occupiers of India and lords of creation, the British!

This will never do! The Briton knows better than to allow such claims. He is a learned man, the Briton, and is deeply versed in the genealogy and natural history of all animals and beasts, including among the latter the Baboo and the Jee and the Khan, and is not to be imposed upon by a set of dark-skinned geese cackling in the noble English tongue, taught by stupid unfarseeing benevolence. Happily for British supremacy and the progress of the world which unquestionably depends upon it, *all* are not so stupid or short-sighted. The rulers of the North Western Provinces and the Punjab have always had the reputation for political wisdom. Their's is the generous liberality which, on the orthodox principle of the Moslem butcher who slaughters for his own use *and* the good of the soul of the slaughtered cattle, oppresses people for their own benefit. If the people do not see the benefit while keenly alive to the oppression, it is their own stupidity. Bombay has at length acquired the inestimable boon of a Governor who, bred up in the dialectics of the schools of Europe, thinks* that those who are guilty of being born in this country being thus logically no-bodies, ought to be content with any position and any trifle for pay in whatever position, and that those unselfish men, who come out on the philanthropic mission of governing so far in the East, ought to be liberally rewarded for

* Vide Sir P. Wodehouse's first Convocation Address in Bombay.

helping to send back an adult self-governing nation to leading strings. He only wanted experience, this incarnation of reason and justice, (*Dharm-Avutar*,) as he lately confessed in the Bombay Riots, but he is a docile man, and has given convincing proof of his aptitude for learning. After allowing himself the schooling of the outrages for some time he apparently came to his Chief of Police's view that the Parsees were already too many and too disagreeable, and that deference to Mahomedan bigotry and pretension was the prime duty of a Christian state. The head of the administration of the Benighted Presidency had even earlier commenced his career of ostentatious petting of the Mahomedans. Even if we overlooked the injustice of any general measures implying unfairness towards other classes, from a sentimental, however mistaken, desire to repair the supposed injuries of an assumed formerly-depressed portion of the community, such a policy as that of Lord Hobart, whether pursued in Madras or in Burma or China,—considering the peculiarities of the Mahomedan character and the barbaric vitality of Islam generally—would be weak at any time, and must be doubly unwise at a juncture when the successive Mahomedan murders of Chief Justice Norman and Viceroy Mayo are naturally believed to be part of a plot to intimidate the rulers. And yet, after all, special consideration, or favoritism if you will, towards Mussalmans, even somewhat at the expense of Hindus and the numerically minor classes, is at least, in the opinion of the reasonable, more just, than the lavishing of loaves and fishes on strangers, whether *de facto* or *de jure*. For the first time since the creation of it into a separate administration, Bengal is now governed by a Panjabi and North-Western Civilian who manifests the extreme spirit of the Panjabi Civilians who have, since the rise of the Baboo, and his pretension to compete in his own supposed land with the Briton, added to their old motto "India for the British," another, namely, "India *not* for the Baboo." That is, India may be for the American, the Swiss, the Italian, the Rouman, the Armenian, the Levan-

time, the Maltese, the Brazilian, or, for that matter, the Terra del Fuegoan, but not for the able and educated native, who has the audacity to conceive himself the equal, at least in political rights, of his British-born fellow-subject.

But the Baboo is not quite so easy to burk as may be wished, and the British have too good a reputation to allow their representatives in the East to openly set at nought the rights of the people. So, numerous devices are resorted to to keep the Baboo out from—strange as the idea may look—India. One of the most notable of these, which virtually amounts to placing him under civil disabilities, is, that India is not one, that the Indian Empire is a conglomeration of states and nations accidentally brought together under one Power which have nothing in common; that if the Baboo has any right to a career it is in his own country, which, again, is graciously determined for him to be his own district or Province. Some such idea lurks under that system of proscription of the Baboo, that policy of circumscribing the sphere of his activity within the smallest, and not well understood, limits, which, without the sanction of the Legislature or the countenance of the Government of India—indeed, against the express provisions of Parliamentary statute—has been tacitly adopted by not only individual officers, but also by the local Governments. Hence the necessity of the enquiry which is the subject of this paper. Hence it becomes important to know for certain, once for all, what part of the world is the habitat of the Baboo, from which distant isle or clime each of the various species into which that animal is divided, has escaped to plague the fair Orient, which is the true home of the Parsees, which of the Bengalis, &c. These points are at present involved in much uncertainty. One fact only is clear, that if any limited portion of this great continent should turn-out to belong by birth-right to any particular class of the so-called people of India (if, indeed, they do not all come from some other land far beyond) the whole of India is by natural right the common home of, all white and whitey men.

This is an age of surprises. The facts of science transcend the romance of the Poet's creations. Learning has brought to light more things than were dreamt of in the philosophy of the past. We have lived to learn that Bengalis are not natives of India. The Europeans who rule the Punjab and the North-Western Provinces distinctly declare that the Baboo has no business there. They who are mistakenly supposed to have themselves come across the ocean say that the Bengali or the Parsee is a stranger, an alien in those parts of India.

The Baboo is stigmatized as an ungrateful beast for making the only proper use of the education given him. I do not know what this peculiar gratitude is which is implied in the charge, but this I know that he has been a most ill-used animal in Bengal. After recent experience I am more and more inclined to think that one of the causes of that apparently unalloyed philanthropy which first sought to give the Natives of India a Western education was the difficulty of carrying on the Government without a body of educated natives having some decent acquaintance with English. So the natives were actually coaxed to learn the white-man's learning to the neglect of their own, tempted by lionizing and offers of state employ and dignities. For a time all worked well; the natives learnt, the lionising went on unabated, and the offers were made good. Gradually the number of English-speaking Natives increased; the supply in a quarter of a century exceeded the demand. There were no more places to give away in Bengal, without trenching on the sacred covenanted and military preserves of Huzrut Bull. Then commenced among the Europeans the Reaction. Still the country at large is not small; there were the Subordinate Services of North-Western and Central India to fill. The Bengalis in the schools and colleges were told to be more enterprising and taught to look forward for a career in the more distant parts of what in those days was thought to be their country. Thus large numbers of Bengalis have gone and found employment in different parts of the land, as a larger number of Hindus and Mahomedans of other Provinces have sought and found their bread in Bengal.

If almost all the Bengalis out of Bengal went in for literate employment while comparatively fewer native outsiders have received the same kind of office, the difference is simply due to the different education of the two classes, or, to be explicit, to the out-going Bengalis being a literate class, able by knowledge of English to assist in the administration of the Upper Provinces and the teaching of youth there, and the in-coming Beharis, Benaresis, Oudhites, Punjabis, Marwaris, Parsees, Maharrattas, and Goozraties, being mostly ineligible for any such service. Thus the Bengalis are highly esteemed by their neighbours, and many have settled there. Nor is it of late years only that Bengalis have so strayed to, and settled in, those parts. All parts of India have always been open, and familiar to Bengalis, as to other Hindus. In spite of difference of dialects, the Hindus are one people, of one religion, with, for the most part, the same customs and manners and social characteristics. The Hindus from a long time past were not permitted to travel out of their country—and their religious law fixes the geographical limits of their nation. They, however, made amends for their inability to make distant voyages by a good deal of home travel, considering the difficulties of it in former times. Mere sight-seeing was the motive with some. Commerce impelled many more. Even more, perhaps, were urged in pursuit of knowledge. But the most general and fruitful incentive was, unquestionably, pilgrimage. Each Province of India was famous for the teaching of a particular department of learning or other accomplishment. Mithila (Tirhoot) was the seat of a school of logic and extra-Bengal law, Nuddea was celebrated as the home of logic, East Bengal taught the Tantras, the Professors of the Deccan and of Benares were eminent in law and the Vedas and the philosophical systems. Pupils from all parts of the country, without distinction, flocked to these academies and resided therein. Even now, nearer home, in the present decay of Sanskrit cultivation, there are students from Nepal and the extreme South studying for years at Nuddea. Benares, Lucknow, Delhi and Gwalior attracted aspirants for musical distinction. Pilgrimage

has always been esteemed among the noblest objects of travel. Shrines are distributed thickly throughout the land, tolerably and equally through all its parts, and Hindus have always travelled unmolested, without a sense of being in foreign territory, from Jwala Mukhi, Hurdwar and Lake Mánasarovara on the North, and Kamrup on the East, down to Rámeswár on the South.

Nor was distant inter-Indian travel even in quest of fortune so unknown as some people are apt to imagine. The Bengalis have not been behind the people of any Province, and wherever they have been, they have been right welcome.

They were welcome to the Saheb out of Bengal, too,—till lately. In course of time the Education Movement extended to Upper India, and there, too, the Bengalis became the pioneers of progress. The Bengali population set the example of sending boys to the new schools, and Bengalis supplied the majority of the schoolmasters, as they had supplied the first English-speaking native agency to assist in the administration. They are now reaping their reward in that ingratitude which is the fate of all pioneers and reformers. When a number of obsequious Lalas and Pandays and Mirzas had been brought up in English just enough for business, the British all at once awoke to the consciousness that the more self-respecting Mookerjees, Chatterjees, Dutts, Boses and Mitters were aliens and usurpers. Though progress out of Bombay, Madras, and Bengal has been slow and far from steady, with every year there were more and more presumably-English-educated Lalas and the rest, and more and more snubs to the pretensions of the Baboos to serve in Hindustan Proper, till at last now their exclusion is perfect. The British officers in the Punjab, Oudh, the North Western Provinces, the Central Provinces, Rajputana and Central India would not, within the last ten years, unless sorely pressed for hands, receive a Bengali's application for any situation. Numerous such presuming Baboos have been insulted,—hundreds coolly told they have no business in those parts. The general Huzruti belief is that India is for the Briton, not the

Baboo. But the Baboo has to complain not only of the freaks of individual officers without a due sense of responsibility. Reply to the same effect has been received by him from Lieutenants-Governor. The entire governing body is saturated with a feeling of bitter hostility towards him. The *personnel* of the judicial and executive services in those provinces is wilfully left unimproved because improvement can as yet be effected only by the appointment of Bengalis, the only competent candidates in the field. There are large numbers of well-educated licentiates and bachelors in law every year sent out by the Calcutta University who have spread themselves over the North and who are ready to fill the lower judicial offices, but against whom there is the fatal objection of their being Baboos. There are able Bengalis, educated in the North-Western Provinces, whose families are there and have been established for generations, who are more Hindustanis than Bengalis, but who are treated no better. Baboos are Baboos, wherever born and bred, transplanted from their native home how many ages so-ever. Up to this moment no native sits on the bench of the High Court, Allahabad, because the only officer in the judicial service of the Provinces who was deemed eligible was a Bengali born and educated in Benares who had never seen Bengal—a man, that is, properly speaking, whose ancestors had been Bengalis. Hard charge this, no doubt, but alas, too true! The sceptic is welcome to the following transcript from the official *Gazette* of the Allahabad Government. In August, 1869 an advertisement appears in this *Moniteur Officiel* of the North-Western Provinces inviting candidates for the post of Translator and Head Clerk to a District Judge's Court, on a pay of Rs. 120 *per mensem*, which ends thus:—"BENGALI BABOOS AND YOUTHS FRESH FROM COLLEGE NEED NOT APPLY." That at least is no joke, nor the outpouring of a disaffected oriental imagination. We have not heard that the head of the Local Government has noticed it at least as an outrage on public decency. Neither has the Viceroy pointed out its illegality—not to speak of its contempt for all equity. It is thus

that the people of Bengal and their descendents, wherever scattered, under whatever circumstances, however eligible to serve their country, are, with the sanction of Government, openly insulted and deliberately civilly disabled.

Yet more. The Lieutenant-Governor of the North Western Provinces has more than once, we believe, declared in so many words that Bengalis shall not get employment under his administration, and the Chief Commissioner of Oudh at the Annual Exhibition of the Canning College in his capital publicly insulted the invited Bengali gentlemen present and virtually gave them notice to quit—the dominions of the Couper family. The latter scene has been described to me in mournful accents and the spirit of injured innocence by Baboos to whom Bengal for generations has been but a name. The occasion was remarkable as being the first in the history of Oudh on which its ruler had to announce and to congratulate his people on the fact of a native of the Province, himself a brilliant *élève* of the same Canning College, after matriculation in the Calcutta University to which that College is affiliated, having gone to England, presented himself before the examiners for the Indian Civil Service Competition, passed and returned to his own Oudh. Sir Baronet made the announcement, coldly enough, and suppressed the too natural congratulations. He had not the heart to congratulate the Province on its first triumph, because, as the Fates would have it, the triumph was achieved by a student of the College who had Bengali blood in his veins. But a North-West civilian is not the man to control his rising passion against any class of the natives, so he not only repressed the natural exultation, but actually went to mourning at the first Oudh success at the Civil Service Examination. Without periphrasis, he told the Bengalis, whether of Bengal or the Upper Provinces, without distinction, that they were aliens and must expect no mercy, let favor alone; that their children, who were admitted with a full knowledge of their parentage, and indeed had originally been sought for to fill the originally empty benches, and even petted as exemplars to the population, were simply so many

intruders, in the schools of those Provinces. He did not even content himself with announcing the state policy of expatriating the Bengalis from the greater part of what they were taught, wrongly no doubt, to regard as their country. He did his best to set class against class. He told the non-Bengali population of the North West, including Moguls and Afghans, Kambos and Kashmiris, Oswals and Jats, Mahrattas and Napaulese, that the Englishman was their natural protector and the Bengali their natural foe; that every intellectual achievement of the Baboo proper was a humiliation to them, every step in the service of the state gained by him a positive misfortune. He played his game well. In their antagonism to our countrymen the Europeans hope to benefit themselves by exciting a mutual antagonism among the Natives of the different parts of the country. Sir George utilized his opportunity for getting up one among the different classes of Natives in his territories, or rather for combining the different classes against the one now most formidable to the extreme pretensions of his countrymen. It deeply wounds us to know that this national insult was coolly pocketed, and that it was left to me, so long after the event, to protest against it. In that large assembly there was at least one influential, presumably thorough, Bengali Baboo of Caclutta, one of the tallest-talking of the tall-talking early Hindoo Collegians—nick-named by the Anglo-Indian wits of the period the “Chuckerbutty Faction”—the same who in his days of youthful enthusiasm distinguished himself by threatening to throw his quondam Principal, Captain Richardson, out of the window for refusing to allow the youngsters to make use of the College premises as a theatre for making speeches *a la Brutus* against the British Government. Sir Baronet of course wound off his address with excepting from the operation of his ban this gentleman for having apparently sunk the Bengali patriot in the Oudh Talookdar, but we wonder how our knight of old accepted a compliment which, as being at the expense of his Bengali brethren, was undistinguishable from a reproach. His lukewarmness of course goes far to account for the

silence of, if not wholly to absolve, our other representatives in that quarter.

And now, have I not shown sufficient cause why a decision is imperatively necessary on the question raised by me? If more is yet required, perhaps it will be found in the following narrative.

Raja Udaya Pratap Singh, Lord of Bhinga, was a minor in charge of the Wards' Institution, Lucknow. There he studied in the Canning College, and profited by his opportunities much more than is done by the generality of the sons of the barons of Oudh. He is a person of some education, and, as happens in such cases, much attached to the Bengalis. On coming to the management of his estate, he desired to appoint as his manager a well educated Baboo. He was prepared to offer a better remuneration than is allowed by the other landlords of the Province, who neither would pay a proper pay nor objected to be indefinitely robbed. He applied to the Superintendent of the Wards' Institution, a Bengali. The Bengalis are everywhere the first organizers of departments and their subordinate executive and superior ministerial agency,—the pioneers, with whose help the state introduces reforms, though kicked out unceremoniously when the time comes and the ladder is no longer required. The first Governors of both the Wards' Institutions in the Upper Provinces, the one at Benares and the other at Lucknow, belong to the disagreeable race, though already I fear that the days of their official career are numbered. The Lucknow Baboo got the Raja of Bhinga a very desirable person, one Baboo Beharilal Banerjee, a Bachelor of Arts and of Law, whom the Raja appointed on the very cheap pay (whatever may be thought of its magnificence by his Brother Chiefs of Oudh) of Rs. 150, per mensem, not counting I suppose advantages of free board and lodging.

It may be easily imagined how the appointment provoked the Rajah's people, his relations and officers, who lost a prize, and who might well be alarmed at the prospect of serving under the watchful eye of a shrewd educated man not easy to be duped, nor likely to overlook

corruption. The present practice of Government to appoint Europeans to the charge of the estates of minors which has infected the great landlords in this Province, who are following it for the management of their property as a convenient protection against state pressure or jealousy of individual officials, meets with no more favor from either the class of employés or the community at large. The Oudh experiment, being besides a solitary instance, can hardly be deemed, in any sense, a public grievance. It does not circumscribe the career of the natives, takes away no post open to them as one people. The Bengali is no more a stranger in any part of India outside Bengal than the Kashmiri out of the Happy Valley, and in many Provinces in the plains the latter—the shrewd intellectual docile Bengali of the Hills—is the favored master of the situation. As for Sir George Couper's Dominion, in particular, Oudh is but a "geographical expression." Long before the British rewarded the fidelity of its Princes, by seizing its independence the Villayeti Mogul and Pathan, the Pandit of Kashmir and the Josee of Kumaon, the Chettri of Nepal and the Rajpoot of the South, the Sett of Muttra and the Lala of Behar, even the English barber and the French pedlar, have all been welcome there and risen to wealth and power. Nor has the Bengali been the despised thing there that some Europeans would make out. Bengali artizans were invited from Calcutta and tempted by handsome offers to settle in Lucknow, and Baboos are dispersed throughout the Province. The descendants of Bengali converts to Islam may still be met with. A Bengali Brahman studied for years with the great Professors of music, Hassu and Haddu and Amir Ali, and became an acknowledged master of the vocal art. It is absurd to speak of Bengalis as despised in a province in which a Banerjea ruled through several reigns as Dewan to the Residency, and in which a Mookerjea is at this moment one of the foremost citizens. So high, indeed, was the credit in which the Bengalis were held, that a travelling Bengali, espying the nakedness of the land, was tempted to establish there, of his own instance, a great Department,

and enabled for months to impose, without authority, and to realize, even by distraint, a house-tax, and to make, by putting in circulation false drafts, a good deal of money. Talk of hostility towards, or contempt for, Bengalis of a people whose ablest and most trusted teachers and advisers are still of that race, whose most confidential physician is a Ghosh ! Contempt, indeed ! Why, in Oudh as in other parts of India, the Bengali is, as he has ever been, the Baboo *par excellence*.

The irritation of the Raja's people is intelligible, and not wholly unjustifiable. Whoever, native or European, enters such a service under such circumstances, must expect a good deal of collision. Thus far, we believe, Baboo Beharilal proceeded to Bilinga with open eyes, but he could scarcely have been prepared for more. In truth he met with opposition from almost every quarter. With the support of his master and the exercise of tact and judgement on his part, he kept his place and eventually hoped to smooth down his path. But the difficulty, which he least anticipated and which he was least able to cope with, was the antagonism of the official class. That class, from the commencement set its face as one man against him. Against that formidable difficulty neither his own wisdom and conciliation nor his master's firm good will availed. Against the league of his household, his *amla* and his tenantry, the Raja at no small sacrifice held fast to the manager of his choice. To the unreasonable persistence of the officials, though he made more heroic sacrifices, he was compelled ultimately to succumb. Not, however, without a stout struggle did this first fruit of English education among the barons of Oudh, yield. Of private hints, periphrastically expressed or plainly conveyed, he took no notice. The still clearer warnings of the departments and courts he had made up his mind to disregard. He knew his rights as a free citizen or thought he knew them, having learnt them at the Canning College; and he was determined not to give them up. He intended to verify his knowledge. Too late he discovered his ideas to be of books, bookish—good for nothing at least in Oudh. He had flattered himself that whatever the native em-

ployés of Government might, according to their opportunities do, to turn him from his deliberate policy in regard to the management of his own,—however the Europeans officers might sympathise with such doings, these latter would not, could not, as he believed, commit themselves to any express interference with the liberty of his discretion in his private affairs. Foolish simpleton ! he found that, when indirect signs failed to rouse him to a sense of his danger, his paternal and patriarchal guardians of the great Bureaucracy were ready to apply direct measures of suasion—*moral*, is it not called ? The local Chief sent for him, and, as befitted the member of a learned, scientific and benevolent government, gave him the benefit, free of charge, of a long ethnologic lecture on the Bengalis. He might have taken his text from Montesquieu on geographical morality ; he probably relied as his greatest authority in ethnography on Lord Macaulay. With these helps, he had little difficulty in proving that the Bengalis were scoundrels,—the only race in whom the primeval curse of sinfulness yet lingered ; that their touch was pollution,—their sight that of the *Evil Eye*—absolute ruination. The lecture was wound off with the advice, also gratuitous, to dismiss his manager. The young student-conscript probably could not form a proper estimate of the worth of the authorities. He certainly went away unconvinced by the reasoning. The advice he resented as an unwarrantable obtrusion on his liberty—at best a pretension which he might or might not permit, as he liked, and he decided on its rejection. He was again sent for and commanded to dismiss his steward. The Raja refused. Meanwhile the word had gone forth to the entire District that the *Saheblogues* were displeased with him. What that means we all know. Every body's hand was against him and his poor Bengali. His friends pointed out to him the folly of his course,—the consequences of the ire of the *Hakims*, and offered to get him a proper Hindustani agent, even among his own relations, for a less pay, and one who, however inferior his ability or accomplishments, would, from the good-will of the officers of Government, stand him in better stead

than his "first-class classical Baboo." In the event of non-compliance with the universal demand, he was darkly warned to prepare for substantial harm in property, besides other general injury. He was deaf to voice of coaxing or intimidation. It was no idle threat. At least it was a singular coincidence that at this period he lost nearly all his cases—even those which his advisers had considered the strongest; even his best evidence failed him; his best legal assistance was worse than useless; saddling his estate with numerous permanent tenures, entailing on him loss of income. Still he, brave man, would not be bullied; he patiently bore his reverses. He was called to account for not having yet removed the obnoxious manager. He asked for a written order to act upon. He thought to himself, foolish man! that the demand would be a settler. The members of the Oudh Service did not evidently shrink from any pardihood or enormity. He was served with a written order commanding him to dismiss the Bengali whom he had taken in his service. He appealed against the order. To his dismay the Commissioner affirmed it. Still he hoped for justice from the Chief Authority in the Province, and so preferred the next appeal. Fool as before! yea a greater fool than ever! The Chief Commissioner decided against him, "supporting the authority" of the District and Divisional officers, confirming the bad character given by them to the Bengalis and adding to it his own testimony. Nay, not content with this, he sent for the Raja and rebuked him severely for his taste in liking the proscribed people and his impertinence in not surrendering his inclinations to the dictation of Government officers, and finished, it is believed, with a dreadful "Beware!" That last was certainly a settler for the Raja, as it would be to almost any man, however highly he might prize liberty. There was no help for him but to capitulate.

Babu Beharilal, from near the beginning, would have retired from a false position in which he could not do himself any justice but all possible harm to his master. But the Raja would not hear of it. His first experiences did not completely banish from his mind the zeal instilled at the College and at Lucknow generally, by Benga-

lis, into his youthful mind, in favor of British institutions. Faith may be a plant of no easy growth, but, once grown, like the oak it braves a thousand years of battle and the breeze. So was this young man's faith in the sincerity of British constitutionalism in India unshaken by undisguised district official tyranny. He was not persuaded of either of the facts which seemed to stare him full in the face—that the Bengalis were a proscribed race and that a baron of Oudh possessed not the liberty which was said to be the privilege of the meanest British subject. Again and again the Baboo begged to be permitted to relieve, by his own withdrawal, his master from unmerited difficulties and irretrievable loss. Again and again the Raja would not listen to the proposal. Seeing, however, that all the cases in which the Bengali manager, himself a lawyer, appeared for the Raja, apparently wantonly decided against him, the Raja so far bowed to the inevitable as to keep Baboo Beharilal in the background, and put forward a Hindustani, one of his relatives, whom he appointed as ostensible manager on Rs. 40, per mensem. This did not of course succeed, and, indeed, the arrangement was transparent and was probably resented as a dodge of disobedience to save the victim. After the Chief Commissioner's encouragement of the proceedings of his subordinates, and his peremptory orders enforced by significant threats, the Raja wisely parted with his Baboo. But the Baboo still, I believe, carries his sympathies. No blame can attach to him for his ultimate surrender. He has throughout the business preserved his reputation. India can not boast a nobler flower of her chivalry than this young Chief of classic Ayudhya. He comes out of the contest for personal liberty untarnished in honor, but impoverished in substance. Besides the hundreds of cases he has lost with costs, the numerous sub-tenures that have been created in his property, his villages have, many of them, been over-assessed. Oudh, it must be remembered, is not a permanently settled Province. The state, which claims to be the landlord there, periodically assesses the rent to be paid by each estate through the subordinate landlord, at half the gross rental. It may be

imagined what power for moral coercion an offended Bureaucracy must possess over the territorial aristocracy of such a land. The times when these periodical settlements are made in India, outside the few permanently settled Provinces blessed for ever by the genius of Cornwallis, are crises in the fortunes of the landholders, and, through them, of the people at large. A scratch of a young civilian's pen can make or unmake a great hereditary landlord—yea, can enrich or impoverish a district. At the time that the officials and the Raja were quarrelling over the latter's Bengali agent, Oudh was passing through one of these important settlements. In that settlement, the Raja believes, that he has been unfairly treated, that his estate has been unduly assessed; on many villages, indeed, the Government demand being fixed at sums to which the gross rental never amounted—and under the circumstances it is natural for him to attribute a part at least of his loss in property to the official displeasure he has incurred. Complaints of over-assessment are, however, a common feature of Settlements, and they ought to be received with allowance. In the present case there are other landlords in Oudh besides Raja Udaya Pratap Sing, who are non-content with the settlement operations in their estates. It is remarkable, however, that the Raja asked them to join in a representation on the subject, but was refused on the ground that he was not fit company for any prudent man who desired to benefit himself. He is a blight; his interference a tolerable guarantee of failure. No good can come out of him or to him, which has to come from the good-will of the Sahebs. He is a marked man.

Nevertheless, I sincerely trust that he will bring forward himself any just grievances he may labor under. A stranger who loves his country and kind—who thoroughly believes that the good of both can be served only by the continuance of a just British Rule in Asia—who sympathises with him as with a representative sufferer—can do no more than bring his case thus, rather irregularly and under every disadvantage as regards the possession of accurate information, to the notice of the world.

SONG OF THE INDIAN CONSERVATIVE.*

I 'M a tory by instinct all true,
Nay, prove me aught else if you can ;
I give even the Devil his due,
Let him take, then, his " liberal man ! "

'T is the hour of tory reaction,
Down with liberalism, my boys ;
Down—down with the humbug,—the faction,
That so deafens the ear with its noise.

Liberalism's a sham and a snare,
'Tis moonshine and gammon and *jhoot* ;
For your " liberal man's " only care
Is for chances of plunder and *loot* !

Yes, plunder and blunder still mark
His career, be he statesman or scribe ;
And whether they whine or they bark,
Never trust the " liberal " tribe.

All their talk is but nonsense and stuff,
Come, honest conservatives, come !
Away with proud Argyll and Duff,
Let's have Salisbury or Derby *ekdum*.

Three cheers for brave Dizzie, my lads,
Let his genius have full and fair play ;
Turn out all the " liberal " pads,
Let honest conservatives away.

* These lines had been received from our conservative friend before the late change of ministry, was announced by Reuter.—*Editor*.

Our first parents by Satan were sold
In a serpent's guise,—shining and bright ;
He has changed now his tactics, I find,
And deceives as a " liberal " wight !

I'm a tory by instinct all true,—
Nay, prove me aught else if you can ;
I give even the Devil his due,
Let him take, then, his " liberal man ! "

Y. C. D.

A HAREM FOR SHAIKH ABDUL RAH- MAN *né* MELVILLE !

“**NONE** but the brave deserves the fair ?” sang brave old John. That song, indeed, in one shape or another, is the oldest in the world. It was as true in the era of the Ceylon or the Trojan war, as it is at the present day. The bloodless case of Mr. Melville, Delhiwala, forcibly reminds us of the justice—at least the poetical justice—of its award. ‘Brave man!’—thought we, as we remarked the howl on all sides against him,—‘what a churlish world to begrudge him even a khitmutgar’s daughter, perchance by a concubine, for all his sacrifices!’ But let us not lose sight of a preliminary consideration. To remember, to begin with, the claims of Number one first (for we have set to heart and profited by the injunction of John’s heir-at-poesy—

“ Know, then, thyself,” &c.,

and have often enough in these pages shown our appreciation of the prime value of self-recognition,) we certainly deserve the good graces of the fair, for our distribution of the Victoria—we mean *our own*—Cross. It requires no common courage in these days to vindicate the memory of a much misunderstood man like Dryden—it is absolutely heroic to put forward a plea for Mr. Melville. It has long been the fashion to damn the one as apostate ;—there is no language too severe at this moment for the other. The word “happy,” says Paley, is a relative term. Why the word *happy* only ! All words are in their sense more or less relative. If any class of words are preeminently so, it is such ones as *apostate, renegade, heretic, infidel, kafir, atheist, indecent*,—words which imply a radical difference between the ways and beliefs of the speaker and those of the party addressed or spoken of as such “apostate,” &c. The same names are bandied between the opposite sides ; at least where the difference exists, given the disposition, or in other words the necessary bigotry, they may be applied by each side to the other. The “infidel” of

one is the "faithful" of another. It is thus that honest Dryden is stigmatized as a heretic and a hypocrite. By all means, if so disposed, call him the first name (which being a relative term has, in the particular relation, little or no meaning,) but, for the sake of charity, why so lightly call him the second ! In loyalty to your God, if he so bid you, denounce him as sinner, curse him, invoke on him the Divine vengeance, if you have not the humility to be tolerant ; condemn him, if you cannot pity him, as a fallen brother ; chuckle over his prospect of that perdition from which you have in your own conviction escaped by an act of barren faith, but, in the name of all that is sacred, do not question his motives. Why gratuitously make sure that they must be dishonorable ? Is it so very bad to change one's religion ? is it so very extraordinary ? Then, you had not been a Christian or a Moslem or a Protestant or a Dissenter or a Baptist or a Quaker or a Shaker—whatever you are ! You had still remained a fetich worshipper, falling on all fours on the ground before a tree or snake, or at every gust of wind in alarm as in the presence of a malignant evil genius,—if you had not changed your religion or somebody had not changed his for you ! Believe you in the Bible as a sacred authority ?—You surely are not of Adam's faith ! You are too enlightened—gone too far down in the ages—too advanced in years as it were—for your first progenitors' primitive piety.—Nay, who are you ?—Moses himself was not. Nay over again, Adam himself changed his religion. Adam before the Fall and Adam after it were not persons of the same faith. Do you not take the odium for yourself of another's (though your own ancestor) change of religion ? Selfish, short-sighted man ! Then do not expect others to reject their existing beliefs for your's ! For consistency's sake, for honesty, do not ask them to respect, not to say accept, your impudent offer. I see you start. Speak, man, why ? You hesitate. I understand you. You would force on others a, to them, new Pantheon. Your strange Penal and Procedure Codes and new sort of prison-discipline, gaols, &c., with reference to the after life you would compel them to receive, but you

are, would not hear of their choice of any others, nor allow them the quiet possession of what may be called their existing religious estate. There! that's your idea of fair-play. There is not damnation enough in store in your imagination—not to say your scriptures, though in this they fall far short in resources of your fertile moral consciousness—for Mr. Melville, but you wide-open the gates of your and your scriptures' heaven and clear its best place for the veriest urchins in your mission school—nay (how you congratulate yourself on your Christian charity and immense philanthropy!) for the poor orphans and families starved during the last Famines unto Jesus.* Perhaps such "necessary Christians" are many of them only nominally such, but you are quite prepared to denounce the writer of "Nomenclology" in our last number (Vol. II., p. 681) as a Pagan sinner and even vote (you gallant gentleman know how to suit your word to the occasion, or rather the *sex*) poor Juliet in the bargain as hopelessly love-mad. You know when mere nominality is more valuable than reality. If our friend Abdul Latif, who will shortly consummate a life-long intimate intercourse with Europeans by a visit to Europe as Maharaja Blowhard's chief witness before a Parliamentary Committee to prove that the Faithful in Pingal had never been so petted and cared for, had never such bright prospects, since the deposition, by an essentially Hindu Revolution, of Maharaja Soorja Dowlatia* or Maharaja Kassy Malee, as during the Blowhardian régime—if our friend, I say, returned amongst us as Sir George Dromedary, having been knighted previously and since so baptised in St. George's in the East, how welcome would the altered name be to every orthodox ear!

* It is a notorious fact that the Missionaries reap a good harvest of souls (or merely bodies, perhaps!) during Famine-time. And after; for, besides the numbers who during such time resort to the Reverend gentlemen for the preservation of their life here and hereafter, the orphans who are thrown upon Government and the Relief Committees are, when the calamity is over, usually made over to the Missionaries to be brought up in a Faith different from that of the poor things' unfortunate parents and powerless surviving countrymen.

* See "The Model Reign of Maharaja Blowhard" in *Mookerjee's Magazine*, Vol. I., No. 7, p. 145.

N. S., Vol. III., vol. Nos. XVI & XVII. Calcutta.

But 'Shaikh Abdul Rahman' as the appellation of a true Briton, is the most unmusical sound imaginable to any decent Christian tympanum. How grateful to every eye and ear—how welcome to Heaven—Peter Ghose or Badeve Chakravarti!—How hateful to all the senses Thomas Green Fyzullá! The Hindu or Mahomedan who turns Christian is of course a convert—a brother rescued from darkness—a new sheep to the fold of the Faith. The Christian turned Moslem is a pervert, a renegade, an apostate, a miscreant, a disgrace to his race. The convert has been gradually prepared by the perusal of the Scriptures, by the exhortations of the lucky missionary and by the Holy Ghost. The pervert has only been tempted by an Indian beauty and the *Devil*.

The relations between the different sects of a common, general religion, or between the sections of the same general sect, are equally unpleasant. Protestants and Catholics, Churchmen and Dissenters do not love each other more than Mahomedans love Jews, or Jews—Christians, but less.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view, says the Poet. It certainly tends to tone down inter-religious ascerbity. Nearness is the very demon of discord—the perennial source of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. Love is hardly ever lost between cousins. Between distant parties or interests or creeds a difference is a difference only;—between neighbours it is a bad nuisance;—between relations it is a standing *casus belli*—an alarming mutual grievance.

What wonder then at Dryden's fate! Maligned by his contemporaries; posterity has not yet done him justice. A Protestant people adjudged him a blackguard and a sycophant when he became a Roman Catholic in the days of king James II.'s persecution of Protestants, and a Protestant Clio has stereotyped for the ages the contemporary verdict. How long—for the sake of the worth of History itself—will the injustice last! Dryden a time-server! As if it was not possible for an English Protestant to revert to the old faith of the country from ge-

nuine conviction ! If not intellectually absurd, was the step anywise morally dishonorable, taken during the Protestant persecutions of a bad Catholic monarch ? Ought Dryden to have deferred a response to the call he felt till a suitable time ? Should he have waited till the re-establishment of a Protestant *régime* or the firmer establishment of the Catholic one to declare his change ? Absurd expectation ! strange doctrine ! And yet the expectation is vaguely indulged in, the doctrine secretly harboured and, in a confused way, enunciated. They are the guiding principles of the verdict of the nation in such cases as Dryden's. No Englishman would theoretically deny the right of a man to adopt any religion, even to turn atheist, though a Protestant Englishman might regard a change to Romanism as a deadly lapse. But Englishmen carry their ideas of propriety even into matters of faith and conscience. In this respect they are an unique people. They have no great objections to intellectual latitudinarianism so long as it is 'respectable'; to revolutionary views so long as they are confined within the precincts of the mind. 'Appearances,' that object of idolatry of the English *bourgeoisie*, must be preserved, almost at any cost. Dryden, as one of the class, ought certainly to have shared the intellectual snobbism of never confessing the truth out of season ; but he was more than an English *bourgeois*—a Poet. He was not persuaded of the duty of postponing his declaration of change of belief till such time when he could not be suspected of flattering a reigning monarch by hypocrisy. The world is not remarkable for justice in its decisions in matters of religion, particularly on such changes of religion in individuals. Dryden is but one of the innumerable victims of its intolerance and spirit of insinuation. What, after all, are the grounds of Englishmen's suspicion against their thoroughly national bard ? Dryden from the earliest was far from imbued with a religious spirit. He was one of the wits of the Restoration, and his works and life differed in no respect, except perhaps genius, from those of any other wit of the period. If he was not guilty of the graver violations of morals, he was cer-

tainly not above committing the minor improprieties and even sins for which the age was notorious. He was of a sceptical turn, too, like the rest—like all lettered and vivacious rakes. This is evident enough in his *Religio Lxici*, a curious poem blending a personal scepticism with a perfunctory theological zeal; the vindication of the Anglican Church against Dissenters, of a Free-thinker. In spite of his doubts, however, and through all the corrupting influences of the time and his own class—the wits and men of letters—he retained a good heart and susceptible nature: just the soil for the plant that in the end grew in it. We of this century are wiser in these matters than our predecessors were, and consequently more charitable. Those who have watched the extraordinary personal changes of belief which have been witnessed in our era, who have studied the career of the Tractarians and others, do not need to be told how from Rationalism or rank Infidelity to Rome is but one step. All, indeed, do not go and anchor in that harbour, but then they may be drifted into the not pacific, but dead, or rather worse than dead, sea of Spiritualism, and such other quasi-creeds and quasi-sciences. Dryden, naturally enough, laid the burden of his soul at the feet of an Infallible Church.

When? That's the question. The popular belief is that he was rewarded by James II. with a pension for writing, during the polemic contest of that anti-Protestant monarch's reign, a poetical defence of Catholicism. The truth is, it was an old pension, which, at first stopped by James himself, was ordered again early in 1686, before Dryden's conversion. Many months elapsed before he became a Roman Catholic. What a difference a day sometimes makes with us! what a development may not happen in the space of six months! The *Hind and the Panther* appeared in the following year, 1667. That is all, whatever it is worth.

On the other hand, rejecting the aid of biographers and antiquarians, take the internal evidence of that poem. See if it will warrant a conviction. Are the following the sentiments of a hypocrite and time-server?

Do we not rather see them issue direct from a living conscience and brave heart ?

" If joys hereafter must be purchased here
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome infamy and public shame,
And last, a long farewell to wordly fame !
'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly tried
By haughty souls to human honour tied !
O sharp convulsive pangs of agonising pride !
Down, then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
And what thou didst, and dost so dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice !
'Tis nothing thou hast given ; then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years :
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give ;
Then add those may-be years thou hast to live :
Yet nothing still ; then poor and naked come ;
Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum."

And these—do they sound like the cooings of Protestant or sceptical dove playing for the nonce a Catholic part ?

" But, gracious God ! how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide !
Thy throne is darkness in th' abyas of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus concealed,
And search no further than thyself revealed ;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou hast promised never to forsake !
My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires,
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights, and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I ; such by nature still I am ;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame !"

And what is the testimony of our Poet's more candid but industrious Protestant tory biographers ? Why, that Dryden remained firm in his new faith, through good report and evil report, amid all vicissitudes of fortune, after

the flight of James and the firm establishment of Protestantism as the national State Church, during a long Protestant *régime*, carefully instilling his changed views into his children, refusing a dunning publisher's opportunity to pay poetical court to the rising Anglican sun by dedicating his English *Virgil* to William III., till the latest moment of his life, which closed so late as in 1700.

But Mr. Melville is no Poet—unless he wrote that really remarkable little poetical piece in the *Pioneer*, work of true genius, which is the best, truest and highest defence of his conduct." He is believed to be an average Englishman and ought to have acted as such; originality is not for him. Hence the obloquy against him. Hence he has been driven out of office on the absurdest of pleas, with the sanction of thoroughly English logicians and moralists like the *Indian Observer*, and hounded to very near death's door.

The Poet Laureate of England—an un-English writer, though a poet of the highest modern culture, the truest modern spirit—has thus sung one of the grandest of truths—

There is more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in all the creeds.

His countrymen seem yet far from prepared to accept it. Here, in India, at least, the most liberal of them would not take it without one indispensable qualification. There may be such a thing as honest doubt, and more faith in it than in all the creeds—save one, or, if necessary, two,—or three. There is no honest Mahomedanism, and nothing like even just such faith in it as the most lukewarm professors of the most abject devil-worship show in their devilry. At least, not to withhold from that side of the case its utmost due, there cannot be honest Mahomedanism, or, for that matter, Hinduism or Zoroastrianism or Buddhism, except for those born in it. *Ergo* Mr. Melville must have shuffled off his worn out Christian habiliments for a Sheikh's *ábá*, bewitched by the fascinations of a dark-eyed

Moslem beauty. Be it so. If an old creed in which one is born and bred up may be thus easily abandoned by any one, it is hardly worth keeping by him. Clearly, Christianity, whatever its inherent claims, has left nothing for him. Even Mahomedanism, such as it is, may do him superior spiritual service—may stand him in better need with his Maker.

Mr. Melville, of course, knew beforehand all the consequences. He has crossed the Rubicon with open eyes. All the more honor to his courage for taking the step! A Panjabi brunette is the least reward he deserves. A well-filled harem for him, such as the religion of his deliberate adult choice grants him, say we with all our heart!

 *Two more Numbers of the Magazine will soon follow.*

SONNET : ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE HON'BLE
JUSTICE DWARKA NAUTH MITTER.

e

STILL must she weep? will her tears never cease?
Relentless Death, what havoc hast thou made!
Shall India never know one hour of bliss?
Still must her darlings by thy shafts be sped?
Alas! unhappy land, how fast they fall—
The fairest flowers that thou lovest well!
And now,—the best and sweetest of them all—
Thy Dwarka Nauth's gleaned by the Reaper fell!
Why cherish hopes that thus are ever blighted—
That wither fast and perish as they spring?
Weep,—weep my Country! still by Fortune slighted,
There is no balm for thee, poor—bleeding thing!
O Fate, in mercy let her cease to be;
Ay, sink her into her own dark-blue sea!

RAM SHABMA.

MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE.

EXTRAORDINARY.

10TH APRIL, 1874.

A CORONAACH.

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to poor Bayes,
Like the Justices' fountain,
Which nor bubbles nor plays !
The Viccroy, so knowing,
Soon saw through their dodges,
Put an end to their crowing,
And shut up the GEORGES !

The hand of the reaper
Is palsied by drought,
But rejoices the weeper
That the Cession's gone out ;
He reckon'd the Famine
Would bring grist to his mill,
But Temple has come in,
And put spokes in his wheel.

Sharp foot on the realm,
Of Ambition thou tool,
Stern hand at the helm,
All is up with thy rule !
Like a meteor on high,
Like a storm-wave of ocean,
Like a flash in the sky,
Thou art gone with commotion !

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MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1874.

REMINISCENCES OF A KERANI'S LIFE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CALIGRAPHY—ITS DECLINE.

A DEPUTY Magistrate flaunting a gold chain, introduces himself. An old copyist—a wag of the first water—is looking admiringly at the chain, with great affected simplicity. The Deputy Magistrate is much flattered, and asks condescendingly if the old man likes the chain. “Oh! it is not that, Sir! The chain is good enough; and the gold is very bright too. But I am looking at it so stedfastly because it explains the meaning of a word which I never understood before.” “What word can it be, I wonder?” “Oh! a very simple word, Sir; or rather two words. At home, my youngsters, in conning over their spelling book, constantly repeat the words,—“a he-goat,” “a she-goat.” “Well, how do those words concern my chain?” “Why, Sir,” asks the old man with the greatest simplicity in the world, “is not this a he-gote, and a she-gote too? Does it not answer as a *gate* (chain) both for yourself and your lady?” The Deputy Magistrate was furious,—the copyist had run off.

The Kerani referred to was a particularly impudent one, and presumed much on his age; but he was also very useful. He was both copyist and draftsman. A paper once came down to the office written in Arabic, which no one could read. Copies of the document were urgently wanted for circulation to mofussil officers. This copyist, without understanding a single word of the language, made copies of the paper so exact that,

when they were submitted to competent examiners for verification, not a single mistake was found in them. To do this, perhaps, did not require much intelligence; but it certainly did require great precision of hand to copy stroke for stroke, without mistaking a single twist.

Of one assistant of the office—an East Indian—it was said that, a certain Governor-General, who wrote a very crabbed hand, having asked for a copyist who should be able to copy every letter correctly without being able to understand a single word, this man was selected, and did his work to His Excellency's satisfaction. For this qualification, he drew a specially large salary, and when on a later day it was proposed to curtail the amount, he strongly protested against any reduction, urging clamorously that though he did not understand much of accounts, he was the only assistant in the office who could copy correctly without understanding the text! The plea was admitted, and the salary spared!

Some of the old copyists wrote an excellent hand. In this respect the falling off in later times has become very apparent. The old letters of the office were always written in splendid characters; but now a days the pot-hooks are scarcely readable. This is observable also in other documents. Just look at an old Government Promissory Note, or, as it is now the fashion to call those papers, an old "Government *Security*." The writing on it looks like copper-plate; but the Promissory Notes of the present day have nothing like it to show. Even the signatures of the officers in past days—those of Messrs. Prinsep, Bushby, and Morley, for instance—were very clear and legible; while the signatures of the present time can scarcely be deciphered without a competitive reading examination among half-a-dozen men; and yet the papers in those days used to be signed by the highest officers of Government, who did not consider it beneath their dignity to write a clear hand; while now the papers are signed by mere Treasury clerks, who think it a shame to be

able to write at all. I think that, like some millionaires I have mentioned, these gentlemen might simply put their mark on the papers with a x cross, and some subordinate assistant might then write underneath "Mr. So-and-so"—"His mark."

Then the old records of Government offices, how beautifully they were kept! The same virtue of splendid hand-writing is observable throughout them all. They are, page after page, quire after quire, ream after ream, unmarked by a blot or an erasure, and are always easily read without any pain to the eye. Printing has come to the rescue of the present generation, and all the printed records of every public office are of course very decent; but such records as happen to be kept in manuscript, how shabby they are! And yet the copyists of the present day are paid more—much more—liberally than were those of the past.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PATRONAGE—HOW VACANCIES IN GOVERNMENT OFFICES ARE FILLED UP.

A NICE appointment—that is, for an uncovenanted officer—has become vacant. There are many candidates for it—one among them *par excellence* the best of the whole lot, being a man of education, station in society, and much official experience. Another candidate is a very young man, of no official aptitude whatever, but very well-connected, and personally known to Sir Henry Hardinge, with whose daughter he has danced in England! Will you bet who wins the prize? The man of parts was sanguine, but did not get it.

Take another case. A new appointment is created, in an office where proverbially there is little work to do. The pay is handsome, and there are three candidates,—two of whom would have graced any appointment. The third is illiterate, but has been of great service in diverse un-official ways (*e. g.* in procuring loans of

money and the like) to the officer who has the nomination in his hand. The merits of all the candidates are well-known. The great man's nominee gets the post; the fact being that it was created for him, with especially fat pay and no work—the admission of other candidates being all a sham.

The reader may say that this has been so from the commencement and will be so to the end of time. Who knows of the golden age, when it was otherwise? True; but all this happens under the very nose of the Government; the nose gets the stink, and only tries to keep it off with 'kerchief and eau-de-cologne; the eyes are conveniently closed; the saint seems absorbed in prayer; and the thing is done. It would be a different matter if the Government were altogether ignorant of these doings; but can it conscientiously plead that it is so?

A third instance refers to an humbler appointment. An assistant applies for a vacancy in a higher grade. There are other applicants also, but he has long been recognized as the best of the lot. He goes to the head of the office for it, and is refused; the claims of one of the other candidates being preferred. "Very good, Sir! But I have always had the toughest job to do, while he has had comparatively lighter and easier work; you have yourself said so on diverse occasions." "Yes; you are right; I have said so." "Then I trust, Sir, this will be mended now. Since he gets the promotion, it will be only fair to give him the more important duties." "Oh! that's my look out, not your's. I always apportion work according to the capabilities of my assistants. The question of pay has nothing to do with that."

It is useless multiplying instances. No deserving man in the public service can look above him without seeing many inferior people hoisted far beyond his reach. He may feel aggrieved, but must expect no redress. He may wince; the withers of those in power are unwrung. One thing, however, he can do to regain his peace of mind. After looking up the ladder he

has only to look down, and if his mind is at all well-regulated he will at once see that there are many his equals, if not betters, occupying posts much lower than his own. The justice or the injustice of the thing need not be considered ; it is not open for discussion or deliberation. There is the fact staring in the face, and we must accomodate ourselves to it in the best way we can. Mr. So-and-so has got ahead of me most unjustly. Admitted ; but, similarly, you have got ahead of Baboos This and That, without possessing any higher merits. The beam will never get steady : the scales are constantly vacillating.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE NEW REGISTRAR.

THE old Registrar Saheb has gone out, and a new Registrar Saheb has come in. Is he a better man ? No ; certainly not better in respect to work, and infinitely worse in all other respects. Were there no better candidates to select from ? Lots of them ; but it is needless trying to discover the why and wherefore of such contretemps. A new broom must sweep. But he does not know what to sweep ; so he sweeps away right and left, disorganizing everything, without understanding what he does disorganize. Many alterations are made by him—all slap-dash, without judgment or forethought. The most valuable checks are vetoed and prohibited—new ones are ordered which answer no useful purpose. A flaming account is sent up to the Chief Accountant of the improvements carried out ; and the zealous broom is thanked in set phrase for having rescued the office from chaos and confusion. The whole world is a clap-trap, my masters, and we ourselves are the players in it !

Now, who is this new Registrar ? A very busy and energetic man he is, whose pretentions include all sorts of accomplishments, without real claim to any. He has dabbled in Greek and Latin, and is master of Eng-

lish, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish. Persian he pretends to ; Arabic and Chinese he promises to learn. He sings scraps of bawdy songs to exhibit his knowledge of poetry ; mouths and gesticulates, and strikes the table very hard with his fists to show that he is an orator ; and pretends to have taken lessons from my deceased friend, Radha Nath Sikdar, out of Laplace and Newton. It is sham throughout from top to bottom, and yet it is curious how men of education fail to detect the imposition. The man came out to this country with a wooden ladle in his mouth ; entered some flourishing concern in the very humblest capacity ; got on well enough there ; pretended to have mastered the business ; played his cards with great cleverness ; and behold his wooden ladle is converted into a silver spoon—or you may call it golden without exaggeration.

“ I will put you in the way ; I will do everything for you,” mutters the Deputy to his head, in the vain hope of ingratiating himself in his good graces. “ All right ! ” says the head, and makes over all his work to the Deputy, and himself goes about gadding—to great people, to small people, and where not ? He remained in office long—very long indeed ; and if he had only taken the pains to learn his work, he would have been worth something. But this he never did. He talked big, crowed loud, slapped the table hard, stamped with his feet, and cursed and swore by Sodom and Gomorrah. The peons and duffries of the office quaked at these energetic demonstrations ; even keranis of the lower grades got funky, while those whom his arm could not reach, laughed at him ; and yet this man had long, very long, the reputation of being a very efficient Registrar—a man who did not know anything of work, and whose whole secret of administration was brow-beating.

The Deputy who assisted him soon found out his mistake. He had angled very adroitly for favor, but never secured it. He got disappointed and less zealous ; the “ head ” got disgusted and weary, and the Deputy was thrown overboard without the slightest compunction. But who was to do the work now ?—such

mechanical duties as did devolve on a Registrar and could not be slurred over ? He got a *dewan* Baboo to do it—a member of that caste, which rightly or wrongly has the credit of being the most intriguing and mischievous. The fellow acted both as Deputy and spy ; they say that he did even worse, but of that I have no certain information. It is in this way that most people get on in life. Fools, and those who can't help it, work ; knaves get their work done by others, and simply draw their pay.

CHAPTER XXX.

DEMOCRACY AND SEDITION.

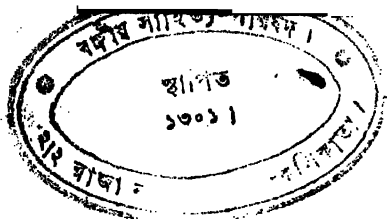
A MILITARY Officer held his office in the same building with the Account Department, and, as he had plenty of leisure, he took a delight in coming over and breaking a lance with me as often as he could find time for it. The manner in which we became first acquainted was rather unpleasant. He had taken a fancy to the small room which I occupied, had asked for it from our Burra Sahib, and came to turn me out. "Well, Baboo, how long have you occupied this room ?" "Nearly a year now." "But that has not given you any vested right to it you know." "Certainly not ; do you want it ?" "Very much indeed, and what is more, Mr. ——— has told me to take it. So it all depends upon you whether you will give it up or not." "I would have given it up to you even if Mr. ——— had not ordered it. I shall move out at once now since he has told you to take it." "Oh no, there is no particular hurry about it. You can move out when you like. I was obliged to speak to Mr. ——— because hitherto the room had belonged to his part of the office."

The acquaintance thus commenced, he took great pains to cultivate ; and in all the banter and provoking discussions we had I always found him a perfect gentleman. He one day came and asked me what my duties were, and tried to understand them, and then wanted to know what salary I received. All his enquiries having

been answered, he coolly asked if I was not over-paid. "Don't you think Rs.—— too much for your duties?" "Possibly, yes; taken in the abstract, the sum is large enough. But when I find that you are paid Rs.——, it then occurs to me for the first time that I am very much underpaid. Our duties are nearly similar; you have the Military accounts, while I have those of the Civil Departments; and yet you get just eight times more than I do." Don't you think that to be somewhat unjust?" The flush on his face was perceptible, but he covered it with a smile. "I can get out a man from England," he said, "who would do your work for your pay," "I have not the slightest doubt of it," said I; "but that would give no saving to the Government. I can nominate a native who will do your work for a fourth of your salary, or if the Government insists on having an European, I can at any moment pick out from the unofficial ranks a countryman of your own who will fill your chair as efficiently at least as you do, for half the amount you draw." This was a settler, and he ever after called me a Democrat. He came back to the charge when the papers announced the death of the Advocate General, Mr. Ritchie. "Can you give us a native who will fill up Mr. Ritchie's place?" "No! I don't know any native, or any European Civilian, or Military Officer either, who could take up his duties." "So you see your country can't give us the men we want, and we must get out fit men from England." "Just so, and my country is willing to pay handsomely for any available talent that England can lend her. What she complains of is that she has to feed so many drones too in the bargain." "Meaning me and the like of me, I suppose?" "Not particularly; but there may be parties whom the cap will fit." "But you forget that we have conquered the country, and are entitled to everything in it as a matter of course." "Possibly; but the country was lost by the Mahomedans, who had no inherent right to it. You did not fight the Hindus, and I contend that the Hindus have not forfeited their birth-right." "Ho! ho! Are you prepared to fight out for your birth-right

now?" "Perhaps to say so would be treason; but, when I hear every individual Englishman arrogating to himself the conqueror's right, and bragging of it, I am almost tempted to have a play at quarter-staff with him, if only to convince him that each Englishman individually is not necessarily a conqueror." "We don't fight with quarter-staffs; we fight with guns and swords which you don't know how to handle." "Only because you have schools to teach their use to you: but an enlightened Government has not thought fit to set up such schools in this country yet." "But if you had the schools do you think there would be many volunteers to learn the art of fighting?" "I can't answer that question exactly now; but I should say that there ought to be many pupils. The English are protecting us with great kindness; but many people may nevertheless wish to learn to protect themselves. The occasion may arise when it will be of inestimable value to them." "What occasion? Can you think of any?" "Yes; England may get tired of the work of evangelizing India, and may give her up altogether some day when we least expect it, and then we are done for, only because the Government will not allow us to learn the use of arms." "Oh you need not fear that England will give up India in a hurry." "Then there is the possibility of her being compelled to do so." "Indeed! All of you natives seem to think that Russia can take India at any moment from us; don't you?" "I don't; I can't answer for others, but I don't believe that either Russia, or France, or America, or any other nation whatever, can snatch India from England alone. One to one England is quite a match, and probably more than a match, for the strongest of them. But there may be a coalition against her, and then, with two or three strong powers opposed to her, no alternative would, perhaps, remain to her but to give up India." "There is a deal of sense in what you say; but the purse of England is so long that of all powers in the world she has the least to fear from coalitions. No coalition against her could stand for six months; so you can rest quite satisfied that the protec-

tion of England will not be withdrawn from you. Is there any other reason why you want to have a military school?" "Yes; the reasons for it are as plentiful as wild flowers. A military school would enable us to stand by and be of help to the English in the hour of need." "Or to join the rebels in the event of another mutiny? Eh!" "You don't pay a compliment to Bengal. Bengal is too wide-awake for such folly."



THE DANCE OF THE MÆNADS.

(ESPECIALLY DEDICATED TO OUR OLD FRIEND *Egregious* OF THE
Lucknow Times.)

I.

GREAT Pentheus, seated on the lofty pine,
With horror saw, in Cithæron,
Thy daughters, Cadmus, lead the frantic dance ;
Their bosoms bare, their garments strown.

II.

What fire, oh Bacchus ! riots in their veins !
Where is their matron mod'sty gone ?
Oh Pentheus ! look not on thy mother's shame !
Oh Agave ! blush to see thy son !

III.

Excited Ino and Autonoë fair,
Oh stop your lustful revelry !
Possess'd of Bacchus and with frenzy fired
Their eyes no mortal traitor see.

IV.

" A spy o'erlooks us ! " cry the Mænad throng,
And leering gape upwards the tree,
Where Pentheus, at their orgies quite aghast,
Was musing in perplexity.

V.

" Is it a lion or a boar, we see ? "
Cries Agave, leader of the band :
" Haste, sisters ! " and from rock and cave they bound,
And all around the pine tree stand.

VI.

The tree they tear up from the solid earth ;
 What will not Bacchic frenzy do ?
 Like hungry dogs the madden'd women rave ;
 Mind, Agave, mind, who speaks to you.

VII.

"Oh, mother, help ! nor slay thy only son ;
 "The anger of these fiends allay :"
 She foams and raves, she looks with frenzied eyes ;
 Her son she seizes as a prey.

VIII.

The Mænads tear him limb by limb, and strew
 The several parts in Cithæron ;
 Rejoicing Agave bears the head away,
 "Behold ! we 've kill'd a young lion !"

IX.

Oh wretched woman ! by what fury fired
 Madly hast thou thy own son slain ?
 Just as his dogs the bold Actæon tore,
 That broke Autonoe's heart in twain.

X.

Now see, where Bacchus comes with wrathful eyes !
 "Why shame ye thus," he cries, "my name ?
 "As Ceres with dry food your frames revives,
 "With nectar I your souls inflame.

XI.

"List, wolves ! the liquid vigor of the grape
 "Gives respite from the sorest grief,
 "In soft oblivion lulls the care-worn soul,
 "To pain and sickness brings relief.

XII.

- " No medicine on earth hath holier power :
 " But mortals, reft of reason's light,
" This glorious boon of Heaven abuse,
 " And, Agave-like, then stand in fright !

XIII.

- " Their own dark deeds to gods they attribute :
 " For your foul crimes are we to blame ?
" Go, Agave, and assume a dragon's form,
 " And in that form wring out your shame.

S.

THE FRONTIER OFFICER.

IS he different from other officers? Is there so vast a gulf between him and them that it can be neither bridged nor abridged? This question has been often hotly discussed. It is a question of no ordinary importance, affecting as it does not only numerous individuals and certain classes but also the state itself, and Government felt more than ordinary interest in it. They were even anxious for a Blue Book* on the subject but wisely refused an officer permission to draw up an elaborate Report on it at the Hills, the only place where such a momentous subject could be treated with any regard to its illimitable height and immeasurable depth. The solution was, therefore, left to Private Enterprise. At length an Officer magnificently and munificently attempted the solution of this ever-recurring and momentous puzzle. His *modus operandi* was simple and—original. He very earnestly watched two of the most fiery controversialists who belonged to, and fiercely argued upon, different sides of the question.

He watched them to the hour which must come sooner or later for us all, and when the Pattern Post first came out, their craniums, neatly packed and prepared, were sent to the greatest Phrenologist of the age. In due course, the craniums reached the land of their birth. What great events hinge upon little matters! A Custom house clerk had a bed-ridden mother, whose one weakness, besides her bed, was preserved ginger from foreign parts. The son surreptitiously and sacrilegiously opened both the neat round packages at the same time, so great was his desire to satisfy the weakness of his poor bed-ridden parent.

The accusing but melancholy smile of the preserved ginger had the effect of a hot potatoe on the rash young man. He dropped the accusing craniums. They never rose again, or the bed-ridden mother either, when she heard the news.

The son, ever haunted by smiling ginger, talked in his sleep. His wife talked in her waking moments, and the young man lost his appointment, and eventually his life.

Though the craniums had been packed and prepared, Government evidently thought the momentous question hardly ripe for solution. They stopped the Pattern Post. Private Enterprise had, therefore, to carry home the skeletons; and raise those nearly for-ever lost craniums; and a tough job he found it, almost as hard as raising the wind on settling day.

When found, they had got so mixed, that it was impossible to distinguish them. The greatest Phrenologist of the age, however, came to the rescue; there was very little difference between them, one though, he said, was certainly heavier than the other, and must have imbibed moisture on the road:—this almost settled the question, but as usual left room for grave doubts, and Private Enterprise would only remark, “supposing the grave doubts to be true, it will be a caution to whoever attempts to separate them when they come to their senses.”

Professor Bowen saw the skeletons. He told the intelligent officer, who represented Private Enterprise, that there was a vast and incalculable difference between them. He marched him up to a table, where, besides and beside the skeletons, there were tumblers and a bottle of sherry of a rare and most pure brand. But the Professor, though hospitable, was too much engrossed in the skeletons to either offer or partake of the sherry. He passed his hand rapidly about his work. Look at this Os Puniforme. Look at these Cervical, Dorsal and Lumbar Vertebrae, also the Coccygeal Vertebrae, and the Sternum and Carsal bones, and wing of Pedal bone; and the Professor, deep in his profession, in love with the skeletons, and full of Public Enterprise, entirely forgot the champion of Private Enterprise. He made two or three rapid points, saying, “this poor fellow must have been stabbed.”

“What! Professor,” said the young man, “in the breast there?” (and he staggered) “and in the brain there? Why, oh my God! it can’t be! never! Surely

my long-lost brother.....in the back there?"—"Yes," said the Professor, while the young man fell heavily towards the table.

"Here, take some wine—You'll soon be all right," said the Professor. The young man took the wine and the longest tumbler he could find. He filled the tumbler and drank it, at the same time remarking "if anything could make up for the loss of a much-loved and long-lost brother, it would be a tumbler of this very brand at one mug."

The Professor hardly seemed to relish the joke and attempting to relish a glass of sherry, he found he had grasped a marine.

"Young man," he said, "your affection for your long-lost brother must have been very vehement."

"Professor," said the young man, "as vehement as that empty bottle shot from my stalwart arm."

"It is a painful subject that I could never discuss without a full bottle of sherry of that peculiar brand," and the young man proceeded towards the empty bottle, while the Professor as quickly rose and produced a full one from a friendly cup-board. In the course of time, the old and the young man parted amicably.

Perhaps the great Professor had rightly hit upon the great distinction between the Frontier Officer and most others.

His professional meaning was, that one rode more than the others.

Nature, ever on the alert to remedy her defects and adapt herself to great changes, has, though depriving the Frontier Officer of some frictional bone, endowed him with the hide of a porpoise, thereby enabling him to pursue peacefully during his vacation his regular calling of riding 1000 miles in 1000 hours. With this great acquisition, how delightful must be his life as he rides pegging away from post to post.

A dummy* is his commencement—if the pegging can last and his manhood fails him not. He ends a Bunder-

* A dummy is the first post on the Bunnoo Frontier.

wallat—I mean an inhabitant thereof. During the whole distance he will find his eyes unassailed by any distracting variety in the scenery, or by the intense greenness peculiar to less favoured spots. What am I? Where am I? he dundrearly asks himself, after riding the usual 1000 hours. Adummy or Bunderwalla, Bunderwalla or Adummy? No fellow could know. Unassailed by greenness, he regrets the superfluity thereof that forced him into his present position.

Done brown from the nature of his ride and the climate—the Truant reviews his past life.—He regrets his lost irate non-exchanging and uninterchangeable Chief. Oh revocare gradus! he beseechingly asks. No! says the uninterchangeable—Descensus Averno, no revocare gradus—On the confines of Scind, the land of the Sand.—Be that your portion.

Oh miserable man! done brown but never done with brown! Ever viewing that delightful colour caused by the superabundance of another.

The gravel and stones of the Bunnoo Frontier shall be succeeded by the Rocks and Blocks of the Dreary Dismal Frontier, varied delightfully by the at times baked, at times slimy, mud of the Dreary Gazee Frontier. Oh Bunderwalla! move on into Scind, the land of the sand, says the irate chief.

Oh Dante! exclaims the miserable man, would that you had visited this delightful country before you wrote your delightful book, and the British would have fled from its mouth. To resume. It is true some ghostly-looking Natives and the greatest generals the world has ever known have accomplished this end-to-end feat, (Adummy and Bunderwalla) *vide* Alexander, but the melancholy Natives started with a gigantic stopper of Bhung in their mouths, and blunged up to the eyes, reckless of the scenery and their lives.

All the greatest of our generals were men of hardly mortal mould, perhaps skilled in the art of “Descensus Avernus.”

† Bunderwalla, the last post on the Dera Gazee Frontier.

How difficult even with this to accomplish the journey! But their weary wanderings were quickly and thickly interspersed with the sound of the viol and the harp, the merry pipe, smiling Bacchus, strong Caven-dish, and light fantastic toes and cameleopards, enabling them to rush from one lovely spot to another as a bridegroom delighting to run his course, and happy, very happy when it ended.

But enough of the Frontier Officer. A résumé of his blessings might divert into other channels the kindly charity so liberally evoked by the Bengal Famine, and thereby vex his generous and hospitable soul as though surrounded by dust-blinding Simoons in exposed but confined forts, yet thinking of home, sweet home, and all its sweets, 14, St. James's for himself, Sir Kanald Martin and his Theraxicum for his liver, and a young wife for his Punjab Head. Notwithstanding this, I who know him well, say—though thinking of all this and dying for the dust, he would despise the siller.

THE LAMENT OF ANTIGONE.

I.

ALAS! for the house of *Edipus* !
Alas! for *Laius*' honor'd name!
How shall I raise the dire lament
For *Thebes*'s prostrate fame?
What god in heaven shall I invoke?
What bird from pine tree or the oak
Responsive to my tears will sing,
And comfort to this bosom bring?

II.

Oh father! blind, bed-ridden man!
To thee what tidings shall I tell?
Thy sons no longer see the light;
Upon each other's sword they fell!
With horror shuddering at the strife,
Between them rush'd thy mother-wife;
Her breasts she bared; they heeded not;
Her own hand dealt the blow she sought.

III.

Oh *Edipus*! thy wretched age
How shall it bear this heap of woe?
I rend the fillet from my hair,
My tears for thee incessant flow!
Iocasta led thy darken'd feet;
Now who will give thee help so meet?
Thy noble sons, they both are gone,
And I am left to thee alone.

IV.

My mournful office to the dead,
Oh father! unperforméd lies,
For Creon to Polynices' corse
The rite of sepulture denies :
But I have sworn his noble worth
I'll cover yet with secret earth ;
Now come, Oh father ! we must go,
Exiled from this land of woe.

S.

INDIAN FAMINES IN THE PAST.

AT a time when a great Famine is at our door an enquiry into such calamities in the past may not be without interest. It may even be of some practical utility in helping us to understand the present crisis.

The Government of India has always recognized the value of such information. However indifferent it may be at the beginning or during the progress of any calamity, it is invariably roused to activity towards, and after, its close. *Then* does it enquire and debate and argue, and altogether demonstrate how well it would meet such a crisis—if it had another chance. As a literary and learned Government it loses no opportunity of improving or displaying its knowledge. If it begins in darkness, it usually emerges at last in the full blaze of light. A Government of paragraphs, as it has been designated, its ordinary work seems to consist in reporting imaginary activity and writing essays panegyrical on doubtful improvements. The productions of official brains are duly published in the several organs of the different Administrations or circulated in more portable pamphlets and volumes. At extraordinary crises, the reporting and essay-writing increase in proportion, and the whole literature of a great occasion is generally crowned with a huge book, carefully printed, and bound in that color so dear to the official Saxon eye, blue. As a rule, the Government explains away its incompetence with surprising cleverness, but, when it is inclined to be candid, it also shows itself up with equal ability. On the whole, it has a decided craving for facts and figures. At the close of a Famine, for instance, it appoints one or two officers to embody all possible information on not only the event just over, but on all such events in the past—and the future, too, we may add, for the writers do not conclude without suggestions to prevent a recurrence of the like. Thus Colonel Baird in his

Report on the North-West Famine of 1860-61 notices several periods of distress. Thus the Commissioners on the Orissa Famine of 1865 made a show of entering elaborately into the entire history of Indian Famines. Thus Mr. C. E. Girdlestone, under orders of the Government of the North-Western Provinces, drew up a Report on Past Famines in those Provinces. All this literature, however, on a limited subject, by men specially charged by Government to investigate it, under circumstances of every convenience and advantage, so far from exhausting, only touches on the history of Famines. Compared with the resources at command of state officials, compared even with the activity and ado of the officials, the result is poor indeed. That, however, is not the opinion of the official book-makers themselves. They evidently look upon their productions, even in their historical portions, as achievements. Mr. Girdlestone, like an Indian Buckle, gives a list of authorities consulted for his work. He will probably be surprised to learn that educated men are not lost in wonder at the range of his studies in Indian History. These include no work that is or may not be selected for a Middle Class Examination. Among them, Bernier is the only original authority. Mr. Girdlestone gravely places in his list Miss Eden's frivolous volumes *Up in the Country*, much in the spirit we fancy in which Sir William Hamilton in the midst of an argument on the Unconditioned quotes an apt line from the *Rejected Addresses*, but he will find that the world does not give him the credit for intellectual eclecticism, catholicity of taste and versatility that it accords to the philosopher for his strayings into light literature, his sudden transition from St. Augustine or Duns Scotus to Horace Smith. The three or four compilations mentioned by him are not only all the works he had read, but exhaust for him all the possibility of Indian historical erudition. He naively confesses at the outset that he knew of none others whence he was likely to derive information, but as he was determined to be exhaustive, he as *dernier ressort* applied to "the Asiatic Society, the *Englishman* and the *Indian Daily News*"—

a classification of a learned body with newspapers which must be acknowledged to be original. "In answer to my application," says he, "the Secretary to the Asiatic Society and the Editor of the *Englishman* regretted that they could not trace anything in their libraries which would be of use to me." The Asiatic Society rejoices in almost a baker's dozen of Secretaries, a Numismatic Financial, an Arabic or Persian Philological, a Political Sanskrit and Archaeological, an Amateur Astronomico-Botanical Lieutenant, a Sub-Deputy General, an Assistant Extraordinary, and so on. Who was the learned gentleman who thus compromised the Society's honor by his amazing inability to trace anything in the Society's valuable library that might be of use to a historian of Indian Famines we do not know. As Mr. Girdlestone has in his curious way punished those who would not or could not supply his own deficiencies, he might as well have given up the name of this Secretary in the wrong place. We do not wonder at the Editor of the *Englishman's* regret. Indian Editors are not a choice lot, being drafted from the failures in every profession, strengthened with a sprinkling of imported griffins. But the chair of the *Englishman*, with rare exceptions, has always been filled by a man of education, and at the period in question was occupied by a brilliant literary man, Mr. J. Hutton. Mr. Hutton might have considered it rather cool in a Civil Servant drawing a handsome pay, with prospects of promotion and ultimate retirement on pension, to seek education gratis of an over-worked daily editor, who was also his own chief daily leader-writer. But, though harrassed by constant literary labor, the Editor of the *Englishman* was a gentleman, and expressed to Mr. Girdlestone his regret. Not so his neighbour of the *Indian Daily News*. Were it not that in the revolutions of Indian Journalism, a first class newspaper, the oldest in Calcutta, the *Bengal Hurkaru*—in its last days purchased and ruined by a *quondam* schoolmaster who saved some money at a native court, in conjunction with his Armenian wife's father—became incorporated with the organ of the Great Unwashed, a circumstance which leads people to believe, we do not

know with what truth, that the files of the defunct paper are in the possession of the Editor of the existing one—Mr. Girdlestone could scarcely take it into his head to refer on the subject of his enquiry to Mr. James Wilson. All Mr. Girdlestone got for his pains was enlightenment on the breeding of the journalist. “The Editor of the *Indian Daily News* has so far vouchsafed no reply, though I have written to him twice.” The Retord Commission was not more propitious, though it was not savage enough to omit the courtesy of a reply. It promised, and only managed to the last to evade performance. Mr. Girdlestone, doubtless, did not neglect to seek the assistance of those of his friends who had a reputation for historic pursuits. Learning must surely be at a low ebb among Anglo-Indians when none of such friends could direct him to any authorities beyond Hamilton, Elphinstone, Thornton and Keene. Without reading himself and friends, and denied assistance by those whom he considered the repositories of Oriental information, Mr. Girdlestone had to fall back on the copious stores of Government Records and official monographs placed at his disposal. These he has made use of in a creditable official way. To create a popular interest in dry details is not his *forte*, and we wonder at his having joined with such zest the unworthy movement, born of envy, in the Indian Civil Service, to depreciate its chief literary ornament, Dr. W. W. Hunter, himself a master of lucid exposition and picturesque narrative such as is to be looked for in vain even in England. His Report fails in the really historical part. He brought but slender materials for his account of the last two famines of the last century. Of the still older times he furnishes but a school-boy’s history.

The Orissa Famine Commissioners, headed by Sir George Campbell, who preceded Mr. Girdlestone in the field, do not afford the Government or the public more light on the history of Famines. Their reading was not much more extensive than his, though one quotation shows that they at least referred to Dow, a common

book in all decent households which escaped such a zealous seeker of information, if not knowledge, as Mr. Girdlestone. They, moreover, did not mistake their ignorance for erudition and made no parade of their authorities. They are discreetly vague. They tried the same game that Mr. Girdlestone did of cheaply appropriating all the information they could coax out of others, issuing a Catechism *purwana* to all whom it might concern whose studies might enable them to come to their aid in their enquiry, but, as we discover from the result, it failed in their case as in his.

The searching nature of the Questions circulated by the Commissioners, evidently the handiwork of their President, an experienced literary man with a known penchant for statistical facts and a presumed taste for historical enquiries, however, left their earnestness in the historical part of their work beyond question. Everybody expected to see in their report an elaborate account, at least exhaustive notices, of past famines from the very earliest period. The result of all the promise of appearances and the pledge of the Catechism was less than a mouse. There is hardly a serious attempt at fulfilment. It would seem that, failing to draw out the knowledge from others, they did not, from probably a want of confidence of success, care to read up the subject for themselves.

Colonel Baird relied upon his own resources and gave notices of the famines from 1770, leading the way in the enquiry with an intelligence and industry which have not been adequately acknowledged by his successors, whose work he vastly facilitated. But the history of Indian Famines remains yet to be written, and will so remain till the task is taken in hand by a competent scholar who at least knows where to seek his materials, and can use them when found, with effect—a Blochmann or a Keene, a Hunter or a Rájendralála Mitra. No gubernatorial fiat will secure such a work from any number of officials, as such, however able. Literature is a field rather different from the shadow of the spreading banner under which the crack Magistrate-Collector achieves his triumphs of patriarchal rule, or the promising

Settlement Officer reconstructs society according to the most advanced democratic principles.

Famine is a common enough misfortune in India; has been always so. From time to time all through the history of India, whether under Briton or Mogul, we come across the grim visitor. Sometimes localized to particular unfortunate spots, on other occasions extending his excursions through whole provinces, on others again sweeping like the dread simoon over the length and breadth of the doomed land. Whenever the heavens are niggard, or whenever they are lavish, in the bestowal of their liquid treasure upon the soliciting earth, he is not far off behind; presently he enters appearance, in his milder or sterner aspect. Two or three successive bad seasons, whether from drought or flood, and he is an inevitable, however unwelcome, guest; and two or three such seasons, in some part or other of an immense country, are by no means rare. Yet again, where Nature is uniformly and evenly propitious, man may be wilful and wanton and obdurate towards his brother man. Contending armies, even a single tyrant, may force a scarcity into the fairest and most naturally favored region. So, whether from waywardness or obstinacy of the elements, or invitation of man, Famine has, during the last seven centuries that we can see, never been entirely absent from, or unrepresented in, the land.

It may be doubted, however, whether throughout the entire past the contingency has been equal. From the frequent mention of times of distress in early Hindu literature, like the Code of Manu, Elphinstone infers that famines were much more common at the period of the composition of those writings, than in Mahomedan India; while a recent writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* declares that they were much rarer during Mahomedan than during British sovereignty, and comparatively unknown under ancient Hindu administration. In the usual paucity of direct evidence on the subject, it is not very easy to determine which is the true opinion. In regard to the earlier times

it is, from aggravation of the same cause, still more difficult. The attempt, however, is worth making.

One thing may, certainly, be stated. The references to times of distress in *Manu* are far fewer than Elphinstone supposes, who seems to have been deceived by the gloss of the commentator Kalluk Bhatta, and far too few of such references allude to famine or imply scarcity. There seems too much reason to suppose that the frequent relaxations of rules in favor of persons in such times are general humane indulgences to people in extremity to maintain themselves, from whatever cause, and do not predicate the frequency of general or local scarcity in the days of the lawgiver. Had *Manu* contented himself with the general maxim, that life may be preserved by any means, that the starving need not have a conscience, that the necessity of life and death sanctifies every measure for self-preservation, there might be doubt; the statement would have been too universal to throw light on the particular age in which the law was passed. But in a point of fact, our *Lycurgus* enters into infinite details. The relaxations are hardly ever thorough and unconditional. In each case the Code defines the limits. Distress is carefully graduated according to degree, and the length of departure from the proper usages and "whole duty" of each of the four chief classes, at each stage of severity, prescribed. Nor is this done in general terms. A universal rule is dragged through all possibilities of concrete form. Nothing is left to the discretion of individual interpretation. The Code lays down the precise deviations allowable to each class at each point of misfortune. Such a scrupulous attention to particulars, such uncommon solicitude for the permanence of the arbitrary allotment of the duties of the several castes, such nervous horror at the prospect of the community taking unnecessary advantage of the rule of the Justification of Necessity, are scarcely consistent with a society in which general distress for provisions, is more common than it has been in Mahomedan, or is in British, India. The lawgiver of a community with a fluctuating and uncertain living would have just given precedence to

the law of self-preservation over all others and proceeded to other subjects. If, however, Elphinstone had in view the particular instances of individual necessity which drove the sufferers to unworthy means of subsistence, on which the author of the Code permits, in such exceptional circumstances, a departure from the ordinary duties of the several castes, he was, perhaps, still less justified in making so sweeping a generalization. Manu says:—

“He who receives food, when his life could not otherwise be sustained, from any man whatever, is no more tainted by sin than the subtle ether by mud.”

“Ajigarta, dying with hunger, was going to destroy his own son, yet he was guilty of no crime since he only sought a remedy against famishing.

“Vānadeva, who well knew right and wrong, was by no means rendered impure, though desirous, when oppressed with hunger, of eating the flesh of dogs for the preservation of his life.

“Bharadvāj, eminent in devotion, and he and his son were almost starved in a dreary forest accompanied by several cows from the carpenter Vridhu.

“Viswāmītra, too, than whom none better knew the distinctions between virtue and vice, resolved, when he was perishing with hunger to eat the haunch of a dog, which he had received from a Chandalā.”—Manu, Chap. X., 104 to 108.

It would be hasty from only the above text to infer that these cases all occurred on several *bona-fide* periods of famine. One of the four, that of our own great progenitor Bharadvāj, is confessedly a case of starvation in a dreary forest. But even in that instance the sufferer was simply reduced to the necessity of accepting a present of cattle from a carpenter. The easy offer of the cattle and their apparent abundance in the desert, though the sage himself had neither provisions nor beast, point rather to individual distress than general. Ajigarta, too, suffered not as one of many amid human habitations, but in a forest. Kalluk Bhatta, on the authority of the *Bahvrīcha Brāhmaṇa*, says that Ajigarta's son Sunahsepas was sold by his father for some cattle. In the *Rāmāyana* (Book I.) the Rishi

Richika, who seems to be the same person as Ajigarta sells for a hundred cattle his son Sunahsepas as victim for sacrifice to a king of Oudh named Ambarisha. But the *Aitareya Brāhamana*, which speaks most circumstantially, says that Raja Harishchandra of Oudh, not having any sons, offered to sacrifice his first born to Varuna in case the god granted him his prayer for progeny, that a son, Rohita, was born to him but the king managed to delay the sacrifice, that at last when, his son arriving at years of discretion, Harishchandra broke his mind to him, Rohita declined the honor, and left home, roaming for years in forests, where he met with a Rishi reduced to the last stage of starvation who sold his son Sunahsepas with the full knowledge that the latter was to be sacrificed instead of Rohita, in satisfaction of Harishchandra's vow, and that ultimately poor Sunahsepas was saved by the advice of Viswāmitra. That a traveller in the desert, whether saint, or savage, or sage, should suffer the pangs of destitution is a liability not peculiar to the Vedic Era. Such liability, too, may be contemporaneous with plenty in the adjacent country. Vāmadeva, however, from the terms in which, in his own Hymn to Indra (Rig., Mandala VI., Hm. xviii., he alludes to his privations as relieved by rainfall, clearly shared the miseries of a season of famine caused by drought. Only one case, that of Viswāmitra may have occurred in time of famine. And even admitting, for the sake of argument, two of the four cases to indicate a severity of general distress, the number which Manu's extensive information of the past enabled him to cite, in an apparently exhaustive citation of precedents to support his interesting and important point, is conclusive rather of the rarity of occasions of general food distress in the period of the Vedas and the Institutes than presumptive of the reverse. For the rest, Elphinstone might, from the numerous hymns praying for rain and cattle and corn, as well infer drought or infertility as a prevailing feature of the Vedic times, as he would, from the word "distress" made use of so often by Manu, conclude the prevalence of famines in the legist's day.

So far Elphinstone. Nor is the absence of historic records in the modern acceptation of the word any valid reason for giving the reins loose to our imagination to conjure up dreams of constant and desolating famines in the very remote past. We have grounds enough to form a pretty correct judgment.

All Manu's references may be verified in the Vedas. But an examination of these ancient records of the Indian people hardly adds to his instances of scarcity. And no wonder, for the lawgiver was a far greater Vedic scholar than all the German Dons put together, and he understood his business too well to neglect any precedents that might strengthen the rule laid down by him on a somewhat debatable point. The Vedas are full of the associations of creature comforts, but they rarely mention actual want. Throughout all the Hymns the word "famine" occurs we believe but once (*Rig*, Mand. I. Hymn cxxxiii.) and even then only as a suggestion, though a correct one, in the Scholiast. This we think to be sufficient negative testimony to the extreme rarity of periods of food calamity, either from drought or inundation. The testimony of such a work is peculiarly valuable. There is a Babylonean Veda in the what is known among Semitic scholars as the "Book of Nabathean Agriculture." The *Rig* is the Book of Aryan Georgics and Agriculture. Not that it is any thing like a treatise on these subjects. It lays down no rules of husbandry or for the management of cattle. It attempts even no description of the pastoral or agricultural state. It reproduces no primitive Arcadia in which shepherds are kings, and kings, patriarchs. For these matters, it is simply a collection of very ancient Hymns. Yet, though no systematic account, it incidentally conveys a full and faithful picture of life among the early Aryans. It is a picture of manners during a long era—longer than is generally supposed. The Hymns testify to a good deal of progress in civilisation. They reveal a Medieval age of princes, priests and professors, knights and ladies, of cavalry charges and sieges, of fair cities and strong castles, of the use

of all the more important metals, of golden trappings and banners and fine dresses, of song and dance unto dancing-women, but they also include reminiscences of an older state of society. In plenty of the Hymns we trace the first efforts of man in the subjugation of nature to minister to his own necessities and convenience. We recognize the earnestness and untiring continuity of the struggle of infant man to preserve himself. We observe the importance of the satisfaction of the first wants—the uncertainty of the food supply of rude communities. The earliest Vedic thoughts disclose an early people yet in the animal stage. But these are clearly glimpses of a period which had long since passed away, and which survived only as tradition among a comparatively civilized community, who have advanced much in the domestication of beasts and agriculture and the arts ; who have secured a certain livelihood, a people, indeed, abounding in cattle and corn, but who have preserved the earliest lisps of their race, who still recite the older hymns expressive of privation and difficulty and uncertainty which had lost their old relevancy, as their descendants, now, more than three thousand years after, continue yet to recite the same, without endeavoring to understand them in the least. For, on the whole, the desires expressed in the Vedas are the desires of a prosperous people. We see not a nation, struggling for self preservation, contending with difficulties, but one prepared for development and aggrandizement, ready to be lead by bold leaders against the countries and tribes around and assert its paramountcy. There is hardly any trace of serious concern for food. Cattle and corn are the stock subjects of the Hymns, but we nowhere remark references to distress from want of them. We read often allusions to descending torrents but rarely of swollen rivers bursting their banks and laying the country under water. Many are the prayers for rain, but never anything like a cry of alarm at the prospect of its absence—hardly a single supplication to the Powers of the elements to end a reign of drought. Cattle seem to have been plentiful, but cattle disease was unknown.

Beyond a few cases recited by Manu, some of

which we have shown to be doubtful as evidence of different times of scarcity, we think we safely fix upon a genuine famine in the Vedic Period in the following text, though, as we have observed above, the word itself is not in the Hymn :—

“ Hurl headlong, Indra ! the vast (cloud :) Hear our supplications : verily the Heaven is in sorrow like the Earth, through fear, O Wielder of the Thunderbolt ! (of famine.).....Most powerful with mighty energies thou, Indra ! assailest (the clouds) with terrible blows.”—Rig., Mand. I., Hymn cxxxiii.

That unmistakably points to a memorable season of drought followed by Famine. Such isolated facts, however, do not prove the prevalence of such calamities in the long centuries embraced by the Vedic age. Even in the tropics, where nature is usually so liberal to man, scarcity must occasionally take place, and, at longer intervals, even famines. Nor do the Purānas, if we may hazard an opinion on a mass of literature a portion only of which has yet been placed before the public for convenient reference, furnish many notices of their own of such seasons of public distress in later Hindoo times ; they simply amplify the Vedic allusions into more detailed histories. Thus, we have the story of the degradation and final salvation of Trisanku or the man of the three sins, a Vedic character, variously given in several Paurānic works. The *Vishnu* says that during a famine which raged for twelve years, when the family of the sage Viswāmitra were hard up for provisions, this man, who had been outcasted to a Pariah, and apparently lived as a huntsman, left venison hanging from a banian tree on the banks of the Ganges, that they might see and take it, without incurring the degradation of accepting food from a person of his degree—an opportune consideration for which the Rishi promoted him alive to Heaven. The Purānas are not agreed as to the cause of Trisanku's degradation or the period of his life at which it happened or even the particular mode of his liberation, some of them, for instance, stating that during a famine, in the reign of his father, in the absence of game, he ~~had~~ ^{was} assisted by Vasistha's

cow, &c.,—but so many of them speak to the occurrence of a great famine, which taxed the resources even of princes, that we may accept it for a fact in the earliest Vedic history. The nucleus of the different Paurānik versions of the story of the guilt and absolution of Trisanku must be a very ancient Aryan account, for both he and Viswámitra and Vasistha are early Vedic characters, and the two latter Vedic Hymnologists. That times improved since, even in that remote age, we are satisfied. There are many scattered evidences not only of plenty and content, but of a community, even lusty in the conscious enjoyment of the wealth of large numbers of horses and herds of cattle and stores of corn—a community whose happiness is enhanced by the traditions, if not the memories, of a miserable rude past when it had to maintain a more constant struggle with nature for subsistence. Here is an unquestionable proof, all the more noteworthy for the indication of the institution of granaries :—

“ Indra is a giver among the givers of thousands ; Varuna is praiseworthy among the most praiseworthy.

“ It is through their protection that we enjoy (wealth,) and heap them up, and there is yet enough and to spare.”—*Rig. Mand I. Hymn xvii.*

The entire Mantra literature may be divided into two parts, one devoted to supplication, and the other to glorification, of the deities. With a few exceptions, we take the first class of Hymns to be the more ancient, the wail of woe and cry for protection and assistance of struggling and afflicted and helpless man to the Powers of the yet unfamiliar and obscure phenomena of earth and sky. The second class consists generally of a series of pæans to those Powers for their generous aid—one long strain of thanksgiving for the past and hope for continuation of the favor for the future. In other words, the later Hymns are an expression of knowledge and triumph over hitherto unintelligible forces, and of satisfaction with the results of that progress. They are man's first song of the joy of confidence—his earliest admission that this is not, or at least need not be, a bad world after

There are, besides, some curious legends in the *Vishnu Purāna*, of the first peopling of the earth and the foundation of society, in one of which we read of a famine. These legends, as they have come down to us, are Paurānik enough in their character, and may be resolved into myths by the illustrious school of Max Müller and Cox, but, with all deference, we are inclined to think that they preserve some of the earliest traditions of the Aryans—record, in a mythical way, some of the first experiences of man. We have a brief but most natural description, which will almost bear modern criticism, of how our primitive forefathers constructed their first villages and cities, choosing sites protected by woods, by mountains, or streams, or surrounding them by a ditch or a wall, within which they built houses to shelter themselves from the weather, how they then proceeded to secure their food by means of agriculture, cultivating all kinds of grain and vegetables. Another legend, that of Prithu, Vena's miraculous royal son, who, invested with universal sovereignty and armed with the primeval bow and arrows of Siva, all fallen from Heaven, attacked the obdurate Earth (Prithwivi) to yield sustenance to man; who commenced cultivation, levelled mountains, constructed roads, settled boundaries, suppressed anarchy and promoted the arts of peace; may be taken as a fine myth of agriculture and social order as the cause of civilization. To our mind, however, it conveys, also, a tradition of, not indeed the first Aryan ruler who organized society and taught husbandry, but of one of the great earliest civilizers. Prithu's employment of the divine bow and arrows against the Earth, gives him the character of a Prometheus of agriculture who brought the plough from Heaven to turn up the soil and introduced cultivation; but, though the legend expressly says that before his time there was no pasture, nor tillage, nor commerce, the previous existence of villages and cities contradicts the assertion, and it is admitted that there had been no king for some time, and, in consequence, no security of person or property, and that humanity had retrograded. We accept Prithu, therefore, as the first great restorer of civilization, reviver of agriculture and trade.

During the long anarchy all the edible plants had perished. Without a king to exact obedience the earth had refused its products. Hence a famine. All which means that, during the prevalent insecurity, cultivation had utterly languished, and scarcity followed, which, probably by the intervention of one of those severe droughts which periodically occur in India, was intensified into acute and universal distress. Then a wise Prince came to the throne. Protecting industry, facilitating trade and encouraging cultivation in the next good season, he was the means of saving a decimated, struck-down people.

This is pre-eminently a land of plenty—was far more so before the restless foot of conquering Mussulman or trading Christian set foot in it. The Earth here yields a ready harvest even to unskilful toil. She must have been yet more propitious as a virgin. Of course rain was then as necessary as now, and the Water-god as fickle. On the other hand, we are considering of times when the pressure of population on the means of subsistence was little felt, when there was no external commerce, and but hardly any internal trade, when human beings with *bona fide* necessary wants lived in primitive simplicity in patriarchal communities, which, after primitive ways, stored their superfluous harvests in granaries, against bad seasons. Hence we conclude that in the really golden period of the remote past, though the people occasionally experienced some distress, they were not compelled to make the periodical acquaintance of desolating famine. In even the worse days of that era, though there were, from time to time, local desolations from war or pestilence, there was not much food distress. Of course, a succession of bad harvests, extending over years, would exhaust even the most copious stores, but such freaks of nature, which mean immense depopulation in the victimized communities, are rare everywhere, occurring once in centuries. It is, moreover, at all times, vain to speculate on, or guard against, such calamities.

As the ~~the~~ wave advanced down the country,

and penetrated to hitherto-untrodden wilds, small communities, isolated from the rest of the nation, like the colonies in the Back-woods of America, may have occasionally suffered. With the progress of arts, and civilization, wants increase, social complications arise, and political troubles on an extended scale begin, while commerce disperses the old redundancy of food supplies—drains the erewhile ever replenished grain-hoards of ages. It is then, for the first time, that a drought or inundation tells—that two or three bad seasons mean a famine. Such a stage was undoubtedly reached by the Hindus before the invasion of Alexander. But though with a country of continental dimensions, of unrivalled fertility, various climates and infinite vegetable, animal and mineral resources, the Hindus soon enough multiplied, and developed an independent civilization, they still retained much of their old simplicity of manners. There was internal trade, too, but the commerce of ancient times was a joke to the monster of our day. It had little effect on the food accumulations in the country. Every substantial man, from the Prince down to the tenant-farmer and peasant, nay every day-laborer, had his granary. A great inundation of unprecedented proportions would doubtless affect even these, but there used to be corn always enough to last through several years of drought.

It was, we believe, in the universal *bouleversement* of society in India during the first Mahomedan irruptions in the Panjab, the Doab, &c., that scarcity first began to be recognized, even in not particularly harsh seasons, as an oft-recurring evil. All through the Mahomedan Period there were not wanting parts of the country which suffered from internal discord or the ravages of passing or contending armies, or simply misgovernment. Wherever, the fruits of industry or the accumulations of prudence lay exposed to destruction in a moment, over-population and exhaustion of the soil combined to convert protracted droughts into precursors of famine.

With the single exception of Elphinstone, perhaps no author has speculated on the liability to ~~scarcity~~ ^{scarcity} of an

cient India. None of the official historiographers ventures into the region of early Hindu history. They generally even turn away, as from a barren field, from the older Mahomedan period, content to dwell rather on the food crises during the later Mogul rule. The Orissa Commissioners, after a slight preliminary ceremony of make-believe treatment of earlier Famines and apology for want of opportunity of studying historical records, confessedly confine themselves to "the more recent centuries." If Mr. Girdlestone goes beyond those centuries, the nature of his materials precludes him from details. The earliest calamity which the Orissa Commissioners may be said to really notice is the great Famine in Shah Jehan's reign. But, in their discreet vague way, they speak of "vague mention of great Famines in the 13th, 14th and 15th centuries, notably one in 1471." This is not saying much; but, however little it is, they could hardly have put it in a grave official Report on an enquiry of the utmost importance, without a perfect assurance of its correctness. Particularly a historical review so meagre as their's may well be presumed to be accurate. Writers who are parsimonious in statement are generally safe guides. Mr. Girdlestone, however, "has not been able to trace any mention of this notable famine in the histories (*sic*) of either Thornton, Mill, Elphinstone, or Hamilton." Nor have we succeeded better, with the more original sources open to us. The reign of Beloli Lodi, within which the date 1471 falls, was no doubt a period of great calamity in Upper India in consequence of the constant warfare of rival Princes, and once we read of devastations in a part of Rajpootana, but the cry of scarcity was not heard, not to speak of a "notable famine."

A famine of any proportions is certainly an event not to be ignored in the life of a people. If Mahomedan historians, as having nearly all been courtiers, may be expected to be fluent chiefly on the wars and external pomp of kings and generals, there is little excuse for Christian authors to be silent on those events which directly affect the happiness and are even fatal to the very existence,


of large numbers of the people. In point of fact, however, the native historians have noticed such calamities in befitting terms, and have, according to the light of the times, devoted a fair share of attention to all other matters bearing on the good of the multitude. But so perfunctorily have British writers performed their work that they have, most of them, been content to copy from one another, and that not with sufficient intelligence or patience. Even those who have gone to original authorities, like Dow or Elphinstone, have, we cannot say, wilfully omitted, but, carelessly failed, to notice many of the most striking facts on record. Thus the former passes over several of the earlier famines, and the latter, besides passing over these, ignores even the great Akbari Famine to which Ferishtá, even in the English versions, gives such prominence. Where so generally accurate and exhaustive, if compressed in style, an author as Elphinstone, who was capable of consulting, at first-hand, Persian historical literature, and did consult so many MSS., fails, how unreliable in general must be all our standard English compilations! Clearly, we want not simply a monograph on Indian Famines. A comprehensive History of India is also a crying desideratum.

The Orissa Commissioners are not copious in their details of even the Famines since 1770, and they dispose of those previous to that date in a few sentences. But their offhand statement of "vague mention of famines in the 13th, 14th and 15th centuries, notably one in 1471," of none of which they furnish any particulars at all to enable any one to identify it, so that no one is sure as to which event they refer to, has been a puzzle to many students of history like ourselves. We have already spoken of Mr. Girdlestone's and our own difficulty about their "notable" modern instance of 1471. How the Commissioners came to allude to a vague mention of a Famine in 1471 we do not know, but as they do not vouchsafe any information about it, which they could hardly omit to do if they had it, we believe they met with a bare allusion to such an event in some compilation, if indeed, they did not come by their knowledge of ~~it~~ of the re-

plies to their Questions. Mr. Girdlestone, commencing his history of famines with the famine of 1345, gives up in despair the attempt to trace any food calamity in the 13th century as mentioned by the Commissioners. Herein we are more fortunate, though, from the Commissioners' Spartan speech, it is impossible to be sure that they allude to the same event that we have in mind. It is remarkable that, while we miss their "notable famine" of 1471, we meet with much more than a mere "vague mention" of those of the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries, on which they are apparently afraid to dwell.

The first Famine in Hindustan, since the Mahomedan occupation, occurred in the year of Hijri 690, corresponding to 1291 of the Christian era. We have authority for it in the pages of Ziauddin Barani, a contemporary historian, author of the history of Jelaluddin Firoze, who was then at Delhi, and other writers of the period, Sadr Jehan of Gujrat, and Eeinuddin of Bejapore, author of *Mulhekát*. The calamity was preceded by the usual meteorological phenomena, but a proximate supernatural cause is assigned to them and circumstances in corroboration of its truth adduced, which altogether remove the whole from the category of ordinary events. The famine is regarded in India as a miracle of one of the great chiefs of Indo-Mussulman hagiology. It appears to have followed, with other striking incidents of an unpleasant nature, upon the death of a remarkable Derwish who, in the reign of Ghiyasuddin Balban came and settled in Delhi. His career may serve to point a moral as well as adorn our ghastly tale of want and starvation and pestilence and death, from the remotest time to our own day. His history transcends romance. His actions are the puzzle of the centuries. He was one of most mysterious characters on the lips of the tell-tale Muse of even Authentic History. The professional tricks of Cagliostro were to the deeds of our hero as a glowworm on a dark evening to the sun at meridian. Bombast of Hohenheim was a theatrical mountebank before the serene old Mahomedan sage. He resembled rather more Michael Scot,

whose contemporary he was. Like the Wizard of the North he was celebrated for his knowledge and philosophy; like him he astonished by his feasting seances; like him, he is remembered by his death. Their philosophical pretensions were probably at par. But there is a diversity in similarity on the other two heads, which a good deal separates the men. The Oriental neither pretended to entertain his guests by infernal agency, nor to predict his death by astrology. He did not even predict his death at all, but only the consequences of his death. He was rather of a Hindu Mohant who had learnt something like alchemy. At any rate his expenses were enormous, and as he had no ostensible means he was credited with the knowledge of the art. Alchemy is, in our opinion, not an impossibility, and it is probable that he knew just enough *chemia* to pass, on those, who did not know accurately the respective properties of each metal, his baser yellow coin for gold. If people suspected that Ghiyásuddin Balban secretly indulged him in means for extravagance, the notion was dispelled when after the death of that sovereign his habits became even more expensive than ever.

A native of Persia, he had perfected himself in philosophy and wisdom by at once an intimate study of books and a personal intercourse with the greatest living repositories. He had visited not only the nearer seats of Mahomedan civilization in Europe and Africa but had strayed far and wide in that direction, attracted by remarkable scenes or learned or saintly characters. Having exhausted the West, he travelled to the East, till in an evil moment, as the event ultimately proved, he was seized with a natural longing to see the great capital of Hindostan. He had been warned to mix with the Omrahs there, but he seemed to have been drawn to ruin by Destiny. His advent created a great sensation, which he contrived to maintain not only beyond the proverbial nine days allotted to such "lions," but to the last. He had come to India with a halo of learning and sanctity about him—he set up in  a man of

supernatural powers. His ambition was even greater. He proclaimed himself a reformer in Islam, but from the outside. He was not like the Wahabis who insist upon a return to the integrity of the primitive but peculiar monotheism taught by Mahomet. He was rather of a rationalist than a mystic. He was certainly an Islamite curiosity who, though eminently pious, would not join in divine service at the mosques. More expensive than any Mussulman grandee, he had neither concubines, nor slaves, either male or female. Eschewing animal food more strictly than many a Hindu Vaishnava, he restricted himself to a simple vegetable diet. With so much of the Fakir, he had yet many things princely about him. Here, in a foreign land, he built colleges and houses of refuge for travellers and mendicants, both Hindu and Mussulman, and fed all who sought his charity. It may be imagined what a pernicious influence on society was exerted by his unreasonable and indiscriminate charity. Honest men left work to join his rabble clientele. His daily expenditure was fabulous. Some 18 tons of meat, double the quantity of flour, several tons of rice, with clarified butter, oil, spices and condiments and kitchen vegetables, including seven tons of sugar, every noon, are a commissariat for an army. Nor did he confine his liberality to the poorer classes. It was not unoften that he spent thousands of Rupees to save great families reduced to poverty or under temporary eclipse. Though himself living on a spare coarse diet, his daily dinners were of royal sumptuousness.

No wonder that his house was continually besieged by a vast populace. Accidents not unoften took place in the rush of entry. But, however large the number of these uninvited guests, the host's patience, though severely tried, was never at fault. Nor was he ever in the least disconcerted to find means for satisfying them. But he gave audience not to the poor alone. Princes and nobles, the learned and the pious, all flocked to him. They spent hours, and even days together, in his company, enjoying his hospitality as well as the feast

of reason and flow of soul which he could treat them to, from the riches of a well-stored mind and the memories of a large experience. But the inexhaustibleness of his pecuniary resources was the greatest miracle. These were continually put to great and sudden strains, but they never failed.

Both Shashtra and Koran enjoin the prime duty of liberality in its original sense of giving—till the extent of a man's benefactions has, in Oriental society, become the measure of his distinction. The liberality of Mahomedan society is not even restrained by the influence of a well-to-do class of traders and bankers such as among the Hindus is thrifty by profession and hereditary instinct. The soldiers of fortune, who formed the Omrahs of the Mahomedan conquerors and rulers of India, almost despised wealth too ostentatiously to hoard it. The pretension of the sovereign to be the heir of his subjects robbed the more prominent of them, within easy reach of his power, of even the last motive for prudence. Even in the quieter and more just times of the Moguls we learn from Bernier and other foreign observers and unimpeachable witnesses how encumbered were the great chiefs of the Court. The more dramatic vicissitudes of fortune of the adherents of the ambitious chiefs who struggled for the sceptre, in the era of uncertainty from the invasion of Mahmood to the accession of Akbar, fostered a still more reckless spirit of extravagance. In that age when, as now, a handful of adventurers from outside gambled among themselves with the "wealth of Ind," winning or losing or spending fortunes in a day, this strange Fakir distinguished himself above them all by his manificence. Holding no civil office or military command, without grants from the state, he, a mere traveller, who had comported himself in other parts of the country as such, shamed by his expenditure the grandees of the richest capital in the world, the most magnificent court in Islam. The most unreasonable surprises never baffled his resources.

Among the grandees of that grandiose Durbar, perhaps the grandest was Fakhrud-din, the Chief of

Police in Delhi. He united in him the characters of the *Orcus* and the *Hâtem* of the age. The establishments and charities of this man almost exceed belief. Perhaps no subject ever maintained such a host of pensioners, unless it was Siddi Maolânâ. In that peculiarly inconstant period, many were the noble families reduced by a single blow of death or freak of inconstant Fortune, to whom, all Fakhruddin was a father, supporting them in not only every comfort but also in suitable dignity. His other dependents were, of course, vastly more numerous; his other benefactions in proportion. Some idea of his expenditure and the host of his domestics and dependents may be formed from the fact that he had in pay twelve thousand Koran-readers. All this was a trifle before the marvels of Siddi. The unassuming travelling monk beat by far the lordly official. The sudden death of the latter, indeed, was the severest trial to the resources of the former. Over and above the colleges and professors and doctors and poets and literati and families, great and small, already supported, and the genteel army and unwashed rabble daily fed, by him, all on a sudden, one fine morning, all the endless partakers of Fakhruddin's pay or pension or alms were thrown upon, without notice, on the bounty of Siddi; and this extraordinary man supported them all, just as if Fakhruddin Kotwâl still lived in opulence, maintained his state and dispensed his charities.

But the end came at last. The Saint discovered the imposter's cloven foot. He was seized the last infirmity of noble minds. His success turned his head, and there were not wanting intriguers to tempt him to the prize of empire. History brands one Kâzi Ulâhuddin as being the cause of the fall of this curious *holy man*. This man had gained complete mastery over Siddi's mind, but he could scarcely have succeeded in leading the Fakir if the latter's heart had not been independently invaded by worldly desires. He now easily brought himself to believe in his mission as Ghâzi, or *holy* Messiah. Like vulgar conspirators before and since, he found of his disciples a kind of anticipatory

Cabinet. His descent was rapid. Adherents he had many; on 10,000 of them he relied to go all lengths with him. Plan for assassination of the sovereign soon followed up the vague lust for dominion. He never held places of worship as of much account, and now the king was to be murdered by two mercenaries in the Mosque on the Moslem sabbath. In the meantime, disunion had entered the camp of the traitors, and one of them, thinking his merits entitled him, after their success, to a superior position to that offered him, went and informed the king. Siddi Maoláná and his minister the Kazi were immediately arrested. There was, however, no evidence against them but that of the informer, which was of little weight against the prisoners' loud protestation. Emperor Jeláluddin, vexed by the uncertainty, yet not disinclined to justice, determined to put their innocence to the test of a fiery ordeal. With this view suitable preparations were made in a neighbouring field out of the city. A huge pile of wood was erected, which was railed off all round, to keep out the pressing crowd of spectators. All was ready, the pile was ablaze, the prisoners had said their prayers, and were being conducted to the devouring element, when the Emperor who had left Delhi to witness the *auto-da-fé*, and was humane and just to a fault, was seized with a sudden scruple as to the lawfulness of the ordeal. He enquired of the ministers about him, who, one and all, asserted that the ordeal was a Pagan ceremony and a sham, unsanctioned by the Koran, Haddith and Sonna, that it was equally repugnant to reason, as no innocence could arrest the burning action of fire. The Emperor submitted to the declaration of the law. Siddi was ordered to be imprisoned in the under-ground Taikhana of the palace, and Kazi Jeláluddin sent to confinement at Badaon. The two mercenaries who were to have assassinated the Emperor paid the penalty with their lives, and many of the accomplices were banished.

Siddi did not, after all, escape with his life. It is believed that the Emperor had resolved on his destruction, but the assumption seems to us gratuitous and inconsistent

with Jolaluddin Firoz's known disposition and his summary stoppage of the fiery proceedings. It is probable that Siddi died by an accident; we have even no objection to accept the Emperor's weakness as the cause of his death. As Siddi was being led away from the Presence, the Emperor, addressing some neighbouring Kalandárs pointed to him as the malefactor who had conspired against the imperial life; the language was construed into a hint to despatch the man, though it more likely was meant to suggest nothing beyond a popular demonstration—mere mobbing. One of the Kalandárs rushed out, and commenced operating on the poor fellow with a razor. Siddi only prayed to the ruffian to be quick in the work. Spying the Emperor in the veranda, he expressed his thankfulness for being sent to the kingdom of Heaven, but warned the Sovereign to beware of the fate that must overtake him and his for such usage of the good and holy. Firoz was moved, and would probably have forbidden the people to molest the prisoner. But before he could make any sign, Siddi had been crushed to death under the foot of an elephant. The Emperor's second son was naturally jealous of the Heir Apparent and owed Siddi a grudge for his friendship for the latter. He gave the hint to the elephant driver.

As Siddi lived a mystery, so he died with a curse on his lips. The curse took effect, or—circumstances somehow verified it. Its fulfilment to the letter is still an article of faith in India. It is certain that contemporary witnesses* depose to Siddi's death as the commencement of a period of public calamity and ill luck to the Emperor, and misfortunes in his household, accompanied by dire natural phenomena. The scene of the Fakir trod out of life by the elephant was immediately succeeded by an extraordinary dust-storm, which enveloped the atmosphere in an impenetrable mist, and dashed men against one another, and many were the accidents and broken limbs on that occasion.

* Ziauddin Barui, (*Tārīkh e Firoz Shāhi*), Einuddin Bejapuri, (*Malh-e-Fazl*) and Sadr Jehan Gujrāti, (*Tārīkh*.) Ferishta of course compiled his entire account of Siddi from them.

Happily the virulence of the wind lasted only half an hour. The difficulties of the Emperor Firoz increased apace—the more so because people found out that he brooded over the dying words of the Fakir. Superstition forged for him the net of Destiny. There were constant illness and dissensions in his family. Add to all, the Heir Apparent fell sick, and, in spite of every treatment and attention, was in the brief space of a few days hurried to the grave.

Among the calamities of that memorable 1291 (690 Hijri) was a perfect drought. We are not told the area afflicted by absence of rain, but it must have been considerable;—all the Delhi country, the whole Doab, &c., we have reason to believe, were involved in the consequences. A fearful famine followed. We believe this was one of the earliest instances of wide-spread distress, inso-much as to be felt in the capital. At any rate it is certain that not only was the drought excessive but a large tract suffered from it. It is not Hindus or Mahomedans who ever permit death by starvation in their capital if they can help it, if money can buy and transport provisions, and frightful are the accounts of the ravages of the famine of 1291 within the walls of Delhi. Thousands there daily expired, and many more in the country around. Hundreds of entire families escaped from their slow tortures by suicide *en masse* in the rivers.

The next Famine on record was not only a local one, but was one of the evils of a political misfortune, artificially caused. It was confined to Delhi and the country around. Neither want of water nor excess of it, but human ambition brought it about. Those were the unquiet times, the disastrous days for North-Western India, before the Mahomedans had succeeded in consolidating their power. The Mahomedans had acquired a firm footing, but a Mahomedan dynasty with any prospect of permanence had yet to be established. The uncertainties of the situation did not all proceed from home, though of evils within there were enough. The Hindus, though repeatedly conquered, had not been thoroughly

subdued. The foreigner had, indeed, forced himself on them;—*they* had not yet accepted him. There were still many elements of mischief within the Mahomedan Pale to give trouble. Worse, there were the powerful Rajas of Rajasthan—Princes of the Land of Princes, rulers of the Germany of the Indian Continent—who watched every opportunity to retrieve the national honor; there were chiefs on every frontier who still held their noses high. More dangerous, however, were turbulence and treason in the Mahomedan camp itself. Not to speak of Generals or great officers of state or influential nobles, no soldier of fortune—nay no slave—considered himself too low to aspire to join in the scramble for the football of a throne. There is no parallel in history to the state of things in India at this period, save in the annals of colonial fillibustering, or in the efforts at self-government of some of the states in Central and South America. But the most formidable Indian danger of the times threatened from without. The struggle of races had not yet concluded. The bond of religious community always dissolves before the overpowering jealousies of rival ambitions: Nor has Islam proved its superiority to the humiliating weakness of humanity. As yet, however, the tribes beyond the frontier had not been brought under a common allegiance to the monotheism of Arabia. The fame of the invasions of Mahmood the Ghazni, the robber, their comparative ease and their unprecedented pecuniary gains, tempted successive invaders to the doomed land. Every Chief in Central Asia, Irani or Turani, Afghan or Mogul, indulged in dreams of Indian raid, if not of Indian conquest. Even they who meditated permanent dominion in India, to the relinquishment of their bleak Trans-Indus home, were not a few. But though many attempted the conquest, with various success, none had acquired lasting predominance. The war was not now of non-Hindus against Hindus, but between Persian and Tartar and Afghan for sway over Hindus. At the period in question, the Indo-Pathian Empire was in constant alarm from the efforts of the Moguls to wrest the sovereignty from their rivals. From 1241 to 1298, within the 57 years previous to the

Invasion of Timour, the Moguls made ten attempts on India. At first they penetrated no farther than the Panjab, but, though repeatedly defeated with great slaughter, they did not give up the enterprize. With every failure they advanced in pertinacity and swelled their numbers. In 1296, only four years after the last rout, on the banks of the Jhelum, of one hundred thousand of them, they brought another force as strong, and more determined, who swept everything before them, till they reached close to the capital. Again they were ultimately driven back, and again the repulse only ensured their return with better preparation. Not two years, before they were at it. This, the second during the reign of Alauddin, was the most formidable of all similar attacks, when the incredible host of 200,000 Mogul horse appeared before Delhi. The Emperor made heroic efforts to maintain his throne. At the first tidings of invasion he suspended his ambitious designs on the Dekkan and collected all available troops in and about the capital. By the time the enemy came up, he was at the head of an army 300,000 strong. This vast body he ultimately concentrated within Delhi and its suburbs. Meanwhile the Moguls ravaged the surrounding country far and wide.

The effect on the country may be imagined. The greatest consternation prevailed among all classes. The advent of the fierce and reckless *Vilayeti* cavalry drove the affrighted people of the neighbouring country all to the capital for protection. Homes and fields were deserted and traffic suspended. The press of people within the city was so great that it was extremely difficult to pass the streets. For the same reason if no other, trade was simply impossible. Such a crowd, out of all proportion to the space, would cause starvation in the midst of plenty, from the mere impracticability of distribution. Of course the influx of such a vast extra multitude without a corresponding influx of provisions, joined to the suspension of commerce in the general alarm, and, in fact, the absolute impossibility, during the crisis of the Empire, of importing provisions from the districts around, produced, even in the absence of the usual natural causes a regular

famine, with all its dreadful consequences. Happily the genius and chivalrous heroism of the greatest Captain of the age, Zaffar Khan, defeating and striking panic into the invaders, though at the cost of his valuable life, these were not of a long duration, or else the whole city, with its suddenly multiplied population, must have perished.

Historians, * dazzled by the magnificence and capacity of the Emperor, contemplating the vastness of his army, the number of his public works, the rapidity with which he raised mosques and mausoleums, colleges and baths, palaces and gardens, forts and barracks in every direction, his revolutionary changes, the boldness of his pretension to regulate the entire life of his subjects, the tenacity of purpose and extraordinary ability with which he pursued his wildest dreams, the perfect control he exercised over his agents and all men in power whatever throughout his dominions, the example of private character he set and the unsparing hand with which he punished vice, the success with which he repressed corruption, injustice and crime, speak in raptures of the prosperity of the Empire under him. But they miss the true significance of the facts they themselves relate. Aláuddin's was a reign of terror indeed. Society was one dead level of poverty. The Emperor's was the only will in the Empire. The Emperor alone had power, and if any others had any semblance of it, they had certainly no emoluments. There were, it is true, no oppressors between the people and the sovereign, but only because the Emperor's oppressions swallowed them all. Nor were the people any more happy, for the one imperial extortioner and tyrant was more intolerable than all the minor ones he superseded. All the avenues to profit were closed to the people. The sovereign, by his infinite interferences with the order of things, grasped at the entire wealth of his subjects. It was a period of general distress, produced by the rapacity of government and aggravated by all the horrors of espionage. The people

* Like Ferishtá.

were reduced so low as to want daily food at the best of seasons.* Without flood or drought there was famine. And when a drought at last came in due course, the people must have been prostrated indeed. This drought and famine in the reign of Alauddin Khilji, occurred between, by as good a calculation as we can make, the years 1304 and 1313.

The event ought to be memorable for its lessons. It had at least one salutary effect—that of showing the impolicy, even the futility, of interference with trade. The Emperor, a man originally absolutely innocent of letters, but one of the ablest and most ambitious of Princes, daily started new designs for securing a deathless renown, from the foundation of a new religion, or the conquest of the world, to the regulation of the entire life of his subjects. If he was ultimately reasoned out of his more madder former projects, he entered with all the less divided soul on his more pernicious latter idea. By formal edicts he commanded his subjects what to eat and what to wear, how and when to entertain their friends, what and how to cultivate. In carrying out some of these ideas, there were no more formidable obstacles than the laws of political economy, and they could, for the nonce, be suppressed *vi et armis*. Among other vexatious proceedings, he regulated the price of every article, and even limited the wealth of his subjects, so far as to prescribe the number of cattle each might hold. Nay, under the same regulation, he actually lowered the normal price of all commodities. His was, in fact, an ambitious system of indirect taxation. The frequency of the Mogul invasions had compelled him to increase his army far beyond his means. In order to be able to maintain his enormous military expenditure, he determined to reduce the pay of his soldiery, but he felt that the reduction was not possible without a corresponding reduction in prices. He probably resorted to the measure from the difficulty of raising the land tax in this country, and was doubtless encouraged to it by the

same which has ever been won in the East by all sovereigns during whose reign provisions have been cheap. But Political Economy, however scorned, in its legitimate sphere asserts itself in the end. Even an Asiatic writer of the beginning of the 17th century, like Mahamad Kásim Ferishtá, recognizes this truth. The Emperor, who was not wanting in penetration, had, as he believed, taken every precaution against the collapse of his favorite scheme. He knew full well that the reduction in the price of provisions could not be effected to the ordinary course of commerce. He adopted the same expedient that Lord Northbrook has done now to keep down the price of rice in these Provinces—the state came to the market as a colossal dealer, but a dealer buying at advantage and selling with liberality. Of course a Pathan despot can hope for better success than a British Proconsul: He need not always buy—he has at last the resource of plunder, to play the merchant extraordinary. Meanwhile, Aláuddin established huge grain depôts accessible to water. He directed his collectors to receive a moiety of the land tax in kind. And he appointed a special Minister for the department of Agriculture and Commerce, who not only superintended the collection and storage of the Government grain, but also kept down prices by supplying it to the markets.

For all his care the Emperor failed in an attempt in which success, for any length of time, was impossible. At the first extraordinary pinch, the ambitious code became a dead letter, though the Emperor heroically clung to his favorite. A drought was followed by the usual dearth, and the boasted regulations had to be relaxed, and their violation quietly passed over.

Aláuddin endeavoured by sheer wilfulness of a despot to conceal his baffled pride and bolster up his income tariff, his successors felt themselves under no obligation to continue his pernicious war against the laws of political economy. In the following legitimate reign, the worst of any duration to speak of, even his son Mabarak, one of the most shameless wretches that degraded the pur-

ple, whose open and systematic outrages on decency recall the worst excesses of Rome, could not shut his eyes to the impolicy of the measures in question. One by one he abandoned all the limitations on the natural course of trade, and found the proof of his wisdom in the revival of industry, and the starting up of the signs of prosperity on all sides. Had the security of property been guaranteed by a purer and stricter administration of justice, had society not been utterly corrupt, had the king been but moderately unprincipled—decently vicious, these benefits had been more lasting.

But this was scarcely to be expected in a reign which filled all classes with a disgust which led them to sigh for even the wild days of Keikobád. Entirely as the last named gave himself up to the society of buffoons and sets, mistresses and catamites, he did not descend so low as to set himself up as an actor, like Nero, nor, like Mabárák, surrender the last appearances of manhood, or of even that animal decency which many of the beasts respect. The latter regularly went round, in the costume and character of one of them, with the lowest public women to dance at the houses of his subjects. In the company of hermaphrodites he used to take the indecent liberty which the forbearance of Indian Society allow to these and other unfortunates, of making a living on the charity of the community by appealing to their imperfection. Even the most abandoned of women have some sparks of modesty, but he succeeded in divesting the scum of the sex whom he gathered around him, of this virtue by compulsion. With such companions, all drunk and in a state of nature, he diverted himself at all hours, playing such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as made Hell itself blush for the credit of Nature. His usual haunts were the open terraces of the palace. Here, before the gaze of all his subjects, he had the incredible madness of making the females discharge barefacedly the liquid contents of their bladder on the nobles and courtiers, ministers and judges, as they passed under the royal gates.* Nothing amused Mabárák

* Ferishta, Abdul Báki (*Musir e Rahimi*), Núrul Haq. (*Zabdat at Tawárikh*), &c.

so much as the indignation and shame of the injured Amirs and Ullemas, Maulavis and Mollahs. The record is already sickening, and impossible to pursue. If we have tarried on it so far, it is not without a purpose. We desire to take advantage of a fact to hand, to impress on our countrymen one point of the superiority of the British over Mahomedan Rule, which, with lapse of time, they are more and more apt to forget. If we have opened an ulcer so foul, it is because a people yet accustomed to dancing princes like Wajid Ali Shah, and bestial courts like Alwar, are not likely to have their blunted sensibilities roused by anything tamer. It will be something if the frightful episode just related lead them to ponder on the liabilities of their forefathers which they have happily escaped. The British may commit many blunders, occasionally a crime or two, but they can never be wanting in respect for the proprieties of life. If there cannot be a second Akbar, we ought to be grateful for the impossibility of a Mabarak. Even an occasionally mismanaged Famine may be borne with equanimity in the relief from worse horrors.

Fortunately for the East, the incubus of a Mabarak can be but a fleeting dream. Within four years of his accession to the throne, during a part of which he behaved with propriety, and even affected popularity by every means in his power, the Emperor in question, after the manner of beasts and reptiles devouring their own progeny, was violently despatched from the world by one of the low human worms he had raised from the dust. This man was no unworthy successor of such a prince. He was originally a Hindu Pariah, belonging to a caste which lives far from the habitations of other classes, near cemeteries and cremation grounds, and eats everything, not reptiles and rotten carcasses excepted, whose shadow is pollution; and though since accepted by the liberality of Islam, and created the highest subject in the realm by the favoritism of his king, his whole career after his conversion—as an imbecile and vain minister, a shameless pander and an ungrateful traitor, who, when his designs on the life of his sovereign and benefactor was

discovered, turned impending punishment into a triumph, by suddenly bursting into the Presence in the guise and voice of a female and with all the coquetry of a siren, and being received with all the marks of affection by the despicable Mabárák, who clung to him for hours—justified the sentence on him of the Hindu *Sástras*. He inaugurated his usurpation with the plunder and butchery of all who owned the slightest honesty or honor, and scandalized the public by taking to wife the famous princess Dewal Devi, the consort of his late master, and distributing the ladies of the imperial harem and the imperial treasures among his low relations and companions. Soon, however, the yoke became intolerable, and in six months another dynasty was founded by Ghiyásuddin Toglak.

The last-named was one of the great sovereigns of Asia, great for good as well as evil, endowed with extraordinary force of intellect and character, and degraded by at once the most ignoble and the most guilty of passions. The first statesman in India after Aláuddin, he bore in his character and conduct many resemblances to that remarkable sovereign. If the successor was the most learned and accomplished prince of the age, while the predecessor was absolutely innocent of letters, the latter delighted in the society of scholars and philosophers whom he patronized with his usual munificence, and was often, from the richness of his natural parts, no bad match in disputation with them, and he made heroic efforts, late in life, amid the stolen hours of regal care, to make up his deficiencies, in which he succeeded beyond expectation. Nor did Toglak's knowledge save him from economical blunders, any more than Aláuddin's ignorance. For the rest, they had equal genius, equal strength of will, equal conceit of superiority, equal remorselessness. Both deliberately aspired to the conquest of the world, and both had, in the inflation of their vanity, left sufficient sense in them to be easily enough persuaded out of their respective follies. Both were at once the most magnificent princes of their day, giving away by tens and hundreds of thousands and millions, and the most avaricious and mean. Both were ostentatious of display and liberality.

to a weakness, and both resorted to the worst shifts for acquiring the means for indulging it. Both were exacting to the flesh in their fiscal administration. Both soon brought down all their respective subjects to one dead level of poverty. If there was a difference, it was in this, that Mahamad Toglak did not add to the miseries of his people the horrors of espionage, or of sumptuary interference with their right to entertain friends without previous command. Both considered themselves Cæsars, that is the annointed of God, a character which in their notion justified the darkest crimes ;—and Aláuddin so far forgot himself as to arrogate to himself the prophetic mission, if not to open an opposition shop to the Almighty.

It is saying little to say of such rulers that they both presumed to force their will on the immutable relations between capital and industry. Both interposed their unreasonable selfseeking between rent and cost of production and price. Both ravaged the land to fill their coffers. While Aláuddin paralysed agriculture and commerce by his minute tariff and inquisitorial restrictions, Mahamad Toglak crushed them by heavy duties. A country never at peace for a long series of years, suffering all the while from misgovernment in every shape, not yet recovered from the effects of the stupid commercial legislation of Aláuddin, had to bear all the burdens, direct and indirect, of the incessant wars of Mahamad. These were more than enough, but the imposts on all articles, doubled in all cases and trebled in many, were the last straw that broke the back of commerce and agriculture. A blow to commerce must necessarily be felt by agriculture. Mahamad's imposts had the effect of nearly abolishing the latter. To a nation that did not import its food, (if importation could be possible under the prohibitive scale of duties,) that abolition meant starvation. The cultivators and farmers threw up their lands, deserted their homes and retired to the woods, there to pick up a precarious subsistence among the wild fruits, berries and roots spontaneously growing, or by falling on the villages and towns and carrying off what grain or cattle they could

to their retreats. Thus the area of distress increased. The state of the country affected the revenue. The Emperor, with a mind of rare originality and boldness and inventiveness, unchecked by a constitution, and but feebly checked by public opinion, now rushed headlong into another colossal economical blunder, to meet his expenses. He recalled all the shifts of sovereigns in difficulty that he had read of in the course of his wide historical studies. None appeared so ingenious—none seemed so suited to his desperate situation—as the paper currency of the Celestial intelligence *par excellence* of the “ingenious Chinese.” And a paper currency not only did he introduce with a vengeance, but improved upon it, substituting for paper as a less durable material, copper, which he established as legal tender. But the novel ideas which his great mind hankered for, and which it could grasp and assimilate, he was not fitted to carry out in all the nice details so necessary for success. Though a paper currency of some kind cannot be said to be utterly foreign to a people among whom bills of exchange have been in existence from time immemorial, yet in the particular form in question it was new. There was no experience in the country about it. These Pathans, besides, were no financiers. It was not before the statesmanship of the Moguls trusted Hindus with the revenue administration that the financial history of Mahomedan India ceased to be a succession of mistakes. After all, currency was a difficult and delicate subject, hardly understood any where in those days. Even at this hour advanced America cannot resist the temptation of the fatal facility of paper money. What wonder that to a hard up Afghan prince in the 14th century it, or anything like it, appeared an inexhaustible source of wealth! No restrictions were imposed on the issue of copper sovereigns. A copper coin was declared equal to a gold coin, but it was not convertible for gold or silver, for there were no government treasuries to cash them. The merchants paid for home agricultural and manufacturing produce with copper coins forced as gold, and received for their exports in the precious metals. The bankers coined

chants paid for their purchases with copper tendered as gold and received for their Exports the precious metals of other countries. The bankers coined copper to an unlimited extent at the mints, which were under no regulations, and were easily corrupted. A few made immense fortunes—the many were utterly reduced. Credit is everywhere sensitive, and if ever it could exist in a land of uncertainty and constant usurpations, it soon disappeared altogether, under the operation of the new measure.

Ruin now was inevitable. Trade had gradually been making itself scarce in many parts of the country, and soon agriculture left all parts which felt the authority of the imperial decrees. Even a strong and able despot could not long continue a—hopeless struggle against natural laws. So far as Toghlak continued it, he only involved the country in inextricable confusion and misery. Trade languished and cultivation given up, which had been the condition of a few provinces, became the universal feature of the empire. A famine was the consequence, which more or less spread throughout the whole country, lasted for years and killed a great part of the population. Then the nobles made bold to represent the people's grievances—the same which they had formerly only ventured to whisper, when the disastrous measures were first mooted. The Emperor who was far from a dolt, whose wilfulness was governed by reason, perceived the situation, found out the mistake, dimly saw that a mere fiat of authority could not permanently make copper—gold, and tried to retreat in order, with grace or no grace. Once he recognized a truth, however humiliating to his vanity, he tried to do it justice, with as great an earnestness and activity as he had persisted in the opposite error when he knew no better. He opened out his whole treasury to withdraw all the copper sovereigns in circulation. But, what with the excessive issue without restriction, and the illegitimate issue of the bankers in collusion with the officers of his mints, his treasury was unequal to the drain. To his honor it must be said that he endeavored to keep his faith more sincerely than any “enlightened” democracy ever did.

He utterly impoverished himself by his efforts. Then he threw his soul into another wild scheme to retrieve his fortunes. His Chinese dreams had not evidently yet left him. This time it was the *conquest* of China, which was represented to be overflowing with the precious metals—not the adoption of any Chinese precedent, on which he set his heart. He succeeded only in losing a colossal army. Much of it was cut up in the passes, or perished in the mountain floods of Assam, but the greatest part died of starvation. Meanwhile, famine and depopulation raged throughout the entire Empire, which did not recover for years.

The Emperor, now from necessity, more than ever plunged in fresh wars. His spirit, though curbed for a time by overwhelming calamities, was not by any means changed, and having by his policy destroyed the North, he established his capital down South, in Deoghar, deeming it, as the centre of his dominions, a more eligible seat of empire.* With him desire and fulfilment were synonymous, and he ordered a transfer of the inhabitants of Delhi bodily to his new capital. His ministers, thinking the Doab too impoverished to support the population of Delhi and its neighbourhood, were not altogether averse to change, but they preferred Ougein. The imperial resolution was, however, not to be modified by a set of courtiers, and the order was given for Deoghar. It was a grand exodus—the march of a nation, as it were, men, women and children, with all their beasts and effects. Only the stones of Delhi were left behind—the palaces and pavements, mosques and minarets, bridges and aqueducts. The Emperor made all the provision that he could to facilitate the journey and smooth the reception. He removed great umbrageous trees by the roots, and planted them all along the route, on both sides, to afford shade

* Ibn Batuta, a contemporary, who was Chief Justice of the Empire, attributes the change of capital to caprice, as a punishment for the people reviling the Emperor in an anonymous letter, but Toghlaq was not *such* a madman as that, though he may have affected his arbitrary measure as a punishment for his subjects' insolence in complaining of oppression.

to the passengers and their beasts. He supplied all with funds for their travel and for a house at their destination. Transport, too, must have been furnished to those that could not procure it, and certainly all were fed who were too poor to support themselves.* Still such a forced and quick translation of an Asiatic people, wedded to locality, and loving Delhi with all the enthusiasm of Parisians for Paris or Romans for Rome, was highly obnoxious to all classes. Nor did the colossal and munificent arrangements of the Emperor prevent great and acute suffering. The people had been already reduced in vitality by fiscal oppression and its consequent injury to agriculture and ultimate scarcity, and were ill able to bear the fatigues of a journey, undertaken under compulsion, and with a heavy heart, to a strange land and new climate, the horrors of which were magnified in the imagination by ignorance and all kinds of rumours. The most heart-rending scenes were enacted on the way. Able as Toghlaq was, his genius could not foresee all the contingencies of such an unprecedented march; and even imperial resources could not provide for all the requirements for the transplanting of a capital, with not only the state personalty and archives, equipage and paraphernalia, but, besides, the effects of all its denizens, from the Emperor downwards. A Bismarck might hesitate to undertake to convey, across not always a fertile country, an Asiatic Paris—all but its fixtures—with its motley population of rich and poor, old and young, healthy and sick, males and females, its ladies on whom the sun never shone, and its women of less degree down to laborers. Great must have been the difficulty for food, still greater the distress for water. The noise and confusion at every halt must have been awful, and the way at times must have been blocked up for miles. The delicate and the infirm must have suffered terribly. Yet, on the whole, the management appears to have been singularly fine, as perfect as could be under the circumstances, and reflects the greatest credit on the administration of the period.

* *Tubakāt e Akbarī*. Forishta only says the Emperor fed the poor, but we infer transport too was supplied.

Large numbers of the emigrants perished on the way but the miseries of the survivors did not end with the journey. Many had been the palaces and gardens and public buildings and bazaars and barracks hastily thrown up by Toghlaq at Deoghar to receive the population of Delhi, and building activity continued unabated, still the accomodation was very insufficient, and the middle, but particularly the poorer, classes suffered greatly. They labored not only under all the privations of want of housing, but also under the still graver misfortune of want of employment. Above all, the congregation of such a number created an artificial famine in a tract which, though visited neither by drought nor flood, had been repeatedly laid waste by war, and was, moreover, unprepared, at such a short notice, to receive such a host.

The Emperor himself seems to have perceived the evils of his arbitrary order, and it was, we believe, by way of relieving the new capital of some of its distress that he led out his army from it, first against one chief and then another. When after his success in the second expedition—against the Governor of Mooltan, for disobedience to send his family to Deoghar—he returned to Delhi, such was the electric effect of the sight of their former capital—their old homes, the scenes of their youth and enjoyment, scenes consecrated by every endearing tie—on those of his troops, officers, attendants and followers, who had been expatriated to Dowlutabad—the City of Fortune, as he had christened Deoghar—that they deserted in large numbers, and hid themselves in the woods, to escape following the Emperor to the South. For once the haughty Toghlaq succumbed to the popular movement. A king was nothing without an army, and to arrest the melting away of his forces Mahamad deemed it prudent to make Delhi his capital once more, and by means of kind and forgiving proclamations recalled his troops to their allegiance and service. But this was for a season only. His evil genius still haunted him. Two years after, he again ordered a second march of Delhi to Deoghar. It was effected as before, with a repetition of the incidents of the previous “middle passage,”

much moderated by past experience and the existence of the arcades, harbours, wells, seraies, and barracks left on the previous occasion.

Meanwhile the incubus of taxation continued to sit on the people as before. The distress and depopulation spread from the Doab throughout the Gangetic valley, and cultivation was abandoned in some of the most fertile tracts in the world. Not only was Delhi silent; a large number of towns and villages and whole districts were for many years deserted by the inhabitants, unable to maintain themselves under the exactions of an administration headed by a tyrant too ferocious to be approached with a complaint. Indeed, the obstinacy, as he conceived it, of the people, in giving up their homes rather than pay their just dues to the state, which was thus crippled in its resources, only exasperated Toghlaq, and he had his characteristic revenge. Literally hounding them to death, he massacred whole districts *en masse*. This monster actually punished his subjects for his own ignorance of economic principles, by leading expeditions for men-hunting, and returning with his trophies of thousands of heads, which he ostentatiously displayed on the walls of Delhi.

Finally, however, he was convinced of the impolicy of the change of capital, if not of the inhumanity of the way in which he twice carried it out. The Afghans who, escaping his conscription to go to the new capital, had managed to remain at Delhi, joined probably by fresh accessions, had become turbulent and defiant. To quell their rising spirit, Toghlaq marched against them, and probably thinking it dangerous to allow a few to enjoy something like state in the fort and amid the palaces of Delhi, and despairing of the success of his attempt to change his capital, he now allowed those who wished, to return to their old homes on the Jumna. A vast number availed themselves of the order, but as the return now was not organized under imperial auspices and guidance as the first journeys, all the miseries of the latter were now aggravated on the poor fellows with tenfold severity. The time for the retreat from

the South was, besides, particularly ill chosen. The track of the retreaters lay through a famine-struck country. They suffered terribly on the way. "Few, few did reach" their promised land "where many left." Nor were the survivors relieved at their journey's end; their long expected Canaan proved but the portal to Hades. For the famine awaited them at Delhi, too. There, indeed, seems to have been a fatality attending every event in this monarch's reign which spoiled the best conceived measure, turned the most humane step into a source of misery to his people. If the permission to return to their old homes proved so disastrous, the arrangements he made to meet the famine and, in some measure, alleviate the effects of his past misrule in converting upper India into a desert, were no more successful. His subjects' miseries at last touched even Toghlaq, and he commenced a new course of civil administration, having for its aim the revival of agriculture and trade. He went to the length of opening his treasury for advances to his people for the purpose. But, with his characteristic imperfection of sympathy, he forgot to provide for the distress of the moment. Starving men cannot till the ground or import grain. So the advances were diverted to buy the means of preserving life, and thousands paid with their lives for what to the tyrant was an unjustifiable misappropriation. Meanwhile the famine, among a population depressed by misgovernment, impoverished to the last degree by exactions, enfeebled by a long journey, in a city surprised by a vast accession of men, in the midst of a country deserted by its cultivators and laid waste by its king, showed no signs of abatement. In a few months it swelled to gigantic proportions. Cannibalism became the order of the day. Toghlaq varied his usual ferocity with intermissions of humanity and statesmanship. Once more he gave large sums to the people for making wells and the promotion of cultivation—with the old result. They must, in the first place manage to live before they could possibly think of even so superior an object as the Progress of Agriculture. They were, indeed, most of them suffering from disease, and, besides,

weakened by starvation ; and, after all, there had been no rain at all since the previous season for cultivation. Thus the famine continued for more than four years, desolating the country from Rohilkhand and the Doab, all through Rajputana and Central India, down to the Nurbudda. The Doab and adjacent parts had already been thrown out of cultivation by fiscal pressure. Then followed the drought, with its effect on cultivation throughout all the tract mentioned above. Next several important classes of cultivators, unable at such a season to satisfy the demand of the inexorable tax-gatherer, fled to the woods, there to be pursued by the wild beast on the throne, and massacred. The soldiery, their pay long withheld by a bankrupt state, now deserted in large numbers and betook to plunder and violence in all directions. The drought still continuing, the people at length began to leave Delhi to seek subsistence wherever they could. But the Emperor would not allow them even that chance. It was an impertinence for them to leave him alone. So he shut them up within the city gates. But he made no provision for their existence, and so hundreds daily expired. At last the imperial household suffered, nay even the Emperor himself personally experienced the Famine. Then he opened the gates, and the multitudes rushed out and proceeded Eastwards. Bengal and Behar had not been affected, and even Benares and Oudh were better than the Provinces to the west. To these fortunate quarters thousands emigrated, though few survived their journey to reach their destination. The Emperor himself was forced to move out his household and army towards Cawnpore and Oudh, where food was more procurable. The Emperor and the various members of the court and the army providing themselves with houses, a new town arose.

Besides this long general famine, there were local scarcities at various times at various parts during this reign, caused either by the ravages of war or the oppression of Government. Between the general and the local distress, the antecedent and the accompanying circumstances,

there was not only a cry of misery on all sides, but also a considerable falling off of the revenue. Toghlak was again roused to efforts to revive and extend cultivation. His scheme was his own, and characteristic. He believed that the will of princes was the chief, if not the only force in this world. He organized a great Department of Agriculture, for whose purposes the country was partitioned into Circles of 60 square miles each. A Superintendent was appointed to each Circle, who was put in sufficient funds for improvements, and was responsible for them to the minister of the Department. Some hundred such officers were appointed, and operations commenced at once. But after two years, and an expenditure of nearly £1,17,000, the experiment was abandoned as unsuccessful.*

Despotism, like other evils, has its compensations, and tyrants are not immortal. If the reign of Mahomed Toghlak was so disastrous to his subjects, his successor Firoz nobly strove to repair their wrongs. His efforts were completely successful, being seconded by nature and *not* thwarted by a disaffected people or trembling officials. The new king was as accomplished and able as his predecessor, and far more wise; and if, as in his policy towards Rohilkhand, he could be as ferociously vindictive, it ought in justice to be acknowledged that he generally showed a moderation and sense of duty to which not only Mahomed Toghlak had no claim, but which distinguishes him among the despots of Asia. He abolished torture and all the thousand and one kinds of barbarous punishments, allowed his aged or wounded soldiery full pay pension, encouraged literature, set a good example of private morals and simplicity, reformed public abuses and corruption,—punishing both the giver and the taker of illegal gratifications,—moderated the demands of the state in every department,—taking, for instance, but one fifth of war prize, leaving four fifths to the army, instead of the opposite practice of former sovereigns. His Revenue and Public Works administrations may challenge comparison with those of any benefactor of

* Forishtá, *Tubakat e Akbari*, &c.

our species. His modesty was not the least striking of his virtues. His tenderuess for the soul of his predecessors is the most touching record of the most delicate humility and the most exalted benevolence in all history or biography. He might have appealed to his acts with confidence. He might have been excused for a little pride. But he would not even let his people to make their own comparision between his reign and those of others, and express their peculiar feelings on each. If possible, he would stay the course of Divine Justice itself in favor of his misguided predecessors. He included their names in the usual prayers for the reigning family throughout the empire. He went so far as to seek out all the sufferers from the cruelty of his immediate predecessor and master or their heirs and families. He released them from confinement or restored their property, healed their injuries, served them in every way, and, with his ministers and men eminent for piety and knowledge of the law, adjured them to forgive the late Emperor by formal instruments. Having procured these, he deposited them in the deceased monarch's mausoleum.

He relieved the land not only of much of the pressure of direct taxation, but also abolished those numerous and vexatious imposts which preyed upon trades of all kinds and weighed heavily upon industry and were so liable to abuse. He denounced the various cesses annexed to such offices as that of the superintendent of police, swept away the levies on fruit and flower and fish and vegetable stalls, the licenses on professions and trades, the taxes on pasturage and crown lands. His sumptuary example went far to correct a demoralized administration in which officers had learnt to be luxurious and magnificent at the expense of a down-trodden people. Besides the many examples of palatial and monumental architecture, his more useful works of public utility exceed those of almost any other sovereign. He built two hundred towns, one hundred baths, ten wells, a hundred hospitals, forty mosques, thirty colleges with chapels attached, one hundred houses of refuge and rest for travellers and merchants on the high roads, one hundred and fifty bridges.

Many of these works, no doubt, facilitated trade, and some of them indirectly stimulated cultivation. His direct expenditure for the promotion of agriculture was on an equal scale. Fifty dams laid across rivers and thirty lakes attested his special solicitude for irrigation. Over and above these new works, he repaired and improved all the canals, aqueducts, reservoirs, besides alms-houses, hospitals, schools, &c., of previous reigns. And he made suitable provision, by endowment of lands, for all his works. In a word he utterly effaced from the greater part of his dominions all marks of his predecessor's blighting policy and savage temper. Nor were there any calamitous visitations to thwart his generous career.

That portrait of a model prince has, however, it is right to recollect, been drawn by contemporary courtiers like Ziâuddeen Barni. Some of the proceedings of Firoz Toghlaq startle us rudely out of our dream of a humane and wise monarch. Like all despots over a spiritless people he was capable of the worst enormities. Not that we discredit the positive statements of contemporaries regarding the moderation, justice and beneficence of Firoz. We mean that these represent only his brighter—we are inclined to believe even his more usual—aspect. We believe he was able, but the ability of a despot is apt to be a national calamity. We believe he was just, but it was the justice of a tyrant—untempered by mercy. For the rest, we fear his moderation was often a snare—his modesty, morbid. There is no doubt that, as a Mahamedan, he was capable not only of killing in cold blood Hindus and Parsees for the sake of conscience, but also of positively enjoying their suffering. We have it on the authority of the same annalists from whom we learn that he redressed the injuries inflicted on the country by his predecessor and brought back prosperity to it, that he likewise devastated some parts of his dominions. What the Doab was to Mahamed Toghlaq, that Rohilkhand was to Firoz Toghlaq—a wasted park for men-hunting. In avenging the treachery of a Chieftain on three of the innumerable

descendants of the Prophet, he for six years kept up such a continual system of violence of every kind on the poor inhabitants of Rohilkhand that, so far from leaving there a single inhabitant, he allowed not a blade of grass to grow. The slaughter of the people by thousands, the flight of the rest, and the conversion of the Province into a desert hardly completed his satisfaction.

Towards the end of 1411 (Hijr 814,) during the political disturbance in Upper India immediately following the departure of Timur, there was a severe drought in the Doab, and as the country had been already impoverished and denuded of its stores of provisions by the requirements of incessant war and by its concomitant plunder, a great famine followed.

In 1494 (Hijri 900,) in the reign of Sikandar Lodi, there appears to have been a scarcity in Behar. The king's army suffered much from want of provisions and was obliged to fall back on Jounpur. In the next year (1495) we find the distress great in Tirhut. The suspension of the transit duties on grain, which were not resumed in the remaining 22 years of that reign, however, stimulated private trade and brought provisions from other districts and provinces, and gave some relief.

There were one or two occasions of distress among Sikandar's troops--once towards the end of 1505 (Hijri 911,) in attacking some Hindu chieftains in the Highlands of Rajputana, from the communications of the nomadic dealers, the Banjārás, being interrupted; and again, in the following year, on the march from the last quarter to Agra, when about 800 men, besides beasts, died, on one day, for want of water, an ounce of which could with difficulty be procured for 5 *tankás*. For the rest, during this reign, as distinguished from some of the preceding ones, so far from there being any food distress, provisions were, indeed, plentiful and, of course, cheap. Add to this, the Emperor was charitable, and both by example and words disposed others to be likewise.

The next reign, that of Sikandar's son, Ibrahim, was the most famous of any for abundance and cheapness. It

was as long remembered in Upper India for its beneficence as Sháista Khan's in Bengal. Nor was the cheapness forced by compulsion of emperor or by interference with trade or agriculture, as in the ambitious and avaricious administration of Aláuddin. It was the cheapness of a normal plenty. It was the bounty of Nature, not of statesmen. There had been neither drought, nor flood. On the contrary rain just enough for full crops and no more had fallen throughout the reign. The price of all articles fell. Ten maunds of corn, five seers of clarified butter, or ten yards of cloth sold for a Behloli (coin.) Indeed the cheapness rose to almost an evil. Very little coin passed in circulation and the precious metals were nowhere.

In 1524 and 1525 (Hijri 931 to 932,) there was a local famine in the city of Multán. It was during the short period of the existence of Multán as a separate Mahomedan kingdom. On the death of its Sultan Mahmúd, one of the Afghan chiefs, Shujául Mulk, set up a regency under the minority of his sister's son Husein Langáh II., son of the late monarch. His power was immediately contested by Mírzá Shah Husein Arghun, Governor of Tattá, who had just been joined by two of the principal generals of the last king. Shujá ul Mulk collected all his forces and the friends of the Langáh family within the strong fort, and, though he had had no time for preparations, resolved on standing a seige. The step was the more imprudent that he had no provisions at all to speak of, and that, besides the troops and the ordinary citizens, many of the inhabitants of the surrounding district must have taken refuge in the city and swelled the number of mouths to consume its scanty stores. In a few days the garrison was so reduced by starvation that they recommended a great sortie. It was not yet too late, while man and horse could stand. The regent, however, was afraid of many of the officers with their men, as soon as led out of the fort, following the example of the two generals above-mentioned, and so he strictly confined all within the walls. Thus they and the inhabitants lay, for about a year and a half, who ought not to have tarried

there for a day, inactive, except in the scramble for food, till one night the beseigers effected an easy entrance and massacred most of the garrison and people. How they had survived so long passes the understanding. The story of the horrors endured by them has come down to us in the words of one of the sufferers.* Even those who had laid in sufficient provisions were in as bad a plight as the rest. One Jumá (according to Ferishtá) or Jádu (as Nizámuddin calls him,) a low fellow whom the regent raised to the command of the fort, forced himself into all houses to search for grain and plundered all stores he found. So the beseiged hunted after dogs and cats, and, when they succeeded in capturing them, feasted on them as on the finest delicacies. At length, rather than die a slow and painful death, many of them threw themselves down the walls of the fort on the chance of escaping the sword of the beseigers. Shah Husein had, however, the humanity to spare them.

We now approach a critical period. The year 1554 is one of the most memorable in the history of India. It was the year that finally transferred power from the Afghans to the Moguls. The civil wars, which had from a long time been rending to pieces the Pathan empire, reached their height on the death of Selim, son of Sher Sháh. In the year in question they were unusually numerous and severe. From the Indus to the confines of Bengal, some half a dozen adventurers contended for mastery and succeeded only in dismembering the state and weakening the Afghan cause. That cause was at length entrusted to Himun, originally a Hindu pedlar. Superintendent of markets under Selim Shah, he was raised by Mahamed Shah Soor Adil, who, hardly able to sign his name, hated respectability, to the Vizariat and command of the army. The man's ability and valour were equal to the post, and, but for the indiscipline of the Afghans themselves, even to the coming crisis. If from causes beyond him, he lost all, he saved at least honor. Meanwhile, the country along the track of the rival combatants

* Mauláná Saadullá in *Ferishtá* and the *Tabakdt i Akbari*.

was laid waste. The Vandals in their fury did not respect even the learned and religious; they utterly destroyed the library of the father of Maoláná Abdul Kádir, author of the *Tárikh e Badaoni*, from whose pages we have an authentic account of the times by a contemporary. The horrors of a famine were next added to complete the misery of the people. The part of the country affected was the same that three centuries after, in our day, in 1862, suffered. Certain localities, indeed, seem marked for certain epidemics. Among others, Famine owns the Doab for her own. In 1554, throughout its entire eastern tract and the adjacent districts, *jawár* rose to 2½ Tankás per seer (2 lbs.), and those who could afford the price were glad to get the grain to purchase. The Moslem historian is sad at the numbers of the Believers who perished in their houses unnoticed, without a coffin or grave, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." The number of Hindus who died—who are, of course, not deemed worthy of notice by so exemplary a bigot as our author—must have been very much greater. The poorer classes tried in vain to live like cattle, upon Babul seeds and straw and grass (which in consequence of the long drought were utterly without moisture,) or on the hides of the animals killed by the more prosperous. This strange nourishment had soon the effect of making them dropsical; with swollen hands and feet they lingered on, till their miseries found their *quietus* in a wretched death. Others were so far pressed as to eat human flesh; or bones, we may say, for flesh was nowhere. If nature refused sustenance to the fields, man was not more considerate to his brother-man. Hemun who invested the fortress of Biana, and at whose mercy the surrounding country lay, demoralized by his elevation,* displayed a Nero-like obduracy. When the people frantically cried for bread, he delighted to give them worse than a stone. It is humiliating to human nature to read that, while men were dying for want of the coarsest food, the barest sustenance, here

* Ferishtá says Himun had been a man of sense.

was a victorious Chief, himself one of the people and a born Hindu, who ostentatiously, of *malice prepense*, and the most sinful arrogance and vanity, maintained all his five hundred elephants, and what not other animals besides, on such delicacies, then coveted by even princes, as rice and butter and sugar. Even a patient, long suffering people like that of India could not help being astonished at the capacity for inhumanity of this monster. But, as is the wont of Asiatics, they merely looked on. Their shameful sheepishness encouraged Hemun to try even a farther step in insolence and cruelty. He invited the now degenerate Afghans to his table—for a spree at the poor fellows' expense. He would urge them to gorge themselves beyond measure, at a time when the habit of low rations was a prudence enforced by necessity on the proudest noble, and temperance was a cardinal duty, and abused those with impunity who did not eat with the spirit and rapidity demanded by the tyrant. As if to complete the wreck of one of the fairest parts of Asia, a tremendous accident followed up the illiberality of nature and the cruelty of man. A chance spark from a lamp ignited some gun-powder and finally exploded the magazine of the fort of Agra. It was a truly terrific event. The flames rose to the skies, the smoke filled the atmosphere, for leagues the earth trembled beneath. Buildings and parts of buildings, and stones, in masses and in bits, went flying about in every direction, across the river, and to the distance of a dozen miles; and, with them, were carried and crushed to death, how many hundreds of men—how many thousands wrenched of their limbs! No such artificial convulsion ever, before or since, visited the land. The Benares explosion of 1850 was a trifle in comparison.*

Passing over some forty years, we come upon another heavy Famine. Commencing in 1595 (H. 1004,) it was, more or less, felt throughout India. That was a year of drought in all parts of the Empire,—hence a most serious universal want of provisions. It was one of

* Ferishtá, who was born some 16 or 20 years since, omits all mention of such striking events as the Famine and the Earthquake of 1554 (Hijri 962.)

the worst calamities of its kind which ever overtook the people of any land, in as much as Nature was not more propitious the next seasons, and this vast country suffered continually for four long years. Great numbers of the people must have perished; and much greater numbers should surely have, had it been under any other administration. Happily the great and wise Akbar was ruler. He made the most strenuous exertions to save his subjects, absolutely regardless of expense. Everywhere an open table was maintained; admission was freely granted to the army, which was for the time indefinitely augmented, to all who would not eat at that table, and state alms freely given in all the cities to those who, like ladies, could not appear in public, or, like the Hindus, had religious objections to cooked food. Over this distribution and the relief measures generally the Emperor appointed as special Superintendent an able officer of high rank, Nawab Sheikh Farid Bokhari,—just as Lord Northbrook has appointed over the heads of the ordinary authorities, Sir Richard Temple—who made heroic exertions—just as we trust Sir Richard will not fail to make as need appears. Still the efforts of the Government and the people went, in those days of imperfect communication between different parts of the country, but a small way in keeping a whole population alive for several years. Instances of cannibalism were frequent. As usual, the loathsome or low diet, succeeded by the feast of ultimate sufficiency, more injurious by far than gluttony to long famishing stomachs, in ordinary times, brought on disease; and those whom hunger spared were carried off by the epidemic. The bodies of the dying and the dead lay huddled together, in the fields and on the road side, and in the streets, like those of the Greeks in the Trojan war, without receiving the last offices of piety or affection or decency, helping to make the already surcharged atmosphere still more intolerable, and deadly,* The mort-

* *Zabdat ul Tawārīkh* of Núrul Haq, a contemporary. Ferishtá and others are silent, and of course the European compilers, including even Elphinstone.

ality must have been something great. Though we are not told that, as in the previous similar crisis, when the heavens relented and sent water, there were hardly any husbandmen left to till the ground or be fed, the case could hardly have been more favorable. It is probable that, after the first two or three bad years, the famine still continued through twelve or eighteen months, in consequence of absence of cultivation of the deserted fields, from sheer inability of the weak, starveling peasants who survived to cultivate. If, in spite of these and other causes, the famine at last subsided, it did so gradually, and because, if there were few left to till the ground, there were, after all, not many more to feed. If the historians, for the most part, are silent on this great and continued national distress and state embarrassment, it is, we suppose, from their easily forgetting it in the general eventfulness and brilliance of the reign. It is no small proof of the greatness of Akbar that, as that very silence proves, he soon enough effaced all marks of suffering from the country.

We have pretty minute annals of the Moguls in India. At least, from sources both native and foreign, we know all the more prominent events and circumstances of life at the seats of empire. We do not read of a famine in the next reign, and we think we may fairly conclude that Jehangir had the luck not to be called on to face such an administrative difficulty near his capital as embarrassed his distinguished parent, in the later years of his government. The records of the more distant Provinces in those days are, however, meagre enough ; and former writers, having in no country been so very watchful of the interests of the people as they were regardful of the pleasure of the princes and chiefs and officials, we should not, perhaps, be altogether justified in rejecting any extraneous testimony offering anything like light on the condition of the masses in those satrapies. Contemporary Bengali Literature so bitterly bewails the sufferings of certain districts in the South of Lower Bengal from oppressive Mahomedan Collectors, and so vividly depicts the con-

stant terror of the entire population on the borders of the sea and the banks of rivers, from the impunity with which the Portuguese were permitted to ravage wherever they could reach, that we cannot but regard the occurrences alluded to as historical. So we think we discern glimpses of a real local distress in Nuddea through all the mixed natural and supernatural machinery of a later poem, esteemed classical in this Province, called the *Vidya Sundara*. That poem, composed in the early part of the last century, at the court of the Nuddea Raja, and based, as the recent research of an enthusiastic Pandit, Babu Padma Náva Ghosál has discovered, on one, if not two, earlier ones on the same subject, and incorporating, doubtless, some local or family traditions, describes a heavy downpour for days together which flooded the country around, and arrested the progress of the imperial army, commanded by Raja Mán Singh, sent to subdue a refractory chief, the Raja of Jessore, in its march through Nuddea. The poem goes on to say that, during the continual rains, while the army was obliged to halt, it experienced the greatest distress in procuring provisions, and that, at this juncture, Bhubánanda Majmuádár, the founder of the Nuddea family, then a local squire, appeared in camp, as a good angel, and supplied all its needs, and was rewarded for his opportune help by Mán Singh, who procured him from the Emperor the Hereditary Collectorate of the south-eastern part of the delta with the title of Rájá. That account looks very like an indication of a local famine of no little severity. A partial famine almost always attended the steps of a large marching army in those days, when the state had no centralized Commissariat organization, but directed its officers and vassals in the Provinces to supply the requirements of the troops, and, for the rest, expected the troops to live upon the districts through which they passed as they might. The dealers, of course, who could, fled; nor did the people remain, for fear of worse outrages than mere plunder; the stored grain were, in the exodus, left behind, on which the troops fed themselves. Those of the inhabitants who still lurked near

their homes suffered for want of provisions, and a regular scarcity, of more or less virulence, according to circumstances, was almost inevitable among the fugitives when they returned after the departure of the army. When to such circumstances is added such wrath of Heaven as a week's heavy interminable shower, the general distress may be easily imagined. Nor is there wanting even solid historical testimony to the occurrence of the violent continued rain in Nuddea and the swelling of the rivers and difficulty of transport and food supplies during the march of Mán Singh's army, if not to the fact of a wider local scarcity in Bengal. Herein at least bard and historian agree. The plight of the imperial troops is mentioned in a curious Sanskrit chronicle* of the rise of the Nuddea Principality.

But even if we were to credit the courtier-bard and the courtier-annalist with the invention of the entire incident—an improbable supposition—even dismissing from consideration such a distress, if it took place at all, as too local and temporary in its effects,—India was not long free from the operation of an unmistakable and widely-felt scarcity. Little more than a generation had passed away since the Akbari famine, while its horrors were still fresh in the memory of those who had not yet passed the grand climacteric, the foot-steps of another general calamity of the same order were heard in the not far off distance.

With every fresh famine a step seems to be taken in the climax of suffering; each new calamity is more serious than its predecessor in the extent of its area. The Famine during the reign *de facto* of Himun was, at the worst, Doabi. That in Akbar's time, was universally Indian. The next one (not to take into account the too local event in Bengal during Jehangir's rule,) was absolutely Asiatic. It occurred, after an exemption of thirty-six years, in the reign of Shah Jehan, and was one of the most gigantic and overwhelming visitations that ever

* * *Kshitiçavançāvalicharitam* (Berlin, 1852), a work of undoubted authenticity and general accuracy, which, lost in India, after strange vicissitudes, turned up in Germany.

involved in ruin the human race. It blighted many of the fairest and earliest-peopled portions of the globe. It prevailed almost throughout Western and Southern Asia, in the Khanates of Tartary, in Turkey, and Persia, and Afghanistan. It raged all over, from the Indus to the Brahmaputra, and from the mountains in the north down to the extreme South. Its fury was greatest at the two ends of its vast continental area, namely India and Tartary.

Its effects, in a milder form, must have extended to all the adjoining countries, East, and West ; it must have been felt on the borders as well of the Mediterranean as the Pacific. Perhaps this is the greatest food-distress which befell mankind. In its calamitous consequences it fell only short of that Deluge Universal of which the earliest traditions of every race tell. The whole of what used to be called Independent Tartary must have been nearly depopulated, where rain had not fallen for seven years. In India the famine was preceded by a national mourning for the death of the Emperor's truly well-beloved spouse, Asaf Jah's daughter, Arzemand Bánu, afterwards Mamtáza Zamánia who occupied much the same place in the affections of her people as Princess Charlotte did in those of the British nation. Many were the public distractions after her death. Chief of them all, a devastating war in the south, carried on by the House of Timur against the Mussulman kingdoms of Bejapur, Hyderabad and Tellingana, was succeeded by an absolute and universal refusal of the clouds to yield the indispensable liquid for raising the food and supplying the drink of man. The wells and rivers, even the largest and deepest, were nearly all absorbed by the thirsty earth, which, for all the absorption, was still so dry as to exhibit yawning gulfs, here and there, and cracks at every step. The fields were barren and lonely, the orchards were a waste, all vegetation disappeared ; the cattle were either killed for food, or died for want of it ; and men, seized as by a common instinct, hastened to granaries and marts and ports. The seats of wealth and power were besieged, but wealth and power felt them-

selves paralysed at the magnitude of the difficulty. Bread riots, not to say robberies and murders, must have been a matter of course. No settled government in India, be it Mogul or Hindu, was ever indifferent to a wide-spread distress of the people for want of those necessities of life, the abundance of which has generally sufficed, with a naturally non-energetic Asiatic people, as compensation for political degradation and petty oppression, and Shah Jehan was not in the least wanting in his duty at the crisis. It is not proper, with at best imperfect materials at command, to pronounce, in a grave matter, a deliberate condemnation on rulers who probably did the utmost they could, under circumstances of infinite difficulty and embarrassment, but if any thing was at fault in the Emperor's famine administration, or is doubtful in the twilight mist of history through which we discern the facts, it was his ability for meeting the unprecedented event, not his inclination. It is not related that he made any arrangements betimes to procure food. When the evil came, he met it in a right princely spirit. Great exertions he did not spare. He allowed in many parts of the empire large remissions of taxation, amounting to three millions sterling, a magnificent sum in those days. He freely gave money-alms to all the poor he could reach. But in a few months money became useless. Money by itself does not support life, and food was literally beyond price—being nowhere. The Government itself could not even supply its own army. While the wretched population was thus hard pressed, and, indeed, commenced to die of starvation, grim War did not take his rest, but kept up his mission, languidly enough, but for evil sufficient, for the imperial troops destroyed the slight crops in the fields through which they marched. Nor did Disease forget his opportunity. Between the three, the land threatened to assume the aspect of a dreary, "weary waste, extending to the skies."

But, whatever may be thought of his conduct during the distress, there can be but one opinion as to the justice or expediency of Shah Jehan's measures after it was over. By temperament he was little disposed to

piety. Both emperor and empress were regarded by the stricter Moslems as very near infidels, as indeed most of the house of Timur, except Aurungzebe, were. But, however light the *kalmá* (the Articles of Faith of Islam) sat on their conscience generally, they shared the impatience of idolatry in any form of the most bigoted *maulavi*. Shah Jehan had been enraged beyond measure at the behavior of the Hindus, who, during the famine, instead of sticking to their fields to make the most of any little facilities for cultivation they possessed, by waiting for any opportunities that might chance to fall to their lot, deserted in a body for their temples and shrines to pray to the gods and offer sacrifices in expiation of any crimes of theirs for which they were chastised with such an awful visitation. In the eyes of philosophers and philosophical princes it was certainly a silly behavior. It certainly tended to continue the famine even after the heavens were propitious and poured out their treasures of water. But had Shah Jehan been as watchful an observer as he was a profound philosopher, he might have observed that his Moslem brethren shared to the full extent the praying propensities of their Hindu fellow-subjects; only the absence in Islam of the paraphernalia of an august idolatry, with its countless gods and sub-gods and sub-assistant-gods and endless rites, such as the Hindus glory in, did not bring their praying into anything like the prominence of their fellow subjects of the other persuasion. Men, the generality of them, are too weak, as well in the West as in the East. In the presence of overwhelming calamities, whether public or private, whether it be an engulfing earthquake in Spain or in Peru or a famine in India, almost all men are apt to regard them as acts of Special Providence, and so the most God-fearless suddenly awake to the evil of their past course and are seized with remorse and betake to prayer, contrition and sacrifice as the only means whereby to avert the impending doom. The Day of Humiliation of enlightened nineteenth century Christians is a far from creditable hollow echo of the earnest faith of the honest Past. In the present narrative itself we have

seen how, during the period of Himun's triumph, when the manifold sufferings of the people were completed by the explosion in the fort of Agra, the people, Hindus, Mahomedans and all, behaved. But Shah Jehan had no respect for the mummeries ; and it was the easier to carry out his liberal philosophical vengeance against the absence of philosophy among his people now that the poor Hindus only had committed themselves in his discerning eyes. Possibly he was secretly annoyed at his subjects, fearful of dying for want of food in the remote villages denuded of their stores for use elsewhere, invading the great cities in vast numbers, and thus hampering the administration. He had a good joke at the Hindu pantheon, but it was a bad business to its votaries. He abolished the gods by royal edict. Much persecution ensued ; the zeal of the Moslems rose, who blessed even a nominally Islamite prince for affording them such a rare opportunity of cheaply securing Heaven ; temples and idols were broken ; every body vied with his neighbour in the meritorious work of iconoclasm. The Hindus, however, were not quiet. Indifferent to every other indignity they always reserve their heroism in defence of their faith. They split much Moslem blood, as they freely bled themselves. The extermination of the gods, even at the chief seats of power, was, however, not found to be easy work, and so, soon enough, the zeal of the fanatics cooled down. The Emperor, too, always philosophical, became suddenly wise in addition, and learnt the value of toleration. He quietly accepted the inevitable. The gods survived his crusade, as they have done many a time before, and since. Would that his lesson had sufficed for his successor !

It might have been supposed that long years must pass away—generations—after such a calamity as the last food-distress, before there would be a recurrence of any thing similar. But, taking for granted partial or local scarcities which occur at shorter intervals, not more than thirty years since, a wide-spread famine again loudly knocked at India's door. At the outset of the next reign, while Shah Jehan, like our neighbour Wajid Ali Shah,

beguiled himself with his concubines and dancing girls and musicians and jesters in the palaces and gardens of the imperial prison fortress of Agra, Aurungzebe was, as it were, punished with a severe scarcity in his just-acquired, but far from justly, dominions ; and the people apparently suffered for the sins of their master. But the ability which enabled the new Emperor to wrest power from his imbecile father and crush his rival brothers did not fail him at the new and different crisis. He combated with it manfully, like a great statesman that he was. He even exhibited a sympathy which was believed to be foreign to his nature—believed probably without foundation, from confounding guilty reckless ambition and religious intolerance with innate inhumanity. Nor did he, in his famine administration, make that distinction between Believers and Non-believers that one might expect from his character as the ‘the great bad man of prayer,’ (*namāzi*) of the age. He, too, like his predecessors, remitted the taxes ; he too expended his treasury most liberally ; only, as an abler administrator than his father, he did not waste his resources in the least ; he took care that his every farthing afforded more than a farthing’s absolutely-required relief. Sentimental liberality was foreign to his disposition ; no weak embarrassment in the presence of general suffering in so many parts of his territories confused his sense of what were the right measures he should adopt. But for the defects in his character already expressed or implied, he had been one of the greatest rulers in the world—had, what is not saying little, rivalled Akbar the Great himself. He was unquestionably the greatest famine-statesman we have ever had in India. Greater as he certainly was than any previous British Indian ruler, his policy may at a time of famine alarms like the present, be studied with advantage by the sage Lord Northbrook, and his active and indefatigable Lieutenant Sir Richard Temple. He did not attempt to ride over the crisis, jauntily, by the easy charity of cash payments—the indiscriminate giving of alms in money. He expended all his resources in purchase and transport and distribution. His enquiries established the fact of

the absolute insufficiency of food in the affected Provinces. He saw that money could not save the people, that men might die with rupees in their pocket. He must bring food to the door of his people, and he made heroic efforts towards that end. He secured grain under any circumstances, at fabulous prices, in every part of the empire where it was available, in the deltas of the Ganges and the Indus, and conveyed it by land and water to the distressed localities, throwing it across the interior to the remotest corners. But he gave not his dearly bought and difficultly brought staff of life away at random, as more imperial-minded but less wise rulers might have done. He utilized his funds to the utmost by the most minute arrangements for reselling it, allowing it to such classes as could take it up at reasonable, and even moderate, prices. Lastly, he gave gratuitous rations to those who possessed not the means to buy. His success was as splendid as his policy was sagacious and his exertions untiring. Thus he averted the depopulation of some of the best parts of his Empire. Thus is the impartial historian enabled to record the preservation of millions, without being called on to notice in any part of the famine-stricken area death from starvation or disease. The Emperor could not but meet with the just reward of his policy and generosity. They vastly consolidated his power—induced the people to forgive, if they could not forget, the crimes by which he acquired it,—made him, sourly man, for the first time popular.

The historical memoirs of the reign of Aurungzebe teem with many incidental references to scarcity in many parts of India. Most of the calamities were, however, due not to climatic causes—droughts or floods—but caused by the ravages of war and the exactions and plunders of conquerors or raiders. Sometimes, it is true, the miseries of the population were aggravated by the waywardness of nature; more generally by want of rain in required seasons. The Emperor's operations in the South, particularly, were attended with food distress, more or less severe, as often to the people as to the armies in the field

or besieged in forts. Thus we first read of the stress of provisions among the imperial garrison of Maoli, under Manowár Das, invested by Siváji immediately after his escape from confinement. * Next we find the imperial troops under Diler Khan and Abdul Karim near the fortress of Malka, near Kulbargá, suffering, in consequence of continued heavy showers for days, in so much as to lead to great desertion, and necessitate a retreat. There was hardly any grain for some days, and numbers were glad to live upon the roots of the plaintain and the date, a nourishment which brought on dysentery and death. † In 1693 (Hijri 1105) the scarcity among the troops of Zulfekár Khan, one of the imperial generals, was equally severe. ‡ We read of scarcity again soon after, and once more. § From the frequent mention of wells and rivulets being dried up or of the necessity of sinking new ones we conclude that the country was suffering from a partial drought and famine. The necessities of a large army and the oppressions practised in collecting supplies drained the land of its provisions and wealth, and in consequence of the general insecurity the peasants gave up cultivation, and endeavored, as well as they could, to live as bandits. ¶ Death from starvation had long before commenced in the imperial camp. ** The distress continued for months. Even at Poona, where the Emperor quartered after the fall of Khandwaneh, it was so severe that grain sold at 3 seers per Rupee (3 lbs. per shilling.) †† Meanwhile the evils of a general drought were added to those of the devastation of continual war. §§ Many of the inhabitants emigrated in search of subsistence. ¶¶ Still, undeterred by disaffection and difficulty, the Emperor pursued his war programme. *** Fortunately a few months later, rain visited some parts to relieve the people in some mea-

* Scott's *History of the Dekkan*, p. 18

† *Ibid*, pp. 47, 48.

‡ *Ibid*, p. 80.

§ *Ibid*, pp. 90 to 94, &c. ¶ *Ibid*, pp. 107, 108, and 115.

** *Ibid*, p. 108.

†† *Ibid*, p. 112.

§§ *Ibid*, p. 113. ¶¶ *Ibid*, p. 113. *** *Ibid*, 113.

sure, though in other quarters there were destructive inundations. Still the Mahrattas continued to cut off supplies and the imperial troops suffered dreadfully. Not long after the Emperor besieged the fort of Wakin Kera but starvation still prostrated his army and carried off many. Soon after we read of a severe want among all the garrisons. It would indeed be endless to detail the distresses of the army of Arungzebe and the people of the Dekkan. It was one long period of calamity. What the exactions and ravages of the invaders left, the Mahrattas and Pindaris and minor robbers appropriated, and the occasional cruelty of nature completed the ruin. Even the genial periodical showers, when they did come, failed to improve the country. With a few exceptions in the more secluded parts, nearly the whole South in the track of these wars was laid waste and deserted by the husbandman.*

The death of Aurungzebe is a turning point in the history of India. New and aggressive nationalities had already been born and older ones had received fresh accessions of strength; new powers were springing and able adventurers setting themselves up in all directions. The Mogul Empire, which the genius, talents and energy of the monarch in question could scarcely preserve from dismemberment, now rapidly declined. The contests for succession, the wars between rival aspirants and the dissensions of factions at the capital, precluded all ideas of the protection of the more distant Provinces. It may be imagined that to the holders for the moment of a slippery sceptre there was little leisure for civil administration. There was, for long periods, in many parts, no government. The people were left to their own resources; it was fortunate that, in the long enjoyment of indigenous federal institutions, unaffected by imperial centralization or political revolutions, the nation was a self-governing one. The revenues of the state were diminished and uncertain. Of course, under such circumstances, the annals of the land are confused and fragmentary. There is, therefore, a break in the continuity of the Famine History of the country. We are inclined to think that between the

* See Scott *passim*.

Aurungzebi Famine of 1661, and the commencement of the British period, there have been in India, excluding even the Dekkan, some occasions of local food distress, of more or less severity, if not widespread general famines. Even supposing drought to have been less frequent during the interval, there is no doubt that the devastations of war caused distress in many regions.

While famine, partial or severe, local or general, caused by climatic aberrations or the ambition, avarice or cruelty of man, so often desolated other parts of India, Bengal, with all her peculiar evils of frontier raiders and Mug and Portuguese inflictions, was singularly exempt from great food calamities. Few instances even of a local or artificial nature are mentioned in the histories of the Mahomedan Period, except the scarcity among the invading army of Amir Jumlá in Assam, from floods, assisted by the efforts of the Assamese in cutting off supplies, or the distress in Man Singh's army in the march to Iswaripur, Jessore, noticed in proper place. Sensible of the impoverishment of the state by oft-recurring famines, and afraid of the personal evil name incurred, among a superstitious people, by those during whose administration such calamities occurred, the rulers of Bengal, by anticipation, set themselves to prevent them, until there actually grew among themselves a commendable rivalry to lower the price of rice, the great food staple of the country. As neither Shaista Khán nor Jeswant Ray, the two statesmen who in their respective days reduced rice to 8 maunds per Rupee, betook to the easy (for the moment) but unhallowed expedients of an Alauddin, they must have relied on measures for the progress of cultivation and the facilitation and stimulation of commerce. Under any circumstances they could not succeed if nature were bent on obstinately obstructing their aims. Perhaps their imperfect comprehension of the conditions of national prosperity and happiness caused some bungling, injurious to the advancement of the people's wealth. It is something, however, amidst the cries for food on all sides that their measures were effectual in securing their subjects an abundance to live upon.

The next great Famine of which we have sure, if scanty, traces was one in Bengal in 1692. In the absence of any other than incidental notices of it, its severity and area may only be guessed from its being mentioned and vaguely compared with the subsequent great distress of 1752.*

For sixty years Bengal appears to have enjoyed an immunity from food difficulty. In 1752, however, she was afflicted with what is called by a contemporary native official a Great Famine. The year preceding seems to have been one of uncommon drought in most parts of Bengal. After the first six months distress began to be felt, till in October (1751) rice rose at Calcutta to the then high figure of anas 11 per maund, though wheat, being at the same price, was *comparatively* cheaper.

The scarcity continued all through the next year, 1752. Though there were copious rain-falls in many parts, the prospect was darkened by the loss of the entire crop in the low lands by inundation, so that in October at the same city, rice sold @ Re. $1\frac{3}{4}$ per maund (80 lbs. for 4s.), and the same quantity of wheat could not be obtained at less than Rs. 4, rates pronounced at the period, as they well might be, incredible.* At the capital, Moorshedabad, rice sold for six times its usual price,† and much mortality ensued.

We now come to the British Period. In 1757, the mock-fight of Plassey was fought. That event, though it immediately led only to a dynastic change, gave the English Company an ascendancy which its servants knew how to convert into ultimate sovereignty. Great changes, for good and for evil, have since taken place in the country. Not the least remarkable is a most remarkable climatic disturbance. With the rise of British Power commences the Era of constant and desolating Famines. The history of the latter half of the 18th century is a history of the fickleness and unkindness of Nature aggravated by the rapacity and want of feeling of a body of foreign masters, who

* *Selections from the Unpublished Records of Government, 1747 to 1767:* By the Revd. J. Long. Vol. I. p. 38.

† Orme's *Historical Fragments*, London, 1805, p. 405.

took credit to themselves for their energy when they seized the bread in the mouth of a dying people and withdrew it as revenue.

In 1763, early in June, there was 'great reason to apprehend a famine' in Behar. The authorities at Patna had 'come to the resolution of purchasing' and laying in 'a stock of grain on account of the Company.*' What for? the reader fancies. Assuredly not to distribute in charity or offer at moderate rates to the people when the crisis came, but as a good stroke of business—to sell to advantage. The next event of the kind will show all.

Passing a few noiseless years, we reach a period of almost universal distress in India. The memory of the year 1770 will probably last with the duration of the Bengali race. To this day it has never been recalled without a shudder. Dearth is common enough, even famines are not rare, but the calamity of 1770—popularly known as the *Manwantara* of '76 (1176 Bengal Era)—was a desolation of the first magnitude, which threatened the existence of the entire people. The previous year Nature was fickle and frivolous to a degree that roused the worst apprehensions. From the base of the hills of Nepal and Bhootan in the North, down to the South of the Peninsula, there was a very poor supply of rain in most parts of Eastern India, and an equally undesirable superfluity of it in the rest. The cry of distress from Madras was echoed back in Bengal. At first the North endeavoured to supply the necessities of the South. One ship load of rice was unfortunately lost on the way to Madras, and again another was sent. Then the growing fears for the revenue occupied a distant Company of Commercial Sovereigns' fitting agents in Bengal, while anxiety for the safety of their lives in the coming season absorbed the inhabitants. If the drought-stricken Western and Bhagirathi districts expected any help from the rich granary of the Eastern parts of the Delta, that hope was utterly crushed by the destruction of the greater portion of the crops in that quarter by a sudden and heavy down-

* Long's *Selections*, p. 323.

pour of rain for days together which burst the banks of the streams. The waters subsided, however, as quickly, but rice is a plant that requires for its maturity sufficient water at different times, and there was very little again in those parts at the right moment. A prolonged season of severe heat prevailed throughout Bengal and Behar. Masses of cloud gathering in all directions tantalized the cultivators, only to be dispersed by the wind before pouring their treasures on the parched earth. All the usual reservoirs of water became converted into dry beds and hollows. The drying process was accelerated in many parts by conflagrations from friction of trees by the constant high winds. Some harvest was gathered in the East and South of Lower Bengal, in those parts which were blessed with rain, or in which the rice lands were extremely low. All the rest of the country to the North, and all through the West up to the confines of Benares, were utterly blasted. In the following year the sufferings of the people baffle description. The grain that was in the country was inadequate. The quantity was reduced by the fires which occurred in many parts, particularly in Purnea and Dinajpore. But the misery was intensified by the exactions of the officers of inland revenue goaded on by the demands of their unsympathising British masters. To all the doleful representations of the native collectors, the Company's Chiefs turned a deaf ear. Hardly any remissions were granted; indeed a larger revenue was realized, almost at the point of the bayonet, than in previous years. British self-sufficiency is never weary of accusing native administrations of heartless disregard of the rights and happiness of the people, but the cruelty of the British Officers at the period in question exceed anything in an ordinary misgoverned Asiatic state. We must seek for its parallel in the proceedings of a Firoz Toghlak. In our days, when the exaggerated humanity of society in England and the cowardice of officials on the spot, both taking panic at the uncertain prospect of a dark season of partial drought, has caused something like a famine in some parts of these Provinces, it is almost incredible that the Company's Go-

vernment, after exacting almost every pice and more of the land tax in the calamitous year 1769, imposed an addition of 10 per cent. on the demand for the disastrous year 1770, in which several millions, composing fully over a third of the whole population, perished. So far from the revenue suffering, the whole sum, including the addition, was realized from prostrate and depopulated Bengal. Englishmen must now blush for a result of which their predecessors were proud as a proof of their activity. Dr. Hunter, with all his fairness, is still English enough to lay the blame of the cruelty on the native administration through which the English then ruled the country. He forgets that if the sovereign is callous he can never want instruments for oppression. Not only Mahamad Rezá Khán and Maharájá Shitáb Ray, the Naeb Nawabs or Viceroys of Bengal and Behar respectively, but all the Native Chiefs of the countries spoke out plainly—with the utmost freedom compatible with the fear of supersedure. Their facts, too, were corroborated by the English Resident at the native capital, Moorsshedabad, and by local chiefs, but to no purpose. Indeed, what official moderation could be expected from a body of foreigners whose private rapacity filled all other classes with shame and indignation! They not only interfered with the proper distribution of the scanty stores of grain, by repeated energetic demands on their agents in the afflicted districts, for the convenience of the more favored localities of their residence, but many of them, through their private agents, entered largely in the trade, as monopolists, with official power and opportunities, which they scrupled not to exercise in seizing the stores, collected at much cost and sacrifice, of private dealers, whether in warehouse or in transit on the rivers. Tool as Rezá Khán stooped to be in ruining the country, he, as a good Musulman, could not suppress his indignation at this unseasonable cupidity of men in power, many of whom compelled the starved cultivators to part with those little stores of seed rice which were their last hope of life for themselves and their own. His repeated protests were treated with cool silence by the English Coun-

cil at Calcutta. When at length these representations and the Calcutta indifference to them attracted the notice of the Court of Directors* in London, it was to supply them with a motive to commit an outrage on good faith and even decency. In language of righteous indignation they ordered a thorough investigation into the conduct of the high British Officers alleged to have thus misbehaved during the famine, whoever they might be. Their sincerity they did not leave their servants to guess. They betrayed their cloven foot by suspending poor Mahamad Rezá Khán himself from office and bringing him down to Calcutta and putting *him* on his trial for cruelty and monopoly of grain during the famine! The charge had never before been mentioned even in whisper, but the trial might at least divert the attention of the public from the white culprits and create a prejudice against any statements of the Naeb Nawab.* It would certainly stop Rezá Khán's mouth, and be a salutary example to the rash outspokenness of other natives, however high their position. Above all it was the first and most important step towards the *coup d'état* which they meditated—the seizure of the ostensible Government of the country on which they had set their heart. A charge preferred in secret by a single individual† against the Naeb Nazim was as respectable a plea as was ever put forward for such a Machiavelian policy. Thus Rezá Khán was suddenly snatched away as it were from the capital to the English Head Quarters, there to answer an impeachment the articles of which were to be concocted at leisure when Hastings succeeded in bullying the Minister's subordinates or tempting his rivals to stand forth as accusers.‡ To

* The Directors' Secret Committee Letter, of 8th May, 1771, in Gleig's *Memoirs of Hastings*, vol. I., p. 219. See also the Letter of the Directors, dated 28th August, 1771, paras 9 to 44, quoted in full in Bolts' *Considerations*. (Part II. Appendix) vol. III. pp. 260-66. This important Letter is not given in Gleig. In Dr. Hunter's *Rural Bengal*, in which the facts damaging to the Directory, rather softened in the text, are given in naked simplicity in the Appendix, the abstract of the Directors' Letter hardly gives the true impression of their meaning which we have endeavored to convey.

† Házárimál. See Gleig's *Memoirs of Warren Hastings*, vol. I. p. 224.

‡ Gleig, *passim*, and all other authorities on the subject.

complete the farce, Shitáb Ráy, one of the finest specimens of the Oriental statesman and administrator and a perfect gentleman, against whose humanity not even calumny dared to breathe a syllable, the accounts of whose charge were transparent as spring water, was disgraced, apparently from mere wantonness, to keep, it was believed in native circles, his Mussulman brother-Minister in countenance before the country. § The difference between the two was illustrated by the way in which each bore his misfortune. The Hindu, who, received with every honor, and honorably acquitted, was re-invested with the Viceroyalty of Behar, felt his degradation by a set of foreign upstarts and usurpers to the quick, and returned, loaded with distinction, to die of a broken heart. The Mussulman, acquitted after a trial protracted by references to his enemies at Moorshedabad, pocketed his insults with equanimity, and, instead of fleeing the hateful atmosphere of Calcutta, danced attendance on his persecutors, imparted importance to their *levées* by his presence, swelled their conceit by sneaking in their ante-chambers, and spent his treasures on intriguers and flatterers, both native and European, who indulged him in the expectation of procuring him back his government.*

The British adventurers reaped the fruits of their policy. Rezá Khán was acquitted, but he no more complained of British monopolists and tyrants, and none of them were ever brought to trial. And the *coup d'état* was completed without bloodshed.

Yet English historians, with a narrow conception of patriotism, would to this day shift their countrymen's disgrace on to the heads of their helpless and demoralized native minions !

The mortality in the famine of 1770 was something truly frightful. In January from fifty to sixty deaths occurred daily in the streets of Patna. In the country

§ Gholam Hossein, the contemporary historian, says that Mr. Graham brought about Shitáb Ráy's disgrace from a desire to benefit Rezá Khán.

* Hasting's Letter to the Secret Committee, in Gleig, vol. I. p. 250. See, too, *Sier at Matákerin*.

at large the calamity was much worse. In April the death rate at Patna city rose to 150 per diem. Thirty to forty deaths daily were reported from city Purnea, and a little later so great was the mortality that pestilence was apprehended from the rotting carcasses. In three days upwards of a thousand of these were interred. On the higher soils more than half the population perished. First, all the money and effects were disposed of, then seed grain went, then everything else was mortgaged or sold for a trifle, then children were offered for sale at, we may say, a market without purchasers, and lastly men ate each other—even their own flesh and blood—in the very capital, Moorshedabad. In the Dacca country some contrived to live on aquatic plants and grasses and roots. Even these were wanting in the parched soil of the West and North. So great was the depopulation that when the earth was at length blessed with water there were but few men left to cultivate the soil. Few even of these had had seed grain left to begin with, and many betook to the cultivation of jungle plants.*

Even in this severe trial the people maintained their reputation for unostentatious hospitality and charity. Nor were the Native ministers and grandees found wanting in their duty. Shitáb Ráy was particularly conspicuous for not only charity, but also administrative prudence, so far as British indifference would permit him, in dealing with the crisis in Behar.†

And what was the example that the higher Christian civilization of the West set to the benighted East? Even Aurungzebe found it necessary, in a similar situation, to justify to the people the usurpation of a good father's throne. What did these foreigners do to palliate before God and man their seizure of an Empire at the antipodes of their own home? What were the works of humanity in which they bestirred themselves? None, whatever! Yet not exactly so. If they had no mind to relieve, they were ready

* Taylor's *Topography of Dacca* and Hunter's Appendix.

† *Sier al Matákherin*.

enough to outrage. They did *not* look on while "men in nations" died before them. They are not esteemed a people remarkable for humour, but on this occasion they exhibited a rare capacity for grim practical joking. At a time when hundreds daily perished for want of food in the streets of cities, and thousands in the interior, the Company disbursed in charity even at the District capitals at the rate of 10 shillings a day among 400,000 starving souls.*

So far from the British lords of the land thinking of any real relief measures, their single anxiety was about the *present* revenue. How hard it was for the people to pay it in—what scenes took place in realizing it—may be left to the imagination to conceive. Some officers had the humanity to propose the acceptance of taxes in kind, but it was rejected. The fiscal activity so was great that dying districts sometimes paid even in advance! The patient Asiatic, worried by the tax-gatherer's demands, at length parted with his ploughs and oxen to the instruments of an inexorable and powerful government far worse than anarchy, electing to die in quiet.† It seemed as if the English had made up their mind to wring out the last thing of value in the country and leave it a desert; to trade and colonize in some other quarter of the globe!

And a desert Bengal truly became, in the short space of one year—denuded of most of its accumulations, with its cattle gone, and full one-third of its population perished and many of the survivors wandering about, homeless, in search of subsistence, lean and unsightly ghosts.‡

Amid our endless tale of want and starvation and death, it is a relief, particularly at the period of our narrative at which we have arrived, when flood and famine, drought and death are the order of the day, it is a relief to dwell on occasional seasons of plenty even in isolated parts, if not in the whole country. Such a season was the year 1772 in East Bengal.§ But the country generally

* Official Papers in *Hunter*.

† *Hunter's Appendix*.

‡ Official Papers in *Mill and Hunter*.

§ *Taylor*.

had hardly enjoyed a decade's respite, when, in 1781, drought began to disturb it in the Upper Provinces. Two successive seasons of rainlessness, attended by high prices, ushered in a great famine in 1783. It afflicted the whole of Central and Northern India, from Behar to the Punjab, and extended even to Oudh—ever the mitigator of food-distress in the surrounding country and but rarely called on to experience it herself. The Government of Calcutta now appointed a Grain Committee for the regulation of the food supply of the country. In contrast with the policy of Mr. Day in Dacca, the Supreme Council, without any ceremony, not only prohibited exportation, but also fixed prices and compelled dealers to bring their stores out to market, punishing recusancy. In spite of these interferences, the importation of grain into the afflicted parts from the neighbouring Provinces, particularly Bengal, was brisk, in so much as to cause a scarcity in Bengal itself. Nevertheless the price ranged from 10 to 12 seers per Rupee in Behar and Benares up to 4 seers at Lahore. That last rate, in a poor country, means absolute absence of food, or certain death to millions. As a consequence great mortality with the horrors of starvation ensued, chiefly in the more inland country, and the bodies of the dying and the dead lay uncared for on the roads and the fields. This was the great Famine of Sambat '40 (1783-4) which, in its virulence lasting two years, nearly depopulated Upper and Central India.

Such a heavy Famine, spread over so vast an area of India, could hardly allow peace to any part of the country, however favorably situated by itself. Thus we find matters assuming a gloomy aspect in Bengal.

The entire yield of the principal harvest of that Province had been brought up in 1783 by Behar and the Upper Provinces. In the following year, 1784, the Bengalis, in consequence, depended upon their autumn harvest.* This, in the Western countries, does not seem to have disappointed, and the people there might have tided over the difficulty, even though prices rose high, which they could pay out of the proceeds of their sales of the pre-

* Taylor.

vious year to Behar and the North West. It happened, however, that there was a great demand this year for rice for countries beyond the sea.* Even the free exportation of that staple—for what is even now the quantity of the rice exportation compared to that of the produce and the home consumption?—even that exportation should not have mattered much, we suspect, if in those days the rulers—even the English—had not been jealous of such transportation of necessities. An embargo was immediately laid on it. There was, as we have seen, actually a Committee of Grain to attend to the regulation of supply and demand, that is, to impoverish the cultivators and, in seasons of distress, scare away enterprize, and make confusion worse confounded. A degree of misery must certainly have been caused by the most ill-judged interference of Government in proclaiming by beat of drum in every village that merchants should be severely punished, with fine and imprisonment, who concealed their grain, or refused to bring it to market, or sell at what the local officers thought a reasonable price.† Just the sort of folly to ruin the trade by forbidding men of capital and respectability from entering in it! In those days, when the Anglo-Indian Government was controlled neither by fear of the people, nor by the opinion of their countrymen at home, no little violence and extortion, we apprehend, was perpetrated under the authority of the Revenue Circular ordering the proclamation. Still the food in the country was evidently insufficient. All depended on the forthcoming weather. The hopes of the people were, however, soon crushed by high floods. These were greatest in the great rice-producing districts to the East, where they destroyed the autumn crop just as it was ready for gathering, by an early rise of the Megná. In the demand for other parts of the country, particularly the North West, in the previous year, the peasants there had sold off almost their entire stock of paddy (seed rice), and the loss of this crop at

* Seton-Karr's *Selections*.

† Revenue Circular in Girdlestone.

once sent up prices to famine rates ; 16 seers (32 lbs.) of rice could with difficulty be procured for a Rupee. The people now rested all their hopes on the great winter crop. So long as that was under water, the most anxious suspense prevailed. And not a little actual misery. For, during that season of uncertainty, when the prospect of a wretched death hung over the head of millions as a sword suspended by a hair, few if any would, for almost any price, part with their—for the moment even their superfluous—stores. Commerce and Cupidity knew that their stocks might mean fortunes. To the poor their smaller stores might be the only means of life for themselves and families. So the dealers, as usual, shut up shop, while the exchange of grain among the peasants stopped. Under a mingled sense of prudence and humanity, if not also under compulsion, the larger dealers would open their stores at night, but sell no more than a seer to each applicant. By October, the fate of the crop was decided. Soon the distress was at its height. Even the patient Bengali lost his temper. From clamour he proceeded to violence. It was just such a situation as not only to collapse the administration and shake the nerves of the keepers of the public peace, but also to rob the authorities of their brains. Even in our times, officers are too apt to look upon dealers of provisions as the common enemy, and, from a weak sympathy with the people, to do the latter the worst injury by paralysing trade and enterprise. In the Bengal scarcity of the day, the magistracy, under secret encouragement from the local Administration, unknown to the Government of India, unknown to the public of the Metropolis, coerced dealers in rice. In 1784, Mr. Day, Collector and Magistrate of Dacca, preserving the peace and protecting trade from outrage with the help of the military, and punishing rioters and plunderers without compunction, proclaimed a reign of absolute freedom of commerce. No doubt his wisdom and firmness, by stimulating importation, at the cost of no small unpopularity, mitigated much of the distress. The success of his policy was made visible to all when rice went down to 17 seers per Rupee, though when the

winter crop was still standing uninjured, 16 seers could be procured with difficulty. The brunt of the calamity was felt in the Eastern counties. If it was a scarcity on the banks of the Hoogly or Bhagirathi, it was a *bona fide* famine of tremendous proportions in Dacca. Farther east, in Sylhet and Tipperah, where the inundation was greatest, it was an entire desolation. Whole tracts were utterly under water, and men and beasts by thousands drowned to death. Even after the subsidence of the water, rice at Dacca was as dear as 17 seers per Re., where it usually sold @ 160 seers (4 maunds) for the same sum. Altogether one hundred and twenty Pergunas and estates were flooded, much of which area, from the utter pauperization and consequent emigration of the survivors, remained an uncultivated waste or jungle.*

In September next year, 1785, the great Ganges rising higher than it was remembered to have ever done, laid the district of Moorshedabad, except the capital and principal cities well protected by embankments, under water. This must have caused distress, though we do not read of it.†

But now a more terrible visitation than ever awaited East Bengal in particular, and the Province in general. It commenced in the same way as the Calamity of 1874. The Delta is liable to periodical inundations. In the last century, from the paucity of barriers or strong engineering works, they were, perhaps, even much more common. Nor are the floods necessarily evils. They are the chief source of fertility, and when not immoderate or long-continued, are, indeed, desirable. In 1787 this beneficent agency became a truly awful enemy to Bengal. The Ganges and the Brahmaputra, and many of the countless streams into which they split before joining the sea, overflowed their boundaries with violence, carrying before them houses and families and cattle and effects, many of which utterly perished. One of the great irrigating arteries, the Damudah,

* Taylor.

† *Calcutta Gazette*, Seton-Karr.

already a broad and full torrent, was, in twelve hours of rain on one day, early in October, so much aggrandized as to burst its banks and natural and artificial barriers. It demolished villages and towns, temples and memorial baths (*ghâts*,) drowning man and animal and destroying money and effects in the important counties of Burdwan and Hoogly. The greater part of the population who managed to preserve themselves by a timely retreat or shelter on the high banks of great tanks, or on trees or boats and rafts, returned, after the subsidence, to a wasted country in which they vainly endeavoured for months to eke out a living. In other parts of the Province, particularly towards the East, the inundation was still more universal and ingulfing, and of course the attendant horrors greater, and subsequent privations infinitely more telling. By the beginning of the following year, (1788,) distress had become general throughout the country, and, not the least, at the three principal cities of Lower Bengal, Calcutta, Moorshedabad and Dacca. On the 1st February, the English Governor-General in Council, not easily to be moved by distress in those days as we have seen in the visitation of 1770, was prevailed on to withdraw all duties or cesses whatever on grain—an order, which, once decided upon, Warren Hastings with characteristic energy seemed determined to enforce. As the month advanced, more vigorous measures were forced on the British authorities. Towards the close, it became necessary to sell grain cheap at Calcutta at the state expense, and to send grain to relieve the wants of Dacca. In the beginning of May heavy rains caused a fall of prices in Calcutta. At the same time, while one half of the marsh-land crop was saved, a supply of rice arrived at Dacca from Behar. In August still further rain banished alarms for the future. But the difficulty of the present was more serious. Already from all parts of the interior gaunt famishing wretches had commenced their “dead march” to the principal cities. With effort infinite, on shaky legs, they dragged their failing limbs and drooping head all the way from the country, in hopes of preserving life if they could but reach the seats of

affluence and power. Vain hope, alas ! for most of them. The people of this country, whether Hindus or Mussulmans, are hospitable to a fault, and at such seasons of distress charity appeals with a shriek that can be ill withstood even by those who habitually listen to prudence. At Calcutta a subscription was raised for relieving the wants of those who had come there. At first raw rice and money were distributed, and afterwards boiled rice served out at Kidderpore, Boitakhana, and near the site of the New Cathedral, and a hospital was erected at the second place for the reception of the most infirm of the applicants. But the heavy rains of August proved a sore trial for the wearied and starved wanderers. After one shower, fifty were counted lying dead on one road, of 2 miles.

But the most heart-rending accounts came from the East. There, in 1787, all the elements combined against helpless man. For nearly four months and a half of that terrible year, from the early days of March to the middle of July, there was a continual shower. All traces of rivers and lakes were lost, and the land became one vast sea. Not to speak of the lower building sites and villages, even in the comparative table land (if such a term may be applied to such a case) of the metropolis of East Bengal, boats were the only means of communication from house to house. In the surrounding country, the tops of houses at length ceased to afford a resting place for the feet of man or beast, and the people contrived to live as best they could on rafts, which themselves were invaded for shelter by distressed reptiles and animals, and still more eager men and women. It is needless to say that all the crops of the year perished. Needless, too, to describe in detail the effects of the calamity, for the description of one drought or inundation or one famine, is the description of all others. Suffice it to remark that it was one of the severest afflictions suffered by the people of East Bengal, and ranks with the Central and Northern Famine of 1783-84, the Bengal Famine of 1770, and the Shah Jehani Famine of 1631 throughout India. Throughout a considerable

tract which experienced both, it effaced all recollection of the Scourge of 1770. The mortality was beyond computation. Those who survived the flood were killed by starvation. In July and August the prices had risen 300 to 400 per cent. in the city. Mr. Day, the good and wise Collector, made heroic efforts to save the wreck of the population. Still sticking to free trade as before, he remitted the duties, and appealed to Government for supplies from Behar. The importation by the dealers, was, under the circumstances of the period, infinitely brisk, but still inadequate. Large numbers, besides, had not the wherewithal to pay for their food. The Government supply, of which 7250 maunds only reached first in April 1788, came after several thousands had been carried off. A fire now broke out in the city, which consumed 7000 houses of the middle and poorer classes, besides destroying much grain and killing one hundred men. Those who could afford were glad to live upon rice at 4 seers per Rupee. The multitudes pressed on to the city, where the public subscriptions daily maintained some ten thousand, and the humanity of the well-to-do inhabitants many more. But thousands were too late, or too far gone, for relief. Mr. Day calculated the total mortality from flood and famine at 60,000 ;* other contemporaries at 70,000.† From the traditions still preserved, handed down by the oldest inhabitants of the last generation, from those who were eye-witnesses and sufferers, to men still living, whom we have ourselves carefully questioned, we should be inclined to think the estimate as far too low. We mean the estimate for the whole of East Bengal and not of the District of Dacca alone, for the calamity extended from Jessore and Faridpur to Sylhet and Tipperah. One fact, still spoken of by the people, will serve as an index to its severity. Of the vast numbers of slave Kāyastha families scattered over the East, much the majority sold themselves in the Great Famine of 1788 for food. For the most part, the Famine left behind it a depopulated country, with three-fourths of

* Taylor.† Seton-Karr's *Selections*.

the industrious classes killed off or forced to quit it, and several parts relapsed to jungle.

Among the most notable of the permanent economic effects of this loss of population were (1) the rise in the price of labor from its scarcity, and (2) the acceleration in the decline of the cotton manufactures of East Bengal, already commenced by the competition of England.

In the more westerly parts of Bengal the distress, though less, was severe enough. The country was inundated here, too, though not so generally as in the East in 1787.

Upper India which was able to come to the relief of Bengal in 1788, was destined the next year to require a return of the good offices. There was a failure of crop in Benares and farther West, and so great was the demand for grain from Bengal that it sent up prices considerably in all the Districts from Patna eastwards. Happily no severe distress was experienced in these premises, though in the North West there was evidently a considerable scarcity in 1789.

There was drought with all its attendant distress, in both the years 1790 and 1791 in various parts of the Indian Continent.* The chief seats of suffering were Upper and Central India, where the absence of sufficient rain had been the order of the day in many parts, since the drought of 1781, leading to pinching scarcity and at length culminating in several of them in a great Famine in 1792. From Rajputana and Central India, in particular, rain had been withheld for some years. The scarcity in Malwa, at length became so great in 1792, that in June the inhabitants of Oujein, still farther pressed by the presence of an army (Sindhia's) near them, began to desert the city in large numbers.† The same season of the same year was, likewise, one of distress in the South. The scarcity was particularly severe on the Coromandel Coast, from the confines of Orissa all down to Madras. It was worst in the

* H. T. Colebrooke, in his *Life* by his son recently published, p. 48, and the *Calcutta Gazette* of the period.

† *Selections from the Gazette*, vol. II. p. 339.

district of Vizagapatam, where good cargo rice sold for Rs. 10 to Rs. 12 per bag. Many thousands had perished there and the neighbouring parts before the end of June, 1792, and all but complete depopulation was threatened, unless large supplies immediately arrived. We have no distinct record of such relief, but let us hope that it soon came. To add to the horrors of famine, the district capital twice caught fire and was utterly burnt down, thereby not only rendering homeless the starving, but in a moment reducing to beggary thousands previously in good circumstances, and altogether swelling the already vast troop of the wretched.* It was not before November, that the Calcutta Government was emboldened, by receipt of the most favorable accounts of the crops from all sides, to permit free exportation.†

The next year (1793,) was characterized by a great Cyclone which visited the greater part of Southern Bengal. Accompanied by heavy and incessant rain, it swept away the villages in the districts to the south of Calcutta, destroying a great number of country craft with cargoes of rice, timber and lime, killing many lives, and laying the country under water. It was felt in East Bengal down to Chittagong, where the inundation was more extensive than had been the case for years. Distress must thus have been brought to many homes.

Scarcely two years passed away in perfect quiet, before storm and inundation again appeared to afflict the unrecovered land.

In 1795, the area of the disastrous visitation extended from the Peninsula to Bengal and Behar. The Hindu astrologers had predicted the calamity. On the Eastern Coast a flood was fixed for the 13th October. There were no signs of any such event at Vizagapatam up to a late hour of the 12th, still the people, relying on the repositories of their knowledge, deserted the town in numbers for the hills that night, while the rest took refuge in the most elevated situations in the city, on the tops of high buildings and so forth. The "enlightened foreign-

* Seton-Karr, p. 337.

† *Ibid*, p. 73.

ers" who navigated seas and had proved how they could punch the heads of the poor credulous native races, of course laughed the idea of science among Brahmans to scorn as something more ludicrous than that of moderation or wisdom among Jesuits—of their imagination. What must have been their astonishment, therefore, when at one o'clock in the morning of the 13th, true to the sacred oracle, the river suddenly swelled and violently burst its prison walls! Nothing could now stay its course. Houses and trees it laid in its course. Great was the consternation of the remaining inmates of the city. The confusion and terror were increased by the noise of the rushing water. Fortunately the work of destruction did not last long. The river retired, as at a signal, as quickly as it had advanced. By next evening the thoroughfares in the city became passable, after a fashion, and the following day the water of the surrounding country nearly subsided. A few lives only were lost, the people having been saved by their blissful ignorance and trustfulness by a timely flight. The loss of property, however, was great, and the subsequent distress for want of provisions very severe.

About the same time heavy rains in Bengal were followed by inundations in the South of Calcutta and in several districts of Behar, causing considerable damage and some distress. The greatest rise in the rivers was, however, in the district of Moorshedabad, where the water for the most part overflowed, rather than broke through, the embankments. Thus all the great manufacturing towns and marts, Sydábad, Khágrá, Kálkápur, Cossimbazar, including even the cantonment of Berhampore, up to Jiáganj and Kásiganj, were laid under water. Here, too, if many lives were not lost, the distress for want of shelter and food was most severe.

The month of November closed with a dreadful Cyclone in the Carnatic which uprooted villages by the score in Arcot and Wallajabad. It must have been the forerunner of wide-spread suffering.

We have brought down our history to the end of the 18th century. It has been seen that alternate droughts and floods recurred with increasing frequency and violence

with the Rise of the British Power, and recurred with ever increasing frequency and violence with its Progress. Towards the close of the century, both causes of ruin appeared quite thick and fast, and, combined with the unseasonable extortions of the trading Corporation into whose hands, under an inscrutable Dispensation, the destiny of the country had passed, laid the country almost irrecoverably low in the dust. The wrath of Heaven as expressed in the double scourge of unpropitious seasons and an unrelenting government, against a land remarkable for fertility and never before distracted by intolerable taxation, could scarcely fail to strike the less indifferent to human suffering among the British rulers on the spot. Thus, in December 1791, we find a young Civil Servant in the Company's employ,—who subsequently rose to official, and even more to literary, distinction, who was one of the earliest pioneers in the European cultivation of the Sanskrit, the first who opened the rich mine of Vedic Literature—taking the most despondent view of the prospects of India. *

We have thus gathered into something like a connected whole all the notices, for the most part fragmentary and incidental, imbedded, and almost concealed from view, in narratives of other kinds of events,—of food distress in India, from the earliest times down to a period within the memory of that useful member of society—the oldest inhabitant. Here we may well stop. Henceforward the records are copious and continuous. Their substance is accessible to the public in the Reports of Colonel Baird Smith, the Orissa Famine Commissioners, and Mr. Girdlestone. At this period the last gentleman comes out in all his strength. From the profuse stores of official papers both in print and in M. S., which were supplied him by government, he gives a most minute, accurate, and, in justice we must add, able and clear narrative of all the occasions of scarcity, great and small, which occurred in Upper India. He omits no detail necessary to be known in order to guide future state action in such

* Sir Edward Colebrookes *Life of H. T. Colebrooke.*

calamities. Yet, if the character of a grave state paper to which he, with good taste, rigidly adheres, almost precludes the possibility of the picturesque, it must be confessed that his incessant facts and figures do not encumber his pages, nor more than unavoidably interrupt the course of his story.

A REQUEST.

GENTLE love, my beauteous fay,
In the evening tide,
When Apollo in the Bay
Sinks, his wearied limbs to lay,
And, the splendours heav'ns display
Of the Dian bride,

Bathe my flowery grot in light ;
How this heart of mine
In that witching hour of night
Yearns to hear, my Angel bright,
From thy lips, in Cynthia's sight
'I am wholly thine.'

Sweet, say 'Yea,' and this unrest
No unrest will be,
Nor a tenant of my breast.
But as from a mountain crest
I'd be hurled, my dearest-best,
If 'Nay' come from thee.

R. MITTRA.

CAMBRIDGE, 6th March, 1874.

NOTICES OF THE SMRITIS.

No. II. (Continued.)

VISHNU SAMHITA.

CHAPTERS VII. TO XXII.

A PERUSAL of the *Vishnu Samhitá*, as far as we have analysed it, leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader as to the knowledge which the ancient Hindus possessed of writing. That knowledge must have been acquired long before it could become a trade or be recognized by law. Max Müller in his *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature* doubted the prevalence of writing in the Sûtra period of Sanskrit Literature, but Goldstücker met him on his own ground, viz. the grammatical Sûtras of Pânini and demonstrated beyond dispute that writing was not only known, but indispensable to the father of Hindu Grammarians. We can add some more proofs tending towards the same conclusion.

“The words for ink (*Masi, Kâlt, Mela, Gold,*) and pen (*Kalama,*) have all a modern appearance; and as to *Kâtyastha*, the name of the writer caste, proceeding from a Kshattriya father and a Sûdra mother, it does not even occur in Manû.”*

This argument falls to the ground if we admit the *Vishnu Samhitá* to be an ancient Dharma Sûtra, and though Müller stigmatises it as containing “large portions of Sûtras which have been worked up in a very crude manner into a law treatise,”† we beg leave to say that the remark is quite unfounded. The Vishnu Smriti as printed in Calcutta agrees in its order and distribution with the commentary of Nanda Pandita; and that it is a genuine work is apparent from the numerous quotations which all Law treatises make from it. We have already seen that the *Vishnu Samhitá* fully recognises the exis

* Max Müller's *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, p. 514.

† Ditto. p. 331, *Note*.

tence of the writer caste, inscriptions on copper plates and written bonds.

"If we take the ordinary modern words for book, paper, ink, writing, &c., not one of them has as yet been discovered in any Sanscrit work of genuine antiquity. Book, in modern Sanscrit, is *pustam* or *pustakum*, a word most likely of foreign origin."*

Pánini, however, in *Pum-linganushashana*,† Sutra 29, teaches that the word *pustaka* is optionally of the masculine or neuter gender. In the second Sutra of the *Stripumsalinganushashana*,§ he tells us that *masi* is optionally masculine or feminine. In the second Sutra of the *Pumnapumsakalinganushashana*, Pánini teaches the gender of *pusta* to be optionally masculine or neuter.

Dr. Goldstücker¶ has built an argument on a passage in the Sántiparva of the *Mahábhárata*, which contrasts the text or composition of a book with its material bulk. This passage, he admits, is inconclusive as regards Pánini. But Yaska,** who preceded Pánini, quotes a Sruti in which the same idea occurs.

We continue our analysis.

The important subject of evidence is next treated of in Chapter VII.

The regal state, teachership of the Veda, the state of an ascetic, gaming, theft, dependency, womanhood, minority, criminality, extreme age, intoxication, unsoundness of mind, accusation, being out-casted, hunger, thirst, calamity, and blindness arising from passion, disqualify a person from giving evidence. An enemy, a friend, one mixed up in the case, one who has been convicted of falsehood, and a supporter, are also disqualified; and so is one not named as a witness by either party. These distinctions do not hold in case of theft and heinous offences. To be credible a witness must belong to a good family, possess property and good character, be habitually a performer of sacrifices and

* Max Müller. p. 512.

† Táránátha's edition, p. 15.

§ Ditto. p. 39.

¶ Pánini, his place in Sanscrit Literature, p. 33.

** Quoted by Sayánáchárya, Müller's Rig Veda, Vol. I., p. 28.

penances, have children and grand-children, be learned in the Veda, and known to be truthful. A single witness is no witness, unless possessed of the above-mentioned qualities and agreed to by both parties. The *onus* lies on the plaintiff or he who speaks first, but where according to the nature of the case, the defendant has made admissions, his witnesses are also to be interrogated. When the cited witness is dead or exiled those who know what he said can give evidence.

From the parched waste of false evidence so widely spread through the country, a sad state of things for which the British administration of law is to a great extent responsible, it is refreshing to turn to the formula which Vishnu directs to be recited to intending witnesses.

The Hells destined for the perpetrators of what are technically known as the five *great crimes*, and those destined for the perpetrators of the *lesser crimes*, even they are reserved for those who forswear themselves. By Truth doth the Sun give out heat, by Truth doth the Moon shine; by Truth blows the wind and the earth supports itself. Fire and Water, the Sky and the Gods, all stand by Truth. A thousand *sacrifices of the horse*, and Truth, being weighed in the scale, the latter exceeds the former. The demeanour of a witness, the sage tells us, betrays his character. Whoever suppresses a truth, renders himself liable to the punishment ordained for false evidence. A party uses false evidence, at the risk of defeat, otherwise unmerited.

The Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Chapters treat of Trial by Ordeal, and require no detailed notice.

The Fifteenth Chapter, which treats of Inheritance, begins with an enumeration of the twelve kinds of sons. The enumeration of the *Paunarbhava*, or the son by a re-married woman, among these, is undoubted evidence of the prevalence of widow re-marriage in the Sûtra period, though from the words used by Vishnu it would seem that he recognised only the re-marriage of virgin widows. A *Punarbhû*, the sage tells us, is a virgin

re-married; and the commentator tells us that this practice is consonant to Manu, quoting in proof the following text:—

“If, on her second marriage, she be still a virgin, or if she left her husband under the age of puberty and return to him at his full age, she must again perform the nuptial ceremony *either with her second, or her young and deserted, husband.*”—Chap. IX. verse 176.

The whole subject is so interesting and important that we must reserve it for a separate paper, but we may draw the reader's passing attention to the particle *must*, which points to the re-marriage of virgin widows being a positive duty, and not like the re-marriage of adult widows an optional course left open to individual opinion.

The Sixteenth Chapter treats of the Mixed Classes, among whom are enumerated actors, hunters, economists, executioners, pimps and charioteers. When a woman marries with a man of higher class, her progeny take the caste of the mother, but when she marries with men of lower classes, she gives rise to Mixed Classes. It is while commenting on the first text of this Chapter that Nanda Pandita refers us to his commentary on the *Mitāksharā*, entitled the *Pramitāsharā*.

The next two Chapters (xvi. and xvii.) treat of the details connected with the topics of inheritance and succession, which we need not summarise as numerous passages from these are quoted in the current Law books which every practitioner has at hand.

The Nineteenth treats of funeral rites. The corpse of a regenerate man should not be carried by a Sudra, nor that of a Sudra by the regenerate. Parents are to be carried to their eternal rest by children, but this privilege is denied to the children of a *Dwijā* by a *Sudra* woman. The Brāhmans who perform this duty to one who has no one to look after him, enjoy the rewards of Paradise. Having carried a blood relation, the mourners, after turning right-handedly round the pyre, are to bathe with their clothes on. After libations of water, a cake is to be offered on *kusa* grass, spread

on the ground. They then change their apparel, and bite *Nimba* leaves at the door and enter the house treading the threshold; unbroken grains of rice are then to be thrown into the fire. On the fourth day the calcined bones are to be collected and thrown into the Ganges. As many bones find their way to the sacred stream, so many thousand years does the spirit of that man remain in Heaven. As long as the impurity (varying with the relationship) lasts, so long libations of water and a cake are to be offered in honor of the dead. The mourners should subsist on things bought or had without asking, abstain from flesh and sleep on the ground, separately. When the mourning expires, they go out of the village, have themselves shaved, anoint their limbs with sesamum or mustard paste, bathe, change apparel and finally return home. There, after propitiatory rites, Bráhmans are worshipped, for the Brahmins are Gods *seen*, and the other deities but *unseen* Gods. The Bráhmans sustain the Universe, and it is by their favor that the Deities remain in Heaven. Whatever the Bráhman utters, must come to pass. The Gods accept what the pleased Bráhmans dictate. The unseen Deities are always pleased when the seen Deities are satisfied.

The last sentence of this Chapter substantially runs thus :—The sorrowing relations are to be consoled, O Earth, with words which I will tell you presently.

We have started with the hypothesis that the introductory dialogue between Vishnu and the Earth is a later interpolation. The excessive adulation of the priestly caste and the address to the Earth, just noticed, incline us to think that the body of the work has been also tampered with.

After enumerating the gigantic chronology, which the Puránas have so elaborately adopted, an enumeration in which the *Yugas* are mentioned by name, the Twentieth Chapter proceeds. Time is eternal, without beginning and without end; but through all time there is no sure existence. Even Brahmá and the Gods have run through innumerable series. They who have the power to create and annihilate, even they cannot over-

reach Time. Of him who is born there is surely death, of him who is dead there is surely birth; this is unavoidable and cannot be helped. Since, by mourning, the dead cannot be benefited, grief should be mastered, and the funeral rites diligently performed. He that is accompanied by his good and bad actions, what can the relatives do for him, whether they mourn or not? As long as relatives mourn, the spirit of the dead finds no rest, but comes back instinctively to those who offer libations and the funeral cake. Virtuous actions alone accompany a man wherever he goes; that therefore should be the only help sought for. Take time by the forelock, performing to-day tomorrow's work, the evening's work in the morning, for surely death shall not wait to ascertain your convenience. As in this body there are infancy, youth and old age, so is there after death, the assumption of other corporeal forms; a wise man is not bewildered by this. As the result of previous actions, the soul animates different bodies, as new clothes are put on and the worn out thrown aside. Arms cannot pierce, fire consume, water dissolve, or air evaporate it. It is indestructible, eternal, fixed, without beginning, immaterial, inconceivable, and unchanging; knowing it, therefore, to be such, you ought not to grieve.

The Twenty-first treats of the Funeral Rites to be performed after the *asaucha*, or prescribed period of impurity that attaches to one whose relative is dead, is over.

At a *sapinda's* birth or death, the Twenty-second tells us, a Brahman, a Kshatriya, a Vaisya, and Sudra contract *asaucha* for ten, twelve, fifteen and thirty days respectively. When we remember the full adhesion, which the sage has given to the doctrine of transmigration, it is no wonder that he should speak of birth and death in the same breath. The definition of *sapinda* is the same as given in Manu, V., 60. The relationship of men connected by the funeral cake ceases with the seventh person. Mourning is enjoined for the death of the King or the preceptor in the Veda. The King is not impure as far as public business is concerned, and so are his officers

and agents in obeying his orders. When an inauguration of an idol or a marriage has been fixed before the death, as well as in times of anarchy and calamity, there is no impurity.

In a complex state of society, every person depends on others. No man's life, therefore, is exclusively his own. A suicide, like an out-caste, directs the sage, is entitled to no funeral ceremonies. He that weeps for him and he that lights his pyre, are only purified after performing the penance of *tapia kricchra*, which, we learn from the *Atri Samhitá*, consists in living for three days on six *palá's* of hot water daily, three days on three *palás* of hot milk, three days on a *palá* of hot *ghee*, and absolute fasting for the next three days.

Passing over various directions for Pharisaical cleanliness, it is refreshing to see that our author could rise higher. By water is the Body purified, by truth the Mind, by learning and austerities the Soul, and by true knowledge, Reason.

(To be continued.)

PRAN NATH PANDIT.

TO THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

THE morn now breaks—Oh such a morn ! The sky
Hangs like a gloomy, fun'ral pall o'erhead,
Fright'ning the heart with its bleak, dismal shade ;
While all around grim horrors meet the eye.
When lo ! the Sun ascends his throne on high,
And through his cloud-veil sheds a cheering ray,
Which promises a brighter, happier day,
And asks a suff'ring world to cease to sigh.
Salisbury ! Thou art the Sun, whose light
All India hails from Himmala to Sea !
The sun-flower of Hope now springs at thy sight,
Expands her face, and fondly turns to thee.
Oh ! scatter fast Misrule's dark clouds away,
Usher in glory Justice's bright day !

RAM SHARMA.

A RIDDLE.

I HAVE as many lives as the polypi,
Souls full many have reigned in me,
Once a preacher wise and great,
A sycophant once, who served the State,
A scholar next, whose trenchant pen,
Though erring oft in times bygone,
Now (in the heart of Babylon)
Pleads for the weak, as brothermen.
Once again, a man of feeling,
Just in his purpose, true in his dealing;
But of all the minds that have dwelt in me
In former times or latterly,
My present is the sweetest—what?
Condense his praises in the sole word Scot.
I have as many lives as the polypi,
Cut off my limbs,—and you shall see!
One member gone,—I am a *fiend*,
The worst perhaps that ever grinned,
Or dabbled in the printer's ink!
Half, half my body must you send,
Far in the deep Red Sea to sink,
Before of me you make an *end*.
Would you know more,—a wound on my side
(Pray do not ask me how or why,)
Might make me vulgarly scotched or *fried*,
And yet I would not wholly die;
Three wounds I have borne,—wounds gaping wide,
And still said to my enemies,—*fie!*

A PINCH.

JUST ONE WORD TO THE *Observed* OF ALL *Observers*.

"Any one who has seen a third-class gharry dribbling along with four limp and disjointed Baboos lolling inside, may, perhaps, be forgiven if he holds that indolence and inertness are the characteristics of the race."—*The Indian Observer*.

THANKS, *Observer*! so clever and smart,

We'll lay thy kind lecture by heart.

When next in a Gharry we roll,

We'd look daggers in body and soul.

One good turn deserveth another,

So here's to thee, complaisant brother :

O mind thou thy 'which's and 'who's,

Nor genders and numbers confuse.

Whatever thy merits, good friend,

Look—look to thy grammar and mend.

"There's a cheil among ye takin' notes." Mr. Sneer,—that first-class classical Huzrut, who is nothing if not critical, and whose vision, from constant observation of his own splendour, has become somewhat purblind, has honored himself and his class by an exquisitely appreciative article in the *Observer* of the 14th on the Educated Natives of Bengal, in which occur the following choice specimens of Anglo-Indianese :—

"Some people might be inclined to think that the first stage in such an inquiry would be to inquire if there are any defects in the Bengali intellect which account, wholly or partially, for *their* inability to master the English language, but not so Mr. Day."

"We know perfectly well the dangers that *await upon* plain speaking here."

“Here we come into contact with minds, in which the reasoning and imaginative faculties are altogether dormant, and *who* must trust to the memory solely, if they are to learn anything.”

** Heroically fashioned!** There in a single expression we get at the secret of Bengali decrepitude. *He* has nothing of the hero in him. He *must* * always be dependent upon some stronger race for food and protection; and so long as he remains thus English literature, and, indeed all national literature, will be to him as a sealed book. The spirit that animates *it* will be to him as one speaking in an unknown tongue.”

“The British Government is carrying a dead weight, which it is true cries out from time to time “See how we progress;” but proves on examination to be as limp and helpless as when *they* started.”

Surely dribbling in a third-class Gharry is infinitely less ridiculous than drivelling in such English as the above. Talk of the Baboo murdering the Queen’s English after that!

Y. C. D.

* These Italics are the *Observer’s* own—the rest *our’s*.—Y. C. D.

INDIAN MELODIES.

I.

THE STRANGER NOW REVELS AND REIGNS IN THE HALLS.

THE stranger now revels and reigns in the halls,
Where once in such glory and pride thou hast moved ;
And the voice of the alien is heard from the walls,

Whence stream'd the gold banner thy children so loved.
Thou art doom'd now to serve where as mistress before
The homage of kings and of princes was thine ;
And the brow, that once proudly a diadem wore,
Is now branded, alas ! with dark infamy's sign !

Thou art pale like the moon when the clouds veil her face ;
Not a star-beam of hope, not a glow-worm of joy,
Now gleam through the night of thy shame and disgrace,
Whose shade distils poisons that subtly destroy.
Untouch'd is thy lyre which the world lov'd to hear,
And mute is thy voice which once thrill'd with its song ;
While the soul-sick'ning music that falls on the ear,
Is the clang of the chain which thou draggest along !

Like a tree crown'd with starlets all glowing and bright,
Thy fair form once in beauty and loveliness shone ;
But as looks the same tree when 'tis wither'd by blight,
So sad dost thou look with thy glories now gone.
Neglected thy garment, dishevell'd thy hair,
Thy jewels all scatter'd and strown on the floor ;—
Thou sittest like Grief fondly nursing her care,—
The dead hopes of the past that will waken no more !

Like the springs on thy mountains thy tears ever flow,
 But the heart which they water still blooms not again;
 For thy sighs like hot winds in thy low-lands that blow,
 Blast the feelings that sprout into verdure in vain.
 Thy sons, so distinguished in science and art,
 So famed for their valour, in days that are gone,
 Now live but inglorious in anguish of heart
 Amid scenes where their sires their proud triumphs had won!
 Arise, my fair Ind! my lov'd country, arise!
 Too long hast thou wept o'er thy sad, fallen state;
 The moment invites, cease thy tears and thy sighs,—
 Yea wrest back with stout heart thy lost glories from fate.
 Let Britain be just, to her MISSION be true,
 Let thy masters in kindness once loosen thy chain;
 Soon the fire, which now slumbers all hidden from view,
 Will break out from thee in bright sparkles again!

RAM SHARMA.

For want of space the continuation of "Bhooboneshoree or the Fair Hindoo Widow" is reserved for the next Number.

ERRATA.

Page 107, at top, for April 1874, read April and May 1874.

" " at bottom, for No. XVIII. read Nos. XVIII. & XIX.

Pages 127 and 131, for Colonel Baird read Colonel Baird Smith.

Page 133, for Kalluk. Bhatta read Kulluk Bhatta.

" 128, for *Up in the Country* read *Up the Country*.

" 179, line 9, for *starveling* read *starving*.

" 180, line 22, for *procuring* read *obtaining*. L. 38, for *were* read *was*.

" 183, line 26 for *tself* read *itself*.

" 185, line 19, for *cheePLY* read *cheaply*.

MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE (NEW SERIES) WHOLE NOS. XVIII. & XIX.
 APRIL & MAY, 1874, Calcutta.

MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

JUNE 1874.

THE RISE AND FALL OF BUDDHISM IN INDIA— A PROVINCE UNDER NATIVE AND BRITISH RULE.*

DR. HUNTER'S "Orissa" is a master-piece of its kind. He has made excellent use of the materials within his reach. The field of Indian archæology over which he has travelled bears the foot-prints of many eminent scholars who have gone before him. The harvest was gathered in heaps by world-renowned *savans* who brought their native genius, illumined by the light of scholarship and criticism, to bear on the lifeless body of Indian history. They disinterred both fossil-stones and copper-plates, and with broken and disjointed relics, reconstructed the living humanity of an era gone by. By dint of learning and perseverance, unsurpassed in any age or country, they made hieroglyphic inscriptions give up their charm, and tell the tale of a departed nation. The names of Jones, Wilson, Colebrooke, Prinsep, and their fellow-laborers, will be revered for the profundity of their erudition, the extent and variety of their researches, the truth or at least plausibility of their opinions, and the life-long devotion with which they cast themselves on the

* (1) *Orissa or the Vicissitudes of an Indian Province under Native and British Rule* in two Volumes: being the second and third Volumes of the *Annals of rural Bengal*. By W. W. Hunter. Smith Elder & Co., 1872.

(2) *A Sketch of the History of Orissa from 1803 to 1828*. With appendices. By G. Toynebee.

(3) উড়িশ্যার ইতিহাস প্রাচীন কাল হইতে বর্তমান সময় পর্যন্ত, কটক বিভাগের ভূতপূর্ব ডিপুটি ইন্সপেক্টর জিণিবচন্দ্র সোম প্রণীত। (*History of Orissa from the Earliest Times to the Present Day*. By Shiva Chandra Soma. In Bengali.)

NEW SERIES, VOL. III., WHOLE NO. XX., CALCUTTA.

and contains a mass of curious and interesting facts. It is founded chiefly on Sterling's valuable essay on Orissa, which forms the main stock of knowledge regarding the antiquities and early history of the province which we possess, and embellished with some colouring matter which the author gleaned during his service in the province. It is written throughout in correct, idiomatic and elegant Bengali ; and it is much to be regretted that the author did not, as he intended to do, follow up his volume with an account of the chief cities, the pilgrimages, the literature and social manners and customs of the people.

Perhaps the most interesting problem of ancient Indian History, is to trace the rise and fall of Buddhism in this country. To find out how the two cardinal dogmas of Brahmanism, its exclusive system of castehood and its injunctions of sacrifices and ceremonies, gave way before the levelling faith of the royal catechist and his universal love ; how the voice of a solitary disputant silenced the furious yells of an irritated priesthood ; how reason and truth, advocated by a sincere conviction, prevailed over ignorance, folly and selfishness ; how it upheaved the strata of society and sent its revolutionary waves far and wide ; are questions which present abundant food for the antiquarian, the philosopher or the historian. So completely was Buddhism expatriated from the land of its birth, that a casual observer would be inclined to believe, it obtained no firm footing on its native soil. Nor is history unable to afford a real analogy to such a supposition. The faith, which satisfies the religious cravings of the most advanced portion of the human race, spread throughout the length and breadth of the Roman Empire, while Judea's plains, where its immortal founder paid the last tribute to ignorance, envy, and bigotry, disowned his teachings. The indelible vestiges that Buddhism has left behind it ; the deadly strifes it gave rise to ; the violent persecution to which it was subjected, and which, in its own day of success, it avenged in full on Brahmanism ; the architectural monuments which are scattered over the land, together with the direct testimony of foreign travellers ; give an unequivocal

cal lie to such a hypothesis. The indirect influence of Buddhism on our literature, religion and social institutions is even more patent. But while the Vedic and other remote periods of Indian history have engaged the labour of learned men, the more modern and much more important Buddhistic era has not received the same degree of attention. Fragmentary notices of this period have often appeared ; but an exhaustive account of all the information available of the time, incorporating all the inferences legitimately arising therefrom, awaits to form the task and the glory of some scholar to be.

Brahmanism may be said to have unconsciously borne the seed of its destruction in its own womb. It was pre-eminently an aristocratic religion. It opened the door of salvation to the upper few, and took no heed of the millions below. Its social divisions were of the most artificial kind. The legendary origin of the priestly class from the mouth, of the military and commercial classes from the body, and of the servile class from the feet, of Brahmá, threw a flimsy veil, even for ignorant men, on the selfishness and vanity of the ruling body. Learning was jealously shut from the eyes of the lower orders. They were taught to regard the Brahmans as living gods. Their piety was said to consist in an unshaken devotion to these terrestrial deities. Crimes of the same degree of enormity received a graduated punishment according as the guilty persons came from the higher or lower ranks. The material condition of the Sudras was always wretched. The aggrandizement of the predominant classes at their expense was no offence for the cognizance of the civil magistrate. The hereditary priesthood, with all its concomitant paraphernalia of privileges and immunities without the slightest claim to individual piety, merit or virtue, was always a festering sore to early Aryan societies. The extraordinary pretensions of the Brahmans gave offence to the military class, and the internecine feuds of the two are traditioned in the twenty one fights which Parasuráma had with the Kshatriyas, and by which he is said to have broken down their power. The legend of Viswamitra, who rose to the sacerdotal class from a lower

order, records an attempt to break through hereditary privileges. The early Aryan settlers experienced no small difficulty in imposing their authority on the aboriginal races. The struggles with the Dasyas and Rákshases, and the ever-renewed opposition which they presented to the progressing lines of the Aryan march, commemorate the armed welcome which the Sanscrit-speaking race received from their irrepressible neighbours. Twenty-four centuries ago, when the aboriginal tribes had a traditional remembrance of their lost power and prestige, when they were not completely deadened to the low level to which they were reduced, they formed a restless and discontented section of the Aryan communities. But Brahmanism was incapable of ministering to the true religious instinct of even the favored few. Its endless and laborious ceremonials, its meaningless jargon of never-ceasing prayers, and the self-inflicted tortures it ordained—acts which were performed by the hand but which left the heart untouched—failed to gratify the religious aspirations of thinking men. A pure and chaste life was not requisite for a claim to sanctity. Asceticism stagnated the energies of the soul, and paralysed its activity. It destroyed man's power to do good to his fellow-creatures, in which true piety always manifests itself. Men with religious feelings looked on these things with horror. To those whose natural emotions were not deadened by customs and conventionality, the prevailing state of society appeared revolting. They openly complied with forms which inwardly they could not help loathing. To such men, as to the discontented non-Aryan elements, the teachings of Sākya Muni were a god-send. The cause of the success of his reformation, was illustrated in the events of his own life. He was the son of the King of Magadh and came from the head-quarters of orthodoxy. At the early age of twenty-nine he reprobated the gaieties and pleasures of the court in which he had hitherto indulged. He reformed his life. Pursuing the religious tendencies of the age in which he lived, he became an ascetic. He found the system rotten to the core. It did not satisfy those longings after the good and beautiful for which his soul yearned.

He was aggrieved at the sight of the corruption and hypocrisy which were rampant on all sides. Lust, vice and greed stalked in all manner of disguises. No place was free from them. They haunted alike the cenobite's crypt and the gay Lothario's saloon. The platted hair, the ash-besmeared body, and the mendicant's bowl, as well as robes of gold and silk, the sweet-scented perfumery and the alluring delicacies of oriental luxury, indiscriminately sheltered and nourished a cankerous heart. He saw priests without priestly virtues. Men thought of regulating their persons, their dress and their diet, but never thought of regulating their desires. He pondered deep over this greivous error and came to the conclusion, that mankind ought to be reformed by being taught that the path of salvation lay over well-governed passions. Good, he declared, by the irrefragable law of nature, was to bring about its own reward, and bad to be overtaken by its necessary retribution. Nirvân or the soul's final enfranchisement from suffering, was the consequence of its perfect freedom from evil wishes. The high or the low, the proud Brahman or the servile Sudra, nay even the god of the Brahmanic mythology, was alike subject to this law. Ceremonials and austerities could not buy exemption from it. The effect of evil could only be overcome by a continued struggle for good. The aspirant after supreme bliss was not to bury himself under earth, clench his fists till the nails grew through them, keep his limbs continually stretched, till the nerves and muscles lost all power of mobility ; or hybernate for years in the recesses of mountains. He was not to cut himself off from the physical and moral beauties of nature, or deaden those pleasing emotions which have a legitimate scope of indulgence in outward creation. But universal love and controlling of evil desires were ever to remain the cardinal principles of action. Henceforward the battle was to be waged not with the elements without, but with the demon within. There was no virtue in tanning our living skin under the vertical rays of a tropical sun ; exposing our weak heads to the copious torrents of heaven ; or paralysing

our delicate organization by laying it open to the icy cold of winter. "What is the use of the platted hair, O fool ! what of the raiment of goat skins ? Within thee there is ravening, but the heart thou makest clean." "He who, though dressed in fine apparel, exercises tranquility, is quiet, subdued, restrained, and chaste, and has ceased to find fault with all other beings, he indeed is a Brâhman, an ascetic (Srumena), a friar". (Bhiksha)* The innate truth of these doctrines was the real cause of their success. It was the voice of nature crying without : Conscience echoed within. The moral instinct of mankind, has always perceived the exceeding goodness of virtue, but priestcraft has laid an incubus on it. Sâkya Muni blew it away into the winds. He made a clean sweep of the cumbrous ceremonials, the monstrous castehood and the worthless sacrifices to the gods. His system was specially suited to the temperament of races whom the Brâhmins trampled under their feet, but the ungarbled truth they embodied found their way, too, amongst the genuine Aryan stock. Brahmanism was never proselytising in its nature. It was a morbid growth of time and circumstances. It had spread its meshes and enthralled the intellect of one of the most gifted nations of antiquity, unopposed. The authority of its teachings was never called into question, and in consequence, it was devoid of a polemic literature. The national genius was not then exercised on the famous Nyâya. Buddhism found its enemy careless in the enjoyment of undisturbed security, and Sâkya Muni was a remarkable logician. Before the invincible battery of his arguments, the old superannuated fabric tumbled to pieces. For forty-five years he continued his divine mission, and before his death, which took place in 477 B. C., the greater part of Brahma Varta had been converted to his faith.

It will be seen from the above brief sketch of Buddha's teachings, that the change he inaugurated partook of the nature of a social and moral reform. Whatever incrustations of speculative philosophy were subsequently made

* Dhammapada of Buddha translated by Max Müller.

use of to wrap his doctrines, they were originally of a plain practical nature. The busy throngs of men do not pause to wrangle on abstract points of a theoretic creed or waste their energies on the unyielding soil of a verbal disputation. It is the solitary recluse that is left to beguile his perverted intellect by working at metaphysical perplexities. The masses require something definite to guide them in the difficult paths of life. This want Buddha professed to supply. The Indians had long before framed a moral code. Their ethics were not inferior in majesty, purity or grace to the inspiration of any age or country. That virtue pleased God and that vice offended Him, was the principal doctrine of their theology. The popular adaptation of ethical philosophy to mythology inculcated the same principle. Vishnu thrice incarnated himself to chastise wicked rulers of men. The two great Epics, indeed, the Rāmāyana and the Mahābhārata, work out, along with the national traditions a beautiful system of morality. But this was the voice of genius, which, now and then, in the ceaseless roll of time, thrills the heart of men. The belief and action of the world lay in an opposite direction. Men attached an undue importance to ceremonies and rites, irrespective of good feelings and good deeds. An utter renunciation of the former, and the concentration of thought, feeling and action on the latter were the burden of the great Reformation of Buddha.

The Aryan race after following down the course of the Ganges, seems to have taken a south-westerly direction, and established their colonies in Orissa. From the proximity of the Khandhs, Kols and Bhuyinás who inhabit the hills and valleys that bound Orissa on the west, it would seem that the Aryan communities in this part of India, had a large proportion of the aboriginal element. That element had lost all distinctness of type and character and become merged in the body of the Aryan settlers. Orissa was, accordingly, a soil best fitted for the spread of Buddhism ; and we find on irrefragable testimony that Buddhism arrived here as early as the fifth century B. C. It became the predominant religion of the people and the

reigning sovereigns about the time of Asoka (300-250 B. C.,) and continued in that state up to the fifth century A. D., when a reaction in favor of the Brahmanic movement became perceptible. The kingdom at this time passed from the hands of the Yavana to the Lion-Line.

The evidence in support of these statements consists, first, of the writings of the religious historians of Ceylon, secondly, the rock inscriptions containing the well-known eleven edicts of King Asoka, and the numerous monasteries, temples and pagodas of the Buddhists scattered all over the province, thirdly, the direct testimony of the Chinese pilgrim who travelled into Orissa about (399-414 A. D.) and of another Chinese traveller, Hioun Thsang, who passed through Orissa about (629 to 645 A. D.) The garbled accounts of this period given in the Madula Panji afford a strong corroboration of this accumulated proof.

What led to the persecution of Buddhism, after it had attained a considerable degree of success, is a question which is perhaps destined to remain enshrouded in ignorance and mystery. The commonly received notion seems to be that the Buddhists were persecuted with fire and sword by the adherents of Brahmanism, and either expelled from the land or exterminated. But there are certain facts which militate strongly against this hypothesis. The history of Christianity and Mahammadanism shows that religious antagonism springs up at the commencement of a new faith, and tries to strangle it at its birth. The opposition to Mahammad drove him from Mecca to Medina. The hostility to Jesus impaled him on the cross, at Galilee. The zeal of the Apostles subjected them to the excruciating tortures devised by a barbarous idolatry. But tradition does not record such deadly obstacles being put in the way of the early propagation of Buddhistic doctrines. They flourished side by side with Brahmanism, and enjoyed a reluctant toleration. The germ was allowed to shoot forth, to grow into a tree, to develope its beautiful branches and foliage, and bear a rich harvest of fruit and flower,—*then* the scythe of the destroyer came to fell it to the ground. When the aversion to new truths, and the antagonism provoked by

their opposition to cherished beliefs and time-honored dogmas wore away ; when their purity and the practical good they produced were known and recognised ; when they had obtained the accession of wealth, authority, prestige and learning to support them,—it was not likely that at that time should have begun the bloody crusade between the rival creeds. At least the annals of religious persecution—and, unfortunately for mankind, there have been too many of them—fail to furnish us with an analogy. A far more rational hypothesis would be to suppose, that new causes of enmity which were altogether wanting in the first stage of Buddhism, afterwards sprang up in its lines; that Buddhism in its latter days struck a very sensitive chord in the Aryan heart. The literature of both religions tends to confirm this view.

Buddhism gave a powerful impulse to the human mind. It broke down the hedges planted by habit and custom. It gave unlimited scope to free enquiry and free discussion. The intellect which had hitherto remained a slave to meaningless dogmas, was intoxicated by the first draught of liberty. It knew not where to stop. Whatever belonged to former times was rejected with scorn. It sneered alike on the form and spirit of the former religion. In kicking down the bloody sacrifices, the laborious rituals, and painful austerities by which Brahmanism had swayed the minds of men, it came at length to question the existence of that mysterious power which prompted this material worship. In its contempt for the means which were adopted to express man's gratefulness to God, it soon lost sight of the duty of veneration and prayer. From this stage, the hazy cold region of scepticism, was only one step removed. The conception of a Deity, void of passions and feelings, passed through successive metaphysical stages, till it was utterly ignored. A God who was carefully kept aloof from the work of creation, who did not concern himself with the moral government of the universe, who was a mere contemplative entity, was not a necessary part of the philosophy which was in vogue, and the idea was soon eliminated as a superfluous appendage. The speculative

mind was drifted towards infidelity, and philosophical Buddhism soon became synonymous with professed and systematic atheism. It was the open avowal of these dangerous dogmas, which arrayed the whole force of Brahmanism against it. A firm belief in the supernatural, was an essential characteristic of the Sanskrit-speaking race. At the dawn of society they deified the powerful and striking phenomena of nature. The sun, moon, winds, clouds, the sombre twilight and the refreshing dawn, called forth their poetic raptures, and, working on their reason and heart through the imagination, excited their devotion. Gradually as they were familiarised to the operations of nature, the awe and astonishment which they had inspired, abated. They gazed beyond the wonderful mystery and saw, through nature, nature's God. In course of time they worked out a monotheism which for its purity, sublimity, and truth, stands unrivalled in the religious beliefs of mankind, but a faint glimmering of which had dawned on the most enlightened intellects of Greece, and which was sullied with coarse materialism, in the Israelitish conception of Jehovah. An ardent piety was the foundation of Indo-Aryan social institutions. It strongly impressed their poetry, literature and customs. It was impossible for such men to contemplate with impunity, the unambiguous proclamation of atheism. It tended to produce a violent reaction against Buddhism, and induced those who had previously acknowledged it to quaver. It was this school of Buddhism, a school which had deteriorated as far from the teachings of Sākya Muni as from Brahmanism, that provoked the hostility of the latter. Sanscrit literature is replete with proofs of the war which the national faith at one time waged with atheism. The Nyāya philosophy of Gotama and several other metaphysical systems were invented to counteract its vicious tendencies. While speculative Buddhism thus diverged farther and farther from Brahmanism, and was soon launched on the tempestuous waves of scepticism, popular Buddhism approached closer and closer, till it completely coalesced with it. The practical morality and active love which the Reformer of Kapila

substituted in the place of the cumbrous ceremonies of Hinduism soon lost their ground. They were far in advance of his age, and, as such, could only obtain a slippery hold on the popular mind. When the first fervour of enthusiasm was cooled down, old things in new garbs took their appointed places. The pretenders to superior sanctity, though they did not submit their bodies to excruciating tortures, like the Jogees of old, retired from the busy scenes of life and buried themselves in cells cut out of the primeval rock. Costly sanctuaries were built in which the relics of Buddha,—his bones, his teeth, his hair and his ashes,—encased in gold, were deposited. These filthy remains of his once beautiful person, were believed to possess supernatural powers; they were worshipped with the devotion due to the Supreme Being. Temples were constructed in which figures of Buddha, in an attitude of deep meditation, seated under the sacred tree, were placed. The same profound veneration which was paid to the relics, was shown to these sculptures. The bloody sacrifices yielded to the harmless offering of flowers, fruits, and incense. National festivals were instituted to commemorate the chief events of his life. On these occasions, his golden relics, strewn with garlands, were exhibited in all the solemn pomp of religion, before pious crowds. Minds, degenerated by the basest forms of hero-worship, forgot the line of demarcation, originally drawn between Brahmanism and their own religion. The spirit of the latter had, indeed, sunk much below that of its ancient rival, and but little was now needed to assimilate it in form to the former. The Brahmanic gods, which had not been utterly dethroned but only cast into shady insignificance by the prominence which Sâkya Muni gave, in his system, to active virtue, soon regained their former importance. His votaries in their promiscuous worship of relics, saints and idols could not consistently refuse their attention to Siva and Vishnu, sanctified by the devotion of ages. For a time the public mind was in a state of oscillation. They wavered between the claims of the Brahmanic and the Buddhistic idols. One of the Orissa kings, for instance, was a follower of Buddhism one part of his life, and of Brahmanism in another. Some in

of them tried to conciliate both parties ; dedicating pillars to the sun and building monasteries for Buddhistic priests. About this time learned Buddhists were persecuted by the Brahmans, and were either destroyed or compelled to renounce their religion or leave the country. Their atheistic tendencies gave rise to a strong reaction in favor of Brahmanism, which was founded on the sure basis of theism. This brought a considerable accession of strength to the old religion, and Buddhism was completely ingulphed in it. How the once antagonistic faiths were fused together, is manifest from the fact, that Buddha, instead of being regarded as an enemy, has obtained a seat in the Brahmanic mythology. He is the ninth incarnation of Vishnu ; and though he has long left the scene of his immortal labours, the Jaganáth of Pooree is looked upon as his earthly identity. The principal events in the life of Ráma and Krishna were celebrated in the festivals of Jaganáth. Even the forms of Brahmanism were modified by Buddhism, and modern Hinduism presents a strange mixture of both.

Bábu Siva Chandra Soma, in pp. 70-71 of his work, relates some curious events as having taken place in the reign of Pratápa Rudra Deva, who ascended the throne of Orissa in the year 1426 (Sâk Era.) The first is that so valuable property having been stolen from the palace, the king, in order to test the merits of the rival religions, assembled the Buddhistic and Brahmanic sages, and asked them if they could trace out the thief. The Brahmans failed to accomplish this, but the Buddhists by means of their superior knowledge detected the thief and found out the stolen property. This induced the king to patronize the Buddhistic religion. The second is that, at a later period of his reign, he placed a snake within an earthen vessel and carefully closed it up with clay. The pot was then introduced into the court and the king questioned the priests who represented the opposite faiths, as to the contents of the vessel. The Brahmans said it contained only earth. The pot was then opened and was found to contain nothing but earth. After this the king renounced the Buddhistic faith and was converted to Brahmanism.

It is improbable that Pratápa Rudra Deva, who was learned, and deeply versed in the philosophical systems of his time, should have staked his faith on mere feats of legerdemain. Correctly interpreted, these two legends represent two different epochs in the religious history of the nation, and it is extremely unlikely, if not absolutely impossible that the two distinct eras were synchronous with the reign of the same prince. The first represents the age in which Buddhism had the ascendancy, and the second that in which Brahmanism swayed the popular mind.

From Buddhist to British Orissa, we take a long step. Dr. Hunter puts the revenue of Orissa, under the Lion-Line, whose territory was co-extensive with the present districts of Balasor, Cuttack and Puree, to have been £406,250, a year.* The revenue under the Gangetic Line is set down at £435,000.† It is also stated that the native kings relied on the land-tax as their only source of income. Now the actual land-tax from all sources, amounts to £168, 286. He attempts by these figures to show, that independently of the question of deterioration in the purchasing power of silver, and the consequent loss to Government for having commuted the rent in kind to a fixed money-value, only a fractional amount of the former land-tax is received by the present Government. His authority for these figures is the Purusottam Chandriká, which is itself founded on the Palm-Leaf records. Though it may seem presumptuous to question the figures of such an able statistician as Dr. Hunter, we cannot withhold expression to honest doubts on the subject. Orissa was finally brought under Mahamadan rule in the reign of Akbar and a careful survey of the Province was carried out by that able military and financial genius, Rájá Toder Mall. "Mr. Stirling who had access to many old and valuable vernacular records, estimates the revenue of the province, as it existed when we acquired it, at Rs. 15,89,732, under the Moghuls, and Rs. 14,40,000, under the Marhattas. Their actual col-

lections were, he says, certainly much less.”* “Their (the Marhattas’) average nett-collections for 12 years, (from 1198 Anli to 1209 Anli) were under Rs. 12,00,000, being Rs. 11,76,037.”† When we consider that the Moghuls came in very shortly after the fall of the Gangetic dynasty ; that they made a very careful examination of the resources of the country ; also that they maintained almost, in tact, the Hindu machinery for collecting the revenue, it seems incredible, how a revenue of £435,000 should have dwindled to below, £154,000. Again Dr. Hunter states, the Hindu Kings took full three-fifths of the gross produce of the soil, just as the Rájá of Parikudh does at the present time. Only the Brahman proprietors paid a much lower rent. If three-fifths of the gross produce were equivalent in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to £435,000, the value of the entire produce was £725,000. But the value of silver was eight times as much in Orissa then, as in our time.‡ This amount, therefore, represented in our money, would be £5,800,000. Dr. Hunter puts the total value of the gross produce of the three Orissa districts to be, £1,875,000 yearly§ or less than one-third of the above figure. If these figures are correct, what a decisive proof do they afford of the decline of a nation under foreign rule, and how small obligations does it owe to its foreign masters for the so-called material advancement of the country. But, however much the Urias may have deteriorated morally and intellectually, we hesitate to take upon trust that the yearly produce of the soil has sunk below one-third of its former value. It is much more probable that the statement made in the Palm-Leaf records is an exaggeration.

If the British were as liberal in surrendering any portion of the just dues of the state as Dr. Hunter would make out,—did the Government demand bear such an insignificant proportion to the gross produce as he puts it,—the first eight settlements made by the East India

* Toynbee's Sketch of Orissa History, p. 35.

† Collector to Revenue Board, 23rd May, 1847. Quoted by Toynbee, p. 53.

‡ Hunter's *Orissa*, Vol. I. p. 326. § Vol. II. p. 166.

Company's Officers would not have been such utter failures. "The revenue was enhanced during this period by about $3\frac{1}{4}$ lacs of rupees; being raised from Rs. 13,14,825 in 1804-5 to Rs. 16,37,924 in 1818-19. In 1847 it was Rs. 16,89,630, and in 1870-71, Rs. 17,36,725. Judged by the light of subsequent experience and more accurate information, it would clearly appear, therefore, that under the first eight settlements, the province was considerably over-assessed. Mr. Collector Trower denies this in a letter to the Revenue Board dated 23rd May 1817, and says that lands representing a *Jamá* of Rs. 40,000 were held by persons who had no claim to them. 'I am ready to prove to the satisfaction of the Board that no single estate is over-assessed, but on the contrary that if the ryots are fairly treated, every one of them will hold a handsome profit to the holder.' But *per contra*, the country had decayed ever since the Marhatta conquest. Under the Moghuls it was happy and prosperous. Our first assessment exceeded even the collections of the Marhattas by a lakh, to say nothing of other taxation and *salami* to the *amla*, at each new settlement. The annual *Jamá* of the Marhattas was, it is true, Rs. 14,40,000, a sum which was not exceeded until 1809-10, but their average collections during twelve years (from 1198 *Amlí* to 1209) were under Rs. 12,00,000, after deducting alienations and various expenses of collection and other sets-off while we attempted to collect the *Jama* to the uttermost cowree. The amount of the average yearly demand for each settlement, collected during the currency of the settlement, fell from 94 per cent to 27 per cent, between the years 1805-6 and 1818-19, and during the same period it was thought necessary to bring to sale 1,129 estates bearing a *jama* of Rs. 9,65,984. Many of these estates were sold more than once in the same year."—Toynbee, pp. 52-53.

Dr. Hunter is not weary of harping on the liberality of the British Revenue Administration. The elaborate case which he makes out in favor of his nation is no doubt creditable to his skill as an advocate. The conclusiveness of his argument, however, will hardly be admitted by

students untingered with his own national bias. The pressure and vexatiousness of taxation is one of the most prominent features of British Rule. Bengal Proper has, indeed, as regards the land tax, been saved by the genius of Cornwallis, but she has been saved at the cost of the same destruction of her ancient landed aristocracy from inability to meet the demands of the state as in Orissa, or, indeed, from this in combination with other causes, in the rest of India. In Orissa, as a temporarily-settled Province, not only has the entire land several times changed hands, but it has always been liable to such change.

Some margin of profit may, doubtless, have accrued to the landlord since 1837, the year in which the revenue was last adjusted. But two facts are certain which show beyond question, that the Government demand is *not* so low as one half of the landlord's receipts, not to say one-tenth of the gross produce. First, whenever there is a scarcity of crop caused by flood or drought, the state is obliged to make remissions of revenue to the landlords. This would be perfectly unreasonable, and indeed unnecessary, on the hypothesis that the landlords enjoy a yearly profit equal to the sum which they pay to Government. Secondly, the material condition of the Orissa peasant is extremely low; he is unable to lay by one year's provision against the day of want; and when a crisis comes he is the first to be swept away. Facts such as these incontestably prove how little wool is left on the back of the sheep.

After all, the settlement of the land revenue at half-and-half between Government and the landlords, in Provinces not enjoying a Permanent Settlement, is a pretence. In Orissa it is not even nominally true. Avowedly the Government takes from 60 to 68 per cent. Not a single estate in Cattack is settled at 50 per cent. The Road, Dâk, and other Cesses greatly swell the state exactions to a much higher figure.

But a comparison between the revenue paid to the native rulers and that which is paid to the present Government, can scarcely be fairly made. They were two *entirely distinct things*. The native princes resided within

the heart of their kingdom. Their capital was either Jájjpur, Bhuvaneswar, Cattack or Puri. They spent their income amongst their own subjects. In whatever way their money was spent, their subjects could not fail to be benefited by it. Their feats of extravagance might affect the distribution of wealth but never become the means of impoverishing the nation. If royal extravagance was displayed in erecting *topes* or hewing fantastic carves out of shapeless rocks as are found at Khandagiri and Udayagiri ; in decorating a city with figures of Gods and Goddesses and raising pillars to the sun as at Jájjpur and Kanarak ; or in constructing strong beautiful pagodas romantically situated as the Jagannath temples, the brick-layers, stone-cutters, sculptors and architects were drawn from the body of the nation. But when all the high posts in the country are filled up by foreigners who are domiciled 5000 miles away ; who look on India as a market to buy a fortune, in order to enjoy it leisurely at home ; who make a chief point in their career to spend as little and lay up as much as possible in this country, a process of slow wasting goes on which the richest land in the world is unable long to stand. The vital organs are eaten up and a mummy of skin and bone is left behind. What is the tribute which India pays to England ? Apparently she pays none, but in reality her life-blood is sucked. Apart from the moral and intellectual tribute which she pays by her subjugation ; the large number of Englishmen whom she pays princely stipends ; the myriads who find employment in commerce and manufacture for which India has opened out almost an inexhaustible field ; the interest which she pays to the English public creditor and the guaranteed corporations, make up a large monetary subsidy. Dr. Hunter says, 'public service in India does not lead to fortune; under the Hindu dynasties, it was synonymous with opulence.' Wealth and poverty are relative terms which have reference to the state of society to which the person compared belongs. The right standard in this case is the Indian and not the English standard ; and judging by the former there can be but little hesitation in saying that an English covenanted servant who has risen only to a district-

magistrateship or judgeship, finds himself in the possession of a handsome fortune.

The revenue of Orissa under the Moghuls, was only £1,50,000. The revenue of the same Province in 1870-71, exclusive of the Income-tax, was £4,50,000, or exactly three times as much. But what could keep pace with the Herculean strides by which the expenditure increases ? "In Cattack, the largest district of the Province, the whole expenditure on civil administration in 1829-30, the first year of which regular records survive, amounted to £1,14,438. In 1860-61, it had risen to £1,92,882 ; and in 1868-69, after ten years of government under the Crown, it had still further increased to £2,68,791. In Puri district, the total expenditure in 1829-30, was £12,357 ; in 1860-61 it was £16,722 and in 1870-71, £22,843. The total expenditure of governing Orissa has risen during the last forty-three years from £1,75,000 to £3,48,895."* The aggregated cost of governing Orissa as Dr. Hunter puts it, is £4,22,000.† Beyond doubt, much better protection to life and property has been secured, than under the Mohammadan rule ; but it does not speak very highly of the wisdom of a government which applies such a considerable portion of the resources of the country merely for defraying the cost of protection.

Dr. Hunter joins in the well-known cry of the Indian revenue falling short of the exigencies of the state. From the Secretary of State to the district annalist, there is but one voice, namely, the public purse is too small for meeting the demands of the rising civilisation of the country. If civilisation were advancing as fast as it is stated to be, or were an augmentation of the expenditure of government a safe criterion for determining its progress, most assuredly every Indian ought to congratulate himself. With such a fast-turning machinery England would have but a short task before her. Take the case of Orissa. The revenue has more than tripled itself since the time the Marhattas were ejected from the province, and the expenditure has kept as close as possible to this increase. The civilisation of

* Hunter's *Orissa*, Vol. II. p. 133. |

† Vol. I. p. 325.

the country must have, by necessary sequence, advanced by multiple three, and if six represent the highest fluxion which the quantity civilisation is capable of attaining in the case of an Indian race, the Urias will have the whole course run out during the next seventy years. But sober-minded men view the matter in a different light. If civilisation means the development of the intellectual and moral faculties of man, the rise of a spirit of scepticism, enquiry and investigation in the place of credulity and superstition ; if it consists in training the mind in habits of patience, application, firmness and combined action ; in habituating man to prefer the good of society and of mankind to his own good ; if it implies an intimate acquaintance with the operations of nature, and a tendency to apply that knowledge to increasing the stock of our material necessities and comforts ; it can be but of a slow growth. It must be inborn. It must be the outcome of the nation's own intellectual workings. You may prepare the soil ; supply the necessary heat and moisture, and even manure the land. But the seed must germinate, grow into a tree, and bear fruit and flower, by its own vitality. You cannot transplant a full-grown plant into a new soil. A civilisation of this innate character, there was in ancient India. What is now called civilization is altogether a different thing. It is a foreign plant ; its roots are not fixed in the soil. It is held up by artificial props, and is, of course, liable to fall down the moment those props are withdrawn.

We hear of a public work being necessary for developing the resources of the country. A company is formed, its scheme is matured, the necessary capital estimated, its profits are liberally guaranteed, and the shares are paid up. The work is executed in as extravagant a manner as possible and set to working. After some years of experience, it is found that its proceeds fall short by far the guaranteed interest. An additional tax is levied, which is another name for a general compulsory rate, for making up the deficiency. Is this not a signal proof, that the work in question was not needed ? A compulsory rate for supporting a work of public utility is only

justifiable when the danger to be averted by it, is of such an imminent character as to threaten the destruction of the lives and properties of a large number of men. Canals for irrigation-purposes, in as much as they place agriculture beyond the chances of season, and prevent droughts and famines, are undoubtedly such works.

A salient feature of British rule in India, is the utter destruction of our indigenous institutions. Those remarkable social organisations which embodied the earliest efforts of man at political life, which survived the lapse of ages, and saw the overthrow of successive dynasties, have, in the course of a few years, become a matter of antiquated history. Swarms of conquerors came, and in turn spread devastation and ruin over the land. The Affghan, the Moghul and the Marhatta followed one after the other, to fix their iron-yokes on the neck of the land, and despoil her of her riches. But the village-communes acted as the great bulwark of the nation. They were the break-waters which rose above the storm and turned the waves of rapacity and oppression. The tide of conquest bore away whatever floated on the surface, but left unruffled the under-current of life. A change of rule substituted a new body of men for receiving the sovereign's due, but the political relations of individuals with the state, remained unaffected. A village guild is a republic within itself. The Headman, the Accountant, the Watch and the Panchayet combined the functions of the collector, the magistrate, the judge and the police. The land-holders, the permanent tenants, the temporary tenants, the laboring class, the shop-keeper, the village-barber, and the village-smith, represented humanity in various ranks and phases of life. All the elements of a small agricultural commonwealth and the agents for ministering to its wants were found within its limits. The Headman, the Accountant and the Watch represented the sovereign and the people. They received their remuneration from both sides. They apportioned the public assessment on the several landholders, kept a list of the classes of lands, the persons who held them, protected the crop and property of the subjects, collected the

revenue and paid it to the financial officers. The village-Punchayet of which the Headman was *ex-officio* president, acted as the jury in civil and minor criminal cases. At a time when the general administration was of a rough and superficial character, when it failed to enter into details and afford that protection to life and property which society required, when the state-demand itself was uncertain and fluctuating, depending on the season and state of the crop, the advantages of such a system cannot be gainsaid. When foreign invasion or internecine warfare brought the machinery of civil government to a stand-still, the village commune alone held together the social fabric. It conserved the materials with which empires were constructed. It had an elasticity of its own. Any extreme pressure might for a time keep its vitality in abeyance, but could not render it extinct. Its motive power was from within. It was deeply rooted in the habits, customs and affections of a people, and became a part of their instinct. Founded on this broad basis, it worked so harmoniously as to seem a self-acting organism. In judicial matters, the village-punchayet was free from two evils which are conspicuous blots on the existing administration. First, it relieved the suitor from those heavy expenses which tell ruinously on the unfortunate petitioner in our present courts. Secondly, the village-jury adopted a plain, homely procedure which was in keeping with the intelligence of an ignorant, rural population, and markedly contrasted with an extremely technical procedure, a highly elaborated code of evidence, and a cumbrous method of appeal and special appeal which obtain in the forum that has been substituted in its place. They commanded local knowledge and possessed an infinite variety of means for reaching at the facts of a case, and not being hemmed in by special rules of law, were in a position to mete out substantial justice.

The introduction of the English financial system was a death-blow to the village communities in the Lower Provinces. Its scheme of civil and criminal administration sealed their doom in other parts of the country. Perhaps their machinery was unsuited to satisfy the

requirements of the material condition of the people, the numerous descriptions of private rights it gave rise to, the keen interest which the increased security of property generated for its preservation, and the growing intelligence of the nation. But their utter demolition has been attended with serious consequences. It created a landed middle class and was so far salutary. The loss of revenue it involved, and the necessity it caused for jealously watching the interest of the cultivators, and protecting the latter from harm at the hands of the class which was interposed between them and the Government, belong to another aspect of the question. This has been insisted upon by Dr. Hunter. But the question has got a far more important bearing. The village-communities afforded scope to the general body of the people for taking part in their own administration. They gave them a responsibility and an interest in looking after their common welfare. They gave them a degree in the first of political lessons, the necessity of acting together. In a country where Government is entirely despotic ; where there is a total absence of popular representation ; where even executive functions are in the hands of foreigners ; where municipal institutions are few, and even those existing are governed by the ruling class ; where the people are shut out even from the minor details of administration, such as an extensive jury-system would lay open ; the utility of village communities, which gave them some power and required them to judiciously exercise it, cannot be over-estimated. They would have formed a link between the governed and the governing body. They would have furnished an easy means for gauging the popular wants and wishes. One of the greatest difficulties which the English administration has to contend with, is the extreme apathy of the people to all questions of a public nature. They have got an imperturbable quietism. Nothing can move them to take an active interest in questions which materially concern them. They are silent spectators of everything that takes place before their eyes. Public spirit seems to be totally unknown. Yet these are the people who, a few years ago, under other circumstances, depended on their own good sense for the

protection of their life and property. But our early English administrators had no sympathy for the indigenous village-systems. These were considered to have long outlived the period of amateur-judges and amateur-magistrates. In the "enlightened" eyes of our new rulers, the poor agricultural municipalities of India were but relics of barbarism. If they had been able to perceive their popular tendencies, and the facilities they afforded in initiating the people in the art of self-government, and tried to preserve them in a modified form, by eliminating their vices and retaining their virtues, they would have conferred a great boon on the country. The late Lieutenant-Governor, in one of those snatches of penetration which his worst enemies do not deny him, and which, when combined with snatches of sincerity, were occasionally beneficial to the people, expressed his willingness to impart vitality to the indigenous institutions of the country. Commenting on the civil administration of Assam, he said:—"Mr. Carnegie, the Sub-divisional officer of Jorehât writes, 'When exercising Moonsiff's powers, I found that nearly all disputes leading to cases, except tradesmen's suits for goods sold, had been previously brought before a *sâlis* [an arbitration] for settlement, and that my court was in reality used as a court of appeal from the decision given there by those dissatisfied with the justice meted out to them. I generally took the trouble to find out, what decision the *sâlis* had come to, and almost invariably found it one essentially just, though not legal according to our ideas.' The Lieutenant-Governor trusts that every encouragement should be given to this system of arbitration. The supply of judicial affairs no doubt creates the demand for litigation to a very considerable extent. This is generally the case and must be so; but His Honor trusts that in Assam the courts will not encourage anything that tends to the obliteration of an indigenous agency and of indigenous customs having the force of law."* But with our present machinery of judicial administration it is impossible to revive or keep in force the village-jury. In order to do that it is necessary

* Supplement to *Calcutta Gazette*, September 10, 1873.

that the whole scheme of civil government should be recast.

The Mahammadan conquest of Orissa is illustrative of the various fate of an Indian Province under fanatics and under statesmen. While an impolitic and barbarous Afghan king sent the furious Kálá Páhár to invade the territory, persecute the Hindu religion and goad the people with insult and oppression, the final conquest of the province remained to form a laurel of the humane and wise Akber. His Hindu General, Todar Mall, defeated the Afghans, respected the Hindu religion, secured the inhabitants in their rights and privileges, and finally groupded the Moghul sovereignty not on the sharp edge of the sword but on the firmer basis of the good will and affection of the subjects. As a reward for this achievement, Todar Mall was appointed Prime Minister of the Indian Empire. At a later period of the same reign, when the obstinate Afghans broke out into revolt, another Hindu General, Mán Singh, gave them battle and finally crushed their power. He followed up his success in the field with such wisdom in the cabinet that Orissa was glad to accept a subjection so desirable as that of Delhi. For this great service the Rájput hero and statesman was raised to the court-rank of Commander of Seven Thousand Horse—a distinction reserved for the most favored Princes of the Blood Imperial alone—and enjoyed the still “nobler appellation” of the Son of the Emperor.

The prudence of England, her cold calculating habits keep her equidistant from both extremes. She is incapable of sending out a savage iconoclast like the Hindu convert to Islam, to establish military despotism at the point of the British bayonet. But she is alike incapable of the magnanimity of placing a Todar Mall on the Vice-regal Throne, or appointing a Mán Singh to command the British Indian Army. Such flights of statesmanlike courage never entered Christian imagination. British policy in the East in particular is a policy of selfishness more or less disguised. Whatever may be the value of England's intentions, her deeds do not exhibit that high-mindedness, that appreciation of human nature, that regard

for national aspirations, which from her enlightenment and culture we should expect. Her policy is characterised by a singular narrow-mindedness and want of foresight. It is not grounded on the broad catholic basis of love and good will. Its cardinal feature is a most costly monopoly of power in the few to the exclusion of the many. It is infected with two sores which eternally fester and throb; first, the complete denial to the people of any share in the government; and next, an enormous and ever-increasing taxation. The expediency of opening the legislature and the justice of fairly opening the Civil and Military Services to the natives of the land are both axiomatic propositions. Putting aside for the present the question whether India is ripe for a representative constitution, it can hardly be seriously doubted that the executive functions of administration ought to be largely exercised by her sons. But England has poured cold water on their ambition. The Military Service is completely shut against them, and though the Civil Service may seem open, it is open only in name. The very external conditions of admission are a bar to the majority of the people. The mere holding the examination in England, which entails on the Indian candidate heavy expense, trouble and personal risk, and moreover requires him not only to break through the bonds of society, but even to sacrifice his religion, deters the great bulk of the nation from competition. It is impossible to defend a rule which places almost an insurmountable obstacle in the path of one class of candidates and secures to another immense advantages. Reason and justice point to an opposite course. The road ought to be laid smooth for those who have got a natural claim to regulate their own affairs. Coming from amongst the governed, enjoying their sympathies and possessing a deeper acquaintance with their habits, institutions and feelings, than can be expected of foreigners, Indians are much better qualified than any others to be placed over Indians. Nor can it be urged with any pretence of good sense that men who are born and educated in this country, who are destined to spend their lives amongst their

own countrymen, are intellectually and morally so materially altered by a short sojourn in England, as to justify their compulsion to undertake the journey, at any cost. How England can maintain a position fraught with so great an amount of iniquity and inconsistency, is a marvel. In regard to the Military Service, if the ranks of Commissioned Officers were opened to the natives, in all human probability such a bloody catastrophe as the Sepoy Revolt would not have shaken the British in their dream of security on the basis of mere brute force. Confidence breeds love and gratitude. The past history of India shows with remarkable uniformity that power and trust reposed in the hands of her sons were never abused. The Halcyon days of the Moghul Empire were those in which a Hindu commanded its armies, and a Hindu held possession of its purse-strings. The Decline and Fall of that Empire dates from the reign of the bigotted Arungzebe, who inaugurated a policy of exclusiveness and persecution, which completely alienated the entire Hindu population and at last overthrew his dynasty. If, therefore, England desires to render her rule a blessing to the two hundred millions of human beings who form her Indian subjects ; if she wishes to subdue them by her irresistible goodness whom she has conquered by her invincible arms, or, as in Bengal and elsewhere, brought under her sway by her state-craft ; if she intends to consolidate her power on their willing acquiescence ; if she is animated with the noble ambition of deserving the gratitude of a large portion of the human family ; if she aims at the regeneration of a fallen nation in the East with the *elixir* of her Western literature and science ; nay, if she merely means to discharge the duties of ordinary justice and expedient moderation, and practise on a grand scale the Divine rule of her own Christian morality, "Do unto others as you would be done by," she ought—though the remark is trite enough, and almost sounds like bathos in this connection—to throw open all ranks of her Services promiscuously to the Indian and the European, the high and the low, on equal terms, conditions and privileges.

THE VENGEANCE OF MEDEA.

I.

WHY is your brow so dark, Medea ?
What grieves your woman's heart ?
Is it that of man's deceit
You knew not by your art ?
O'er Jason's perjured truth
Go immolate your ruth ;
Despised your love for Glaucé's face,
Call vengeance from the gods
On Creon's house and race !

II.

The presents from a rival's hands,
Oh Glaucé see how rare !
A fine-wrought robe, a wreath gold-twined,
To bind thy raven hair !
And Glaucé smiling puts them on ;
But ah ! that smile was quickly gone,
By terror chased away :
" I burn ! I burn !" she cries aloud ;
Her father, pressing through the crowd,
Enfolds her in his arms ;
Beware Medea's awful charms !
Oh hapless maid and hapless sire,
Ye both consume with mystic fire !

III.

What further fears are there in store ?

What mean Medea's groans ?

Like Ino, madden'd by the gods,

She kills her own two sons.

Hear'st not their cry, ill-fated one ?

How soft for life they plead ?

Her hand is firm, her stabs strike deep ;

Behold the babies bleed !

Unhappy Jason comes too late,

And barred is the Colchian's gate.

IV.

But see ! she passes through the air

By winged dragons drawn,

The bodies of her slaughter'd sons

Are on the chariot thrown.

" Jason, thy love I now despise,

" The fruits at Juno's shrine I'll lay ;

" Then go to wed Pandion's son ;

" Mourn thou for these, grow old and stay :

" Medea's love you could forget,

" Her vengeance you'll remember yet."

S.



REMINISCENCES OF A KERANI'S LIFE.

Chapter XXXI.

ABOUT FARMING AND THE MUTINY.

“**I** WONDER,” said the Colonel, “that, with such notions as you entertain, you came to serve the government in such a capacity as a Kerani.” “What else could I do? Englishmen do not seem to see that the field for selection for us is a very circumscribed one.” “Why there are the professions open to you as to everybody else—Medicine and the Bar.” “The higher grades in both are not quite open to us; or rather require a visit to England, which is not very convenient to every body?” “Cultivation? Farming?” “Yes; farming would pay handsomely. The thing is not understood in the country now, and, if it be carried on fairly, cannot fail to be very remunerative. But you know the native objection to cattle-farming; we can’t rear to kill.” “Fudge! nonsense! Why, my friend, at every Poojah—excuse me that I use strong words—you kill most brutally and unnecessarily hundreds and thousands of cattle as hecatombs; and after that can you possibly feel any real compunction in slaughtering animals for the sustenance of human life?” “You argue very strong indeed. I cannot justify the prejudice; but, like many other anomalies, it does exist, and therefore is cattle-farming impracticable for an orthodox Hindu.” “But you are not an orthodox Hindu, surely?” “My seniors are, and I am bound to respect their feelings in the matter. Besides if I did establish a good farm, would I not have many troubles along with it? Your Indigo Planters have the bad name of making free with the

cultivation of other people whenever they find it of advantage to them to act in that way. Will not European cattle-farmers of the same stamp rise up and try their hand at cattle-lifting on a wholesale scale?" "Try their hand at cattle-lifting! Why man, you threatened me with the quarter-staff the other day. Could you not make that ring in earnest on the head of a rival cattle-farmer? That is the way the Dandie Dinmonts settle such differences in my native land, and you must do likewise." "Just so, and be perpetually in hot water, and perpetually bribing the amlahs of the law courts. The work would doubtless be very remunerative, but perhaps not very pleasant." "You should go and live in Utopia then, if you want everything to be made very pleasant for you." "I should indeed; only I don't know whereabouts it lies."

A very good man was the Colonel. He liked to provoke me to speak freely with him, and never betrayed the slightest impatience when I retorted; but on many subjects we thought alike. An assistant of the Account office had accompanied Peel's brigade against the Mutineers as a police-officer, I think. He brought with him various articles as booty, such as gold and silver ornaments, silver-plate, shawls, brocades, velvet *chadurs* worked with gold, and the like. He held a market of them in the office, and many were the purchasers. I did not buy anything. This was observed, and the Colonel who came in asked why. "I don't know, sir, how these things have been come by." "Why, they have been taken from the mutineers red-handed, I suppose." "Or possibly from people who were called mutineers that they might be plundered?" "Now, now, that is very uncharitable, surely. Do you think that a party of Englishmen, with an educated, kind-hearted English officer at their head, could be guilty of such a dereliction of duty as that?" "Well, I don't know what to say. The English officers in cold blood would do nothing so brutally unjust, I know; but they are demons when their blood is up, and this the mutiny has proved incontestibly everywhere. People have been hanged and shot

to death who were no more mutineers than you or I, and whose only misfortune was that they came across the avenging parties by accident. Just look here, Colonel ; here is a nose-ring, an ornament used only by females. Do you mean to say that there were females fighting among the mutineers ?" "No ; but the trinket was doubtless found among property belonging to the mutineers ; how come by they knew best." "Or may be it was torn off by the avenging army from the nose of some poor woman who did not know where to fly for protection." "Ah ! you are a poet, with a fine, vigorous imagination, and will doubtless give us your version of the mutinies in an epic by and bye." "Full of stories more dreadful than those told by Ugolino ? No ; the governors would not like anything of that sort coming from the governed. I would be set down as a mutineer myself if I attempted it. We must leave it to Englishmen to state the story for us, and my confidence in Englishmen is so great that I have no doubt that, sooner or later, the tale will be most faithfully told." "I thank you indeed for the compliment," said the Colonel ; "you are the most queer native that I have known."

Chapter XXXII.

BEGGARS ON HORSE-BACK.

SET a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the d—l, says the adage. True, but then who is to blame that he does ride so ? Not the beggar surely, but he who places him on horseback.

There was such a beggar in our office—an Englishman of exceedingly rough manners. His antecedents are not known to me. He had been a school-master, and was picked up for the office on being turned out from the school, under the impression that a pedagogue must necessarily be a dab at figures. They made much of him because he was English born, though in reality his stupidity was as dense as granite. Besides this density he had some other recommendations. His partiality to

the bottle once brought him into serious scrape. He had been summoned to attend the High Court as a Juror, and had there committed a nuisance—the cat may as well be let out of the bag—he had ***** in the jury box. The Judge was furious ; but after a severe lecture he contented himself by imposing a fine of Rs. 50, if I remember aright. This was the man, Sirs, who found favor with an Accountant imported from the deserts of Cobi ; and they made him—well, never mind what they made him ; they placed him on horseback.

He was an altered man at once. No one who spoke to him without a preface of three *salaams* was ever looked at. He issued orders after orders like the Czar of Russia, and the assistants subordinate to him had to codify these, and append to them an alphabetical index for prompt reference. Written replies to his questions not submissively worded were returned as incomplete and impertinent ; verbal replies were arrogant if not interlarded with the word “sir” after every five words. One day an assistant *not* subordinate to him was going down the staircase when he was coming up. The assistant, though a nigger and on small pay, had made no *salaam*. “You there, why don’t you make your *salaam* to me ? Do you know who I am ?” “Yes ; I know you very well ; but there is no *salaaming* order in force in this office.” “Will you make your *salaam* to me or not ?” “I shall consider and let you know.” “Will you make your *salaam* now, on the spot ?” “No, I wont.” “Very well, sir ; that will do.” The eyes threatened ; but the threat did not fructify. Perhaps the gentleman from Cobi who had placed the beggar on horseback was ashamed to back him in such a ridiculous squabble ; and so the matter dropt.

Scenes equally ridiculous are acted every day in Government offices, there being no lack of indigent equestrians in most of them. One fellow, an East Indian, but placed in authority, enters a room where he finds a poor clerk who has just come to office quite weary seated on his chair. The clerk had not risen from his seat ; why should he ? he is occupying his own seat, and is doing,

or is about to commence, his own work. "Why don't you rise from your seat when I come in?" What is the man to do? His position does not allow him to ask in return, why he should? He is therefore obliged to render the homage required of him.

I remember having once witnessed a different scene, which I record here with pleasure. A native assistant used to wait in the portico every day till the head of the department, a European, came to office, when he would make him three humble *salaams* and then go about his work. This went on for some days without any remark. At last the great man could hold out no longer. He sent for the assistant in his own room, and asked him why he *salaamed* to him in that manner every day. "Either you take me for an ass whom you fancy you can easily buy over with your meanness, in which case you are a knave; or you are an ass yourself and do not know what you are about. Now, take care that I do not catch you at this trick again; for, if I do, I will degrade you."

Another scene of a different sort may also come in here for want of a better place to put it in. One European Registrar was a little deaf, and used always to place his open hand behind the ear when listening to anything attentively. A native assistant took it into his head to imitate him in this, possibly expecting that that would please the great man. He found out his mistake soon. "God d—mn you, Sir," exclaimed the pious Registrar; "why do you put up your hand in that way? I do it because I am deaf; you are not deaf, you blockhead."

Chapter XXXIII.

THIS PICTURE AND THAT.

I HAVE depicted some drunkards before. I shall here give the life of another representative specimen of the class. Judoo was the son of a poor widow, and was known from his earliest days as a very nice young man. Fathers singled him out as a model for their children to

imitate. "He has nobody to look after him, yet see what a good boy he is reckoned at school. If you can only be like him I would be fully satisfied." Such or similar were often the confidential exhortations of many a parent to his son. This young man, the pride of his mother, in whom all the affections of her widowed heart were centred, left school with credit, got into a Government office, and for a long time pursued a steady and exemplary life. Promotion follows steadiness; at least often, if not always: and Judoo got on pretty well in life—very well indeed, for one of such poor parentage. Unfortunately he got into an office in which there were pickings to get besides pay, and these fluctuating additions to his income undid him. The devil's fee does not come in for nothing. It was something distinct from his salary, and did not find a place in his regular accounts. How was the money to be spent? He was no longer a young man now; the heyday of life had already gone by; but the man who had been strict in his morals in his youth, now that he was the father of several children was not ashamed to frequent the shops of infamy. One crime brought with it another; the company he had chosen could only be endured under the fumes of brandy or usquebaugh; the bottle therefore stepped forward where it was so absolutely needed.

And now he found his perquisites too small to keep pace with his habits. There was first his light-o-love to maintain; and next a supply of spirits and necessary accompaniments to be found every night for self, her, and such others, her friends, as she chose to bring in. The pickings in the office could not cover all this expenditure. The comforts hitherto allowed to wife and children began therefore to be curtailed. But still ways and means did not square; debts began to accumulate, and the interest that had to be paid for them only made the difficulty still greater; the consumption of liquid fire began also to increase, and at last the office accounts were tampered with, which upon discovery was visited with dismissal.

Income and pickings both gone, how was this man now to live ? The widow mother died broken-hearted ; the wife, from comparative comfort descended to wretchedness ; the children were utterly neglected and grew up corrupt almost from their youth ; while their father dangled after the rich, helping them in their vices and living on their charity. Was brandy given up ? No. One son was killed in a brawl in an empty-house ; another convicted of burglary and imprisoned. Fearful was the visitation of the Most High ! Do we always read them aright ?

As a counterpart to this picture I shall give that of another widow's son, who started life under still poorer circumstances. Yes, this widow was very poor indeed ; she went from house to house in her neighbourhood to collect for her son, perhaps for herself also, the leavings of rice and curry in the kitchen ; and also for torn cloths and torn shoes ! Her son received no education—absolutely none ; all her exertions were barely able to keep body and soul together ; and when he had become a big lubberly boy he entered the Engineering school. Very little scholastic attainments were required in those days for the study he selected ; he learnt his profession well ; even at that time he was propped up by the collections of food and clothing made by his mother from house to house. On one occasion she came to me with a most woeful countenance to say that her son must go to school bare-footed unless I could give her a pair of old shoes. He is now an Assistant Engineer, I believe, and contemplates giving up the appointment, to open out a professional career for himself independent of state support.

Take another instance. A young widow with two children, a boy and a girl, came to Calcutta from the mofussil to see what could be done for them. She took service with a rich family as a menial servant, worked with extra zeal to win favour, and succeeded. Her boy was taken in hand by the head of the family, and received an education along with his own children. He benefited by it sufficiently to be able to retain a good

appointment which his patron's exertions obtained for him, and was, in time, able to secure a fortune and position for himself.

These instances are not ideal. In the first case the bottle seared up all the promises of early life. In the second and the third the opening prospects were not half so hopeful as in the first; but Ahriman was not allowed admittance, and the design of Ormuzd bore fruit.

Chapter XXXIV.

THE LAST.

AS an assistant in favour I had occasionally to dance attendance on the higher Covenanted officers of the Department at their private residences, and this gave me an opportunity to observe their modes of living attentively. It is well known that they all live in grand style when their families are with them; but I observed that when Mem Saheb was away they lived very poorly indeed. Of one gentleman the sleeping cot was more wretched than the one I use, nor had he more than half-a-dozen chairs in his house, the whole furniture of which was as rickety as could well be conceived. Nor was his an isolated instance. Altogether it seems to me that the native mode of living is, on the whole, not less expensive than the English mode *minus* Mem Saheb's expenses on finery, education of the children in England, and the cost of wines. The beef and the *moorgee* may cost a trifle more than fish and vegetables; but the waste of cooked food in native families is something awful, as each member is served separately, and what remains on the platter of one cannot be transferred to that of another, nor taken back into the kitchen. Perhaps not less than one-fourth of the food cooked comes thus to be thrown away. The cost of clothing would probably on both sides be also found to be equal, or nearly so. It is true that the Baboo goes about half naked. But his shawls, and *pagrees*, and *kincobs* cost a deal more than the shirts and coats of Mr. Brown; and even including Mem Saheb's finery, the gold and silver trinkets of Gocool

Money run up the expenses of Ram Bose to a very heavy amount. Of course old Brown has to pay a large sum of money for house rent, while Ram Dada occupies the little fort his ancestors built a few years after the flood, on which he has never laid out more than 20 Rupees a year in repairs. But the original outlay on Castle Dangerous must have been pretty considerable, and the interest on that money, if it does not quite come up to the monthly disbursement of Brown, is still a good set-off against it. Brown's expenditure on wines must be considerable, against which Ram Churn, if orthodox, has nothing to show beyond the eight annas a month he pays for his tobacco; but his hopeful, Mr. Bose, promises to run up the account under this head in a short time; and then the accounts will probably be squared on both sides, provided the present practice of Ram Bose, Siboo Bose, and Hurro Bose congregating together under the same roof is simultaneously abandoned. The go-a-head generation is fighting hard for an equality, and will have it—in respect to expenses at least. They already call their thrifty fathers "pigs," classing themselves doubtless under the head of "monkeys." The pig has the reputation of being a stupid animal, and the monkey that of a devilish clever one; but naturalists will observe that species vary.

I have spun out these reminiscences much longer than I intended. A contribution of this nature can of course be protracted to any length; but I am very averse to take advantage of that circumstance. Enough, says the adage, is *as good* as a feast; my comment on the text is that enough is *better* than a feast; and, as the reader has had enough of my notes and lectures, our parting for the present is well timed.

VIRTUE.

A COMPARISON.

No. I.

I.

SEE how yon banian spreads its giant boughs,
And looks the mighty monarch of the plain !
Through rolling ages it expands and grows,
Defying summer blasts and autumn rain.

II.

Its branches with their pendant roots and long,
Form each a parent stem of stately size ;
And there the feather'd warblers pour their song,
Concealed among the leaves from wond'ring eyes.

III.

And many a village nymph in youthful bloom,
And many a matron with her prattling train,
Come tripping there to bless the sacred gloom,—
Grateful alike to panting beasts and men.

IV.

Thus Virtue flourishes serenely fair !
Thus she attains to as sublime a state,
Uplifting high her noble brow in air,
And braving all the storms of angry fate !

V.

Each good deed thrives a stately living tree,
 Whose roots around the feeling heart are wreathed,
 Awak'ning notes of sweetest ministrélsy,
 That voice or harp, lyre or lute ever breathed.

VI.

The weary and the heartsick roaming by,
 Oft seek and bless the shade that Virtue gives ;
 And a good life, though flesh may quickly die,
 Green through long ages like the banian lives !

No. II.

I.

How merrily yon *pansways** play
 Upon the bosom of the stream !
 They dance and sport like children gay—
 So full of life and mirth they seem.

II.

When lo ! the ocean surge,—the bore—
 Comes foaming, frothing, tearing on ;
 The placid stream is ruffled o'er,
 The sportive *pansways* all are gone !

III.

And all are gone, tree, sun and sky,
 Reflected on the river's breast ;
 While lashing, dashing, splashing high,
 The angry wave uplifts its crest.

* Green boats.

IV.

Ah ! such is still the course of life !
When fortune smiles, how calm it flows !
And free from cares and passions' strife,
We seldom think of coming woes.

V.

How like the little *pansways* then
Merrily dance with joyous pride
The little hearts of thoughtless men,
On life's eventful, rapid tide !

VI.

But soon, alas ! misfortune's wave
Comes rushing on with thund'ring noise ;
And fast it whelms the heart that gave
Promise of never-ending joys !

RAM SHARMA.



BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.

Chapter XX.

“**A**FTER the reconciliation effected with his wife, Dwarik had grown to be a very fond and loving husband. He seems to have suddenly discovered in her new charms. He scarcely passed a night in her company in which he did not pay a thousand compliments to her beauty and grace. He was never weary of lavishing on her all the little endearments of a lover. Like all lovers, he carried his fondness to absurd lengths. He would not lunch unless the food had been previously sweetened by the touch of her lips. He would refuse to chew a betel preparation (*Pán*) unless it came crushed from her mouth direct to his. Not satisfied with admiring her person, he became foolishly fond of even her anklets. He would often kiss those trinkets, and was prepared to declare on solemn affirmation that they tasted more delicious than anything he had ever relished. He “could not betem the winds of heaven to visit her face too roughly.” If she complained of heat, he would blow the fan over her, though he himself perspired profusely. When she would come to bed like a genuine Hindu lady with her naked feet all wet and dirty, he would wipe them off with the skirts of his garment (*dhuti*.) If there was delay in her coming, he was often seen in tears. When she wanted to get up in the morning to leave the room, he would detain her in bed, declaring like the lover in the song, that neither the humming

of the bee nor the closing of the petals of the lotus, had yet announced the approach of dawn, or suggesting, like Juliet, that she had mistaken the nightingale for the lark. When he could delay her no longer he would heave a sigh, and lament that the night was so short and the day so long. He could not comprehend, he said, why the burning sun should be allowed to scorch the earth for twelve hours every day, while the beautiful moon shone by only fits and starts. Thank God, he was not much in need of the moon's rays so long as he held in his arms a far more beautiful living moon. The queen of night has spots, but the luminary of his heart had none. When Kadumbinee spoke, he became so enchanted with her voice that he was often unable to attend to the meaning. Tying his hand with her locks, he would compare himself to a parrot trying in vain to break its golden chain. For the eight or nine hours she passed in his company, he would not allow her to sleep; for her charming eyes, he said, were not made to close but to diffuse light and love around. He saw darkness every where whenever those orbs were concealed. He recommended her, therefore, to sleep during the day, and keep awake the whole night through. The faithful and devoted wife was so gratified with these attentions and praises that in spite of the taunts and jests of her cousins at her expense, he carried out her husband's recommendation to the letter.

“As for his adoration of Bhooboneshoree,* Dwarik ascribed it to a fit of temporary hallucination. Bhooboneshoree, he said, was pretty no doubt, but she could not be properly called beautiful. Such a tall figure, which he compared to a palm tree, such long fingers, and, worst of all, such hideous long feet destroyed the little charms she possessed. That Kadumbinee was far superior, it was scarcely necessary to say. At this stage Kadumbinee drew her husband to her bosom, and repeatedly kissing his handsome face, declared that it looked more beautiful at that instant than it did at any time during the last ten years.

* See Chapters XI. and XII. in No. VIII. for May, 1873.

“ The artful husband thus went on lulling his jealous and envious wife’s suspicion to rest. By his extraordinary attentions, he succeeded in making her believe that he doated on her to infatuation. His well feigned admiration of her charms, as well as his apparent devotion and love intoxicated her ; and she was now perfectly satisfied that on the face of the wide earth, there was not a being who shared her husband’s affections with her. She entirely forgot his worship of Bhooboneshoree. She did not, however, forget to ask him about the splendid pearl necklace,*and was anxious that Hemunto should not possess it. On one pretence or another, he delayed in showing her the fictitious ornament, but assured her he would rather lay down his life than allow any one else to take it. The gold-smiths are proverbially so dilatory that they could not be expected to repair it soon.

“ While thus carrying on a system of skilful tactics with his wife, Dwarik conducted a regular love campaign against Bhooboneshoree, the possession of whose person had become essential to his existence. He watched for hours and hours to catch a glance of her eye. In this occupation, he was secure from others’ observation. The night vigils of his wife kept her in bed during the greater part of the day, and as Bhooboneshoree passed nearly all her time in her grandfather’s room apart from the scraglio, few women could be expected to visit that apartment. From a distance, Dwarik gazed at her as if his eyes were never weary of the sight. The old man not being able to perceive objects beyond a few yards from him, was of course unaware of the young man’s neighbourhood and occupation. As for Bhooboneshoree, she was surprised to observe him gazing so intently on her. She thought she never saw him take his eyes from off her face. Feeling uneasy, she shifted her position. But as soon as she sat with her back to the east, Dwarik would go and place himself on the west. If she turned her back on the south, Dwarik would proceed to the north. Unwilling, by disposition, to offend the feelings of anybody,

* See Chapter XIII. in Nos. IX. and X. for June, 1873.

she contrived to change her positions so as to lead Dwarik to attribute the several movements to accident, and not to choice. But all her turnings and shifts were in vain. For her tormentor would never leave her alone; it seemed as if his eyes would devour her face, in whatever direction she might place it. He was no doubt emboldened in this persecution by the knowledge of her gentle nature, bashful temperament and forgiving disposition, which made her suffer without complaint. He may have also persuaded himself that Bhooboneshoree looked upon his handsome features with a partial eye.

"Finding, however, at length, that his plan of action, from far effecting his object, appeared to lead to a result different from what he had intended, Dwarik changed his tactics. He approached nearer, and contrived to engage the old man in conversation. While doing so, he would sit at the foot of his bed, and taking his legs on his lap, would stroke them most affectionately. By degrees, his attendance on the old man became so frequent, that the latter wondered how he had so completely changed his nature. Formerly he used to despise him as an ugly old man, whose very features excited his abhorrence. If he had to pass by his room, he would shut his nose and avert his eyes that his delicate senses might not be offended by the nuisances which he created everywhere. He disliked him personally for his fretful temper and the abusive language which he used towards every one. He had therefore avoided his presence with the most scrupulous care. But now his attentions towards him excelled those of an affectionate son towards an old father.

"At first Dwarik's advances were repulsed by the old man, who would observe 'Now this beautiful boy comes to attend upon me. I am afraid his nice organs will be affected by coming near me. He has such beautiful eyes! They will be shocked to see my deformed features. Again, that pretty nose, always accustomed to lavender water and utter of roses, cannot bear the smell of this filthy room. He wears snow-white and rich clothes. They will be soiled by touch of my person. He walks as if his feet had never been used to move. That carefully-arranged head of

hair will be disturbed if he attends on me. Turn, gentle youth, turn away! You are not made for this dirty work. You are yourself a gentleman, your father was a gentleman, your grandfather was a gentleman. The whole family consist of gentlemen, your mother is a great lady, though in her childhood she had begged from door to door. I have seen her walk about with only rags to cover her limbs. Your father became a gentleman by forging deeds; was once confined for that offence, but got his release by bribing the amlah. He was a gentleman robber;—he robbed his master of all his wealth, and so grew rich. Your grandfather was no less illustrious. He ran away with his wife's sister. He had hardly a mouthful to eat, and his paramour supported him by her practice. So, gentle youth, do not come to serve me. I know why you are so attentive to me. You wish to propitiate me that I may leave a part of my riches to you when I die. You are greatly mistaken if you think I can be so easily deceived.' And the old man went on abusing Dwarik for no other reason than because he had become so attentive to his comforts.

"Bhooboneshoree might have interposed to save him from all these compliments on his family and pedigree. But she evidently suspected his motive, and affected to be busy with her book or needle while her grandfather recited the young man's family history for his especial benefit. But undeterred by the oddness of his reception, Dwarik continued to attend to the old man's wants with unflinching perseverance. He even removed with his own hand the nuisances which formerly made him avoid his chamber. He would stroke his feet, make his bed, run to bring any thing he wanted, and heard his stories with the greatest attention imaginable, though some of them related to his own ancestors' follies, or to the degeneracy of the present generation. Indeed his attentions were so persevering and devoted, that they rivalled even those of Bhooboneshoree.

"That gentle lady was now touched. Dwarik, she thought, must be sincere in his attentions, it being hardly credible that a young man who submitted to so many menial and degrading services, could have any sinister motive in view. True, he was often observed to steal

a tender glance on her, and to pay more attention to her than to the old man. But his regard and devotion towards her beloved grandfather expiated every crime in her eyes. If any suspicion of his views occasionally crossed her mind, she stifled it by the thought that he was more an object of pity than of anger. A man who was extremely attached to her, and who was ready to lay down his life to oblige her, should not be hated for doing so. To punish him, because he could not help loving her, would be a perversion of justice. She thought, she would give him no encouragement, and by that means extinguish his passion. She also remembered her husband's theory that the two sexes, if constantly allowed to see each other, as among Europeans, would cease to feel any illegitimate desire for each other's company such as they do when the one is entirely confined in the *zenana*. It was simply her coyness, reasoned Bhooboneshoree, which had fired the imagination and passion of Dwarik. If she allowed him opportunities of seeing and conversing with her in her grandfather's presence, the enchantment lent by distance would wear away, and he would become a happier and a better man.

"In this frame of mind, it is no wonder that she interposed whilst her grandfather traced Dwarik's genealogy from the time of Ballál Sen downwards. The old man, who was wholly governed by her, now received the young dandy's attentions with the best grace in the world. By degrees, he came even to feel an interest in him, and to praise him at times.

" 'This young man,' said he once addressing his favorite granddaughter, 'is not so bad as the generality of English-educated natives are. He has great respect for old age, and seems to know his own worth. I have no doubt he will celebrate his father's *sradh* (funeral ceremonies,) and his ancestors will obtain due oblations. He is a nice young man. What do you say, child?'

"Dwarik's eyes which had been devouring Bhooboneshoree's face during the preceding speech, hung on her lips at its conclusion. 'Yes, grandfather,' said she, 'he is an excellent young man.'

"This excellent young man, being now admitted within her magic circle, left no stone unturned to obtain her favor. He would hardly allow her to perform any menial services towards her grandfather, taking all those duties upon himself. He anticipated her slightest wishes, and left nothing for her to do except such as no one else could do. If she was about to rise in order to fetch anything, he would immediately lay it at her feet. He always preceded her into the room, and when he saw her coming, he carefully cleared the place and respectfully spread a carpet for her. When she rose to depart, Dwarik would clean her shoes with his snow-white coat, and place them in a position in which she might easily put them on. The carpet was then carefully folded, and reverently placed apart, as if it had been sanctified by her touch. If she perspired, he would blow the fan over her. If she wanted anything, he would respectfully hold it with both his hands, and would prefer to lay it at her feet. After she had finished feeding the old man, he would pour water on her hands in order to wash them clean.

"Bhooboneshoree was often annoyed at these attentions, but did not know how to get rid of them. She had thought that Dwarik's mad passion would cool by familiarity, but it seemed daily to increase in intensity. She once detected him kissing her shoes. He would press to his bosom the carpet on which she sat. His eyes, while fixed on her face, would overflow with tears. She was at a loss to know where this passion would end. She found it impossible now to avoid his company unless she discontinued her attendance on the old man; and *that* could not possibly be done. She, therefore, cursed herself for allowing him to attend on her grandfather. One day while she was engaged in conversation with the latter, Dwarik laid a rose at her feet. She affected not to notice it, but on the next day heaps of flowers were similarly offered. She did not know what to do. Her overpowering bashfulness as well as her disinclination to wound others' feelings would not allow her to remonstrate with the young man even by her looks. Fearing they might attract the old man's attention, she conveyed the flowers from the room,

and then threw them away. Dwarik thought she had accepted her homage, and so went on covering her lower extremities with the same beautiful tokens of his perserverance in greater profusion than ever. At last vexed with herself, Bhooboneshoree one day rose to depart without disposing off the flowers, and the old man's eyes fell upon the heap. He asked her who had given them to her. She said they belonged to Dwarik. 'But what does he do with so many flowers with which the Deity ought to be worshipped?' Dwarik, without saying anything, left it to her female ingenuity to frame a suitable reply. Bhooboneshoree said that a young man at his father-in-law's house was always fond of flowers.

" 'Now I understand it,' exclaimed the octogenarian, addressing Dwarik. 'You wish to present them to your wife. Very well, I am glad of it. You love your wife. Very well indeed! We have given you a very beautiful partner. But you are yourself very handsome too. You have a superb figure, a nice complexion, a fine face, large eyes, joining brows, thin lips, a gorgeous pair of mustaches! you are really a very handsome man, and any woman might fall in love with you. What do you think, my child?'

"The last question was put to Bhooboneshoree, upon whom the eyes of Dwarik were now fixed with an anxious gaze. She slightly colored, and said she did not understand manly beauty.

" 'You do understand it,' said her grandfather laughing, 'but you are afraid to acknowledge that he is very handsome, and that every woman is in danger of falling in love with his face. Just tell me what you think of him. Is he not the most handsome man in this village?' 'He may be,' said Bhooboneshoree, 'but as I have not seen most people in this quarter, I cannot form any opinion.'

"The octogenarian then addressed Dwarik. 'Well, young man! we have given you a very beautiful wife. I would have liked to keep her myself. But no. You are welcome to take her, and any one else you like, except this one'—and he pointed his finger towards Bhooboneshoree. Then looking at Dwarik, he said 'I see you would

however prefer this one. But you cannot have her,—unless she likes. Well, my child,' said he turning to Bhooboneshoree, 'would you like to take that handsome young man for your husband?'

"There was a simultaneous blush on the cheeks of Bhooboneshoree and Dwarik. The inexorable old man went on 'Ah! I see you like each other. It is so natural.' And he laughed at his own wit.

"From that day Bhooboneshoree ceased to touch Dwarik's flowers. He sighed and wept as he pored his daily offerings, but all to no purpose. At last he took the bold step of dropping a letter with them. Her whole frame trembled at sight of the note. Not knowing what to do, she took her grandfather's leave to retire to her own room, and after a good deal of vacillation, she opened and perused the epistle. It urgently solicited a private interview on business of importance connected with the happiness of his wife. Dwarik had thought that the tender heart of Bhooboneshoree would be touched by an allusion to his wife's happiness which at this time was placed in jeopardy. For in spite of extreme devotion and love which he affected for her, Kadumbinee could not bear to let her husband remain the whole day in Bhooboneshoree's company. He assured her in return that he attended, not on account of Bhooboneshoree but for the old man, who felt great interest in him, and would probably leave a large legacy to him in case he did not flag in his attentions. But it was not easy to convince a jealous wife; and all his deep-laid plans were in danger of being blown away. Besides, Kadumbinee had now grown impatient to possess the splendid necklace, and even seemed to suspect that she had been so long deceived by vain promises.

"Bhooboneshoree was at a loss what to do. She was not at all willing to grant Dwarik a private interview. She could not put any trust in the honor of a person who was almost excited to frenzy by his passion for her. But her cousin's happiness was on the point of being wrecked. From private enquiries she had learnt the splendid necklace was a creation of Dwarik's imagination. If this were

discovered by Kadumbinee, the result would be fatal to their conjugal happiness. But should Dwarik present such a necklace to his wife, it would re-establish harmony among the married couple, and enable the husband to tide over the present danger.

“As Bhooboneshoree considered herself to be the root of all the mischief, she thought it incumbent on her to procure such a necklace, and make Dwarik present it to Kadumbinee. Finding no other means of raising the necessary funds, she resolved to prepare the required piece of jewellery partly out of the one her paternal grandfather had presented her at her marriage, and partly from the money left to her by her husband. But when she took the old ornament in her hands, its sight melted her heart; involuntarily throwing it round her neck, and pressing it to her bosom, she burst into tears. That necklace was associated with many a tender and sacred recollection which could never be forgotten. It had been devoutly kissed by a departed husband, and fondly licked by a lovely child. It recalled the remembrance of her husband leading her to the altar, and his offering her since the incense of love and adoration. It recalled the memory of her child playing on her breast, and clasping her neck in an ecstacy of joy and affection. Tears ran down her cheeks in streams, which she found herself helpless in stemming. It tore her heart to demolish an ornament thus endeared and hallowed.

“So she put her treasure in her box again. But how to raise the funds necessary for the purchase of a necklace for her cousin whose happiness she had destroyed. Again she threw open the box and took out the jewel-chain. She wished to present it entire. For, she could not bear the idea of separating the pearls, each of which was pregnant with so many associations. Unfortunately, it did not answer the description which Dwarik had given to his wife. Besides, her necklace, being well-known, would be easily detected. She, therefore, conquered her reluctance, and proceeded to demolish the necklace. While doing so, she closed her eyes that they might not witness the ravages which her fingers made. When the process

of demolition was completed, she opened her eyes, and with horror perceived the token of her husband's love and of her child's affection lying in ruins at her feet. One by one, she raised each pearl to her lips, and, drowned in tears, she put the bare string in her box, as if unwilling to part with a relic so precious. The pearls fell much short of the requisite number, yet she thought she would do well to keep a few, though the purchase of the remainder threatened to exhaust the whole of her little fortune. She then took out the string from the box, and passed it through three pearls which used to hang just in the middle of her breast. As they were the largest and most valuable of the whole set, she repented of the act, and was going to replace them with three others, but her fingers refused to obey her will. 'I will keep one of these,' said she, and her fingers drew out a pearl from each side, leaving the middle one untouched. She felt a longing to keep also the lowest pendant sanctified by lips so dear to her. But she knew not where her temptation would end. Therefore, with a resolute effort, hastily shutting the box with a single pearl in the string, she collected the ruins of her necklace and left the room.

"In a few days, a maid servant whom she had secretly entrusted with the duty handed to her a splendid necklace, and whispered to her that the jeweller demanded a thousand Rupees for the additions and repairs he had made. For a moment her face became pale, as she thought that her folly in accepting the admiration of young men was about to deprive her mother of the only support which she had counted upon in case of affliction. Then slowly retiring to her room, she brought out the sum demanded, and made it over to the abigail.

"The next difficulty was to send the piece of jewellery to Dwarik, and induce him to accept it. This task she entrusted to the gentle and pretty Radhica, who, as observed before, was extremely attached to her, and considered her as her guide, philosopher and friend. Being, moreover, the sister of Kadumbinee, Radhica was likely to take a more heart-felt interest in the cause than any other

lady. Of course she was enjoined to eternal secrecy, and desired to use all her influence over her brother-in-law in order to bring the affairs to a satisfactory conclusion. She accordingly waited upon the latter. Dwarik could not be prevailed upon to accept the necklace. He admired Bhooboneshoree's generosity, and even shed tears to learn the stress to which she had been driven. He was ready, he said, to wreck his future happiness rather than accept so rich a present from a lady towards whom he was already bound by many unrequited obligations. It was rather his duty to give than to take, but as his circumstances did not then allow him to make a present, he would rather die than accept a gift of a pecuniary character from her hands. Radhica pleaded the cause of her sister and Bhooboneshoree with ability. Dwarik seemed to hesitate, and at last replied that he would keep the ornament for the present, his final acceptance depending upon the result of his interview with the donor.

"When Radhica reported this on her return, Bhooboneshoree did not appear to be satisfied with the result of the negotiation. She was especially unwilling to hazard a private meeting with Dwarik, but as Radhica was not aware of the secret cause of her aversion, she urged upon her to grant it at an early day. They then separated, Bhooboneshoree promising to take the matter into her consideration.

"Several days passed away, and yet Bhooboneshoree would not consent to a private interview. By this time the month of her promised stay had passed away, but her grandfather, as will afterwards appear, detained her on one pretext or another. The misunderstanding of Dwarik with his wife threatened every day to lead to total disruption. The old man began to like him more and more, and allowed him a place near his favorite granddaughter's seat. His attentions towards her became more intense, and not a day passed in which his eyes, as he gazed on her, were not filled with tears. His health too suffered, and it was generally remarked that he did not take half the food that he formerly used to do. His constant quarrels with his wife formed the subject of daily talk among the

young ladies, and even whispers went round among the old.

“It was at this time that Bhooboneshoree paid a night visit to Chunder in his room, as has been already stated. I will now proceed to relate what happened at that interview.”

A S M I L E.

1.

CALM is the bosom of the stream
In summer's beauteous prime !
The hushed wind sudd'nly wakes and breathes
The scent of od'rous thyme !
Faint ripples run across the wat'rs
So cool and clear withal ;
And moonbeams thro' the twinkling leaves
Upon the wavelets fall.

2.

I ne'er had seen a scene like this,
And thought I ne'er should see,
Till a bright face rose in my sight
And seemed to smile on me.
The smile, the moon-lit wave, are both
So tender, sad, and sweet,
I'll ne'er forget the one or t'other,
So long this heart will beat.

GOPALA KRISHNA GHOSHIA.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS AS A TEST FOR THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

BY A MADRAS GRADUATE.

THE EXISTING machinery by which England gives rulers to India has for many years been on trial. It is time the results of that trial should be summed up, and the system approved and continued or condemned and discarded. The whole subject has been reviewed in an article in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* on Competitive examinations as a test for the Civil Service of India. So great is the interest in it of many classes in the United Kingdom—not to say of both the British and Indian nations—that the paper has been not only largely read, in so much as to necessitate a second edition of the number of the periodical containing it, but has excited much discussion. The writer strongly maintains that the examinations now conducted in England have failed to secure the best men for the Service, or even tolerably competent men; and considers it necessary that important alterations should be made in the subjects of the examinations, and in the manner of conducting them, and that competition *should be open only to candidates previously nominated by the Secretary of State for India*. He thinks it also necessary, that successful candidates at the first examination should be made to go through a regular College course, during the term of two years for which they remain in England before being sent out to India, on service of course. There are those that fall in with and those that oppose, these views, but the opinion of, the majority seems to be in favor of the sentiments expressed in the *Edinburgh Review*. The subject is one in which

the natives of this country have the greatest interest. The government of this vast dependency of the British crown is entrusted to a thousand Civilians who are almost the irresponsible rulers of this country. There are, to be sure, the several Local Governments, the Supreme Government, the Home Council of India at the head of which is the Secretary of State, and, lastly, Parliament, which is the final arbiter of the destiny of India, and are invested with authority to control and direct the powerful Civil Servants themselves. But what is the *personnel* of these bodies? Almost all these centres of power are composed of Civilians themselves, or are, more or less, subject to their influence. The majority of the Council of the Governor-General are Civilians ; so are that of the Councils of Madras and Bombay. The Lieutenant-Governors who are set to govern three of the most important grand sub-divisions, into which British India is divided for administrative purposes ; the Chief Commissioners of the minor, but most promising Provinces ;—all belong to the Civil Service. Thus, in India, the members of the Covenanted Civil Service are in every sense the actually governing race. From the position of an Assistant Collector and Magistrate, the Civilian occupies successively all the higher positions, even to the top of the ladder. When, therefore, the question is how best the interests of the state can be served, whether by admitting candidates for this Service by competition, as heretofore, or by the old system of nomination, which competition has now replaced, or by any other method, surely it is one, the solution of which is to decide the fate of us all and of our country.

Within living memory our country has never been completely well governed. It is true, that we have enjoyed peace and the blessings of a settled rule, a rule whose intentions towards its subjects have always been good, even during the stormy times of the Mutiny of 1857. But our rulers belong to a foreign race. They are many degrees removed from us in civilization. Their modes of thought are somewhat different from our's. As adversity is teaching us good sense, so prosperity has made many of them neglect, to our prejudice, the responsibility that rested upon them as rulers of this vast Empire. The result has been,

that India has *felt* the evils of a foreign government ; for the first time so, in the thousand years which have elapsed since first, in modern times, the stranger proudly trod her soil. Her former Mussulman masters,—some of whom cared more for the gratification of the most frivolous demands of the inmates of their Harem, than for the weal of their subject millions, while others hunted infidel men for pleasure as the English gentleman of William the Conqueror's time hunted the rabbits in his warren,—left not in her sons energy or vitality enough to think of her wrongs or “get up,” so to say, a consciousness of their position. With the iron rod of the oppressor smiting you, it was not a time, and there was, indeed, little leisure, to indulge in sentiments of freedom. During those troublous times our bleeding forefathers—deprived even of the security and order of the palmy days of the Mogul Empire—gradually unlearned all the remains of knowledge that old tradition had brought them down, in successive stages, from the days of the Vedas, and the days when the Kshatriya Kings of Oudh and Hastinápura reigned in all their glory.—*Then* India was the wonder of the world: but why brood over the long long past? In our present enquiry it is just necessary to observe, that in the scanty materials we now possess for a History of this country in the pre-British times, we cannot point to an entire century of uninterrupted good fortune. Settled government, indeed, was often so bad, that all hope lay in anarchy and confusion, and of both these—fortunately or unfortunately to individuals according to circumstances,—there was enough. After a considerable period of special confusion the country passed into the hands of the British, whose long years of effort at length gave it quiet. The internal administration under the new *régime* was little superior to that of the native Government it supplanted ; and even a perfect administration would be too costly at the price of loss of national co-operation and loss of regard for the people's feelings and opinions. The British excelled Mogul and Hindu, in war and diplomacy ; but the agents of a Merchant-Company could not easily be transformed into territorial administrators. They bungled, blundered and plundered, but they maintained themselves. With quiet,

however, the people were glad enough to be content. But a long quiet brought on discontent—made the people feel the evils of the new rule. The British as a sufficiently progressive race, gradually educated themselves in the art of governing an eastern possession. They rectified their former mistakes, improved their old machinery. Great advances in good administration have been made since the agents of a Warren Hastings scourged the land. Still the discontent continues ; grows, rather than abates. For though the Civil Service within the last forty years is much superior to its predecessor, the desires of the people have proportionately been more ambitious than of yore—their aspirations have been kindled by several generations of a stable and progressive civilized government. Improvement in administration has not quite kept pace with the march of Human Wishes.

All this establishes the point, that the prosperity of India and her teeming millions greatly depends upon the test adopted for the choice of Civil Servants. It may be otherwise, when we get a real and thorough constitutional government, or a supreme national Parliament. That that consummation is our most cherished aspiration we frankly avow. To expect, or even to hope for, it at the hands of our British rulers of the present generation is, we fear, rather premature. Politics is not a dream, but a stern matter of fact. We ought to be strictly rational in order to be successful. We must be moderate, perhaps, to be capable of vigorous united action. It may, after all, be true what Englishmen say, that our country is not, *at present*, ripe for a national government. But this does not, in any way, imply that we should be satisfied with absolute despotism.

It is acknowledged in the highest and the most authoritative quarters, that the Natives of this country are entitled to a voice in the government of this Empire, and we should endeavour to procure the practical recognition of this important admission in the machinery for governing the country. The first step, however, is for us—instead of indulging in broad, not to say sensational sentiments, and sketching out the plan of a Utopian

government—to try to understand the faults of the present system, and suggest whatever may tend to improve, but not shake, that system. The plan of governing India by introducing every year a number of fresh men from Europe, and investing them with all the superior functions of government, cannot be unobjectionable. But we doubt much whether any very different practical system can be devised, a system, that is, which will be acceptable to the English nation. All the evils that are the product of a foreign government, are due, to some extent, to the incapacity in the ruler to understand the wants and the requirements of those who obey him, to a want of mutual understanding between the governor and the governed. But it is next to impossible that a person born in Europe, bred and educated there, in an entirely different atmosphere, should well comprehend and sympathise with the social and the political traditions, the laws, the customs and the manners of the various races and tribes over whom he would be called on to exercise authority in the far East. He would look, under the circumstances, as awkward as one, who might be introduced to the Antipodes, through the Earth's centre. We should not, therefore, be surprised if there turn up many failures in the Civil Service. How the necessary evil can be mitigated, will be considered in another part of this paper. What is here sought to be impressed upon the mind of the detractors of the new class of Civil Servants, is that shortcomings in the latter are to be expected. But a comparison is instituted between the old servants of the East India Company and the Civil Servants admitted since the introduction of the competitive examinations as a test for the Service, and the result is declared to be in favor of the former. If this be true, the inferiority of the present test will be clearly established ; though it may not follow, that the old system of nomination would work equally well, under the ministers of the crown, and under the altered circumstances, as it is believed in certain quarters to have done. But the distinction thus drawn, and the palm of superiority awarded to the nomination men of old, seem to us to be not only without foundation ; we even suspect that, under an

impartial consideration of the facts, the decision may have to be reversed.

From the circumstance that India made steady progress under the rule of the East India Company, that taxation was light and the people happier in those days, the conclusion has often been drawn that the old Civil Service was better organized than the new one, and that the old Civilians belonged to a superior order of creation. Admitting the fact, that India was more prosperous during the second quarter of this century, which indeed cannot be gainsaid, we certainly hold the inference drawn therefrom hasty and erroneous. The truth is, the East India Company were originally a mercantile body, and even in their best days of prosperity and glory, when they had become a great political and governing power, they never lost their distinctive character of merchants. The finances of India, when not burdened with the demands of ambitious proconsuls like Dalhousie, strong in ministerial influence and the support of a demoralized public opinion, were generally managed by them in a creditable way. Compared with the government under the Crown, their management even challenges admiration. The Court of Directors took so much real interest in the affairs of India, and bestowed so much of their time upon them, that they were familiar with every nook and corner of the Indian administration. Since the day when the direct government of India was assumed by the great national Council of Great Britain, Indian matters have become mysteries in Europe ; and there has been nothing corresponding to the supervision exercised during the Company's *régime* by the Court of Directors. The result is a preceptible decrease in administrative efficiency. Want of supervision and control was an easy road to careless expenditure, and careless expenditure has led to excessive taxation. Meanwhile, the British politician's brain has been working to find out the disease—not to much purpose. So mysterious have matters become ! And those who have contributed to this state of things, do, naturally, all in their power to throw more gloom into the cloud of mystery. The India Council which was substituted for the old Court of Directors,

has failed to answer its purpose ; and Parliament has too much to do for its constituents, to spare time and energy to attend to the wants and condition of a vast, it may be, but a remote dependency. This is the real secret, if it is a secret at all, of the former prosperity of the land and the subsequent change in its condition. The change is considerable, though distance may have lent some enchantment to our view of the past, leading us to paint the days of the good old Company in rather brighter colors. But surely the Old Civilian should not be allowed to add feathers to his cap of glory, for what was done at the advice and under the orders of the supervising body in England. We will be going equally far from the truth if we do not admit that much in the development of the material resources of India, and in the progress of the people from the condition in which they were found in the last century to their present position, especially in the establishment of peace and security from all fear of injury to person and property, was due to the servants of the Company. English education, indeed, which is one of the greatest blessings, the only unmingled good we have derived from the British rule, was commenced as an indigenous movement*, assisted by non-official European benevolence, and next taken in under the protection of liberal statesmen, against the loud opposition of a majority of the Civil and Military Services. The Company at first acquiesced in it in fear and trembling, and next generously cherished and promoted it with confidence and pride. The existing system, with its high schools and colleges, both private and public, but all subject to inspection, and its central examining boards at the several Presidencies,—a system which has done much to diffuse high education among the people—was formed and matured by the Court of Directors. The great educational progress made by our countrymen under the Court's famous Despatch of 1855,

* See, in corroboration, *Mookerjee's Magazine* No. IV., for November 1872. Art. "Early Native Education under British Auspices"—a faithful history of English Education in Bengal by one of its earliest and still distinguished fruits.—EDITOR.

is due entirely to themselves, and their national partiality for higher education. The grand system of the Railways, and other grand inventions of modern science, whatever their developments since, originated under their auspices with Lord Dalhousie. But the fact is nevertheless true that the nomination civilian patronized us and did a great deal to improve our condition. The greatest of all his merits was his kindness towards the people and his affability. Though erroneous in his ideas of justice, which he considered was something different from law and established rules,—a vulgar notion of what is called equitable or untechnical justice by the admirers of this principle—his intentions were nearly always above reproach. He was according to his lights, though these were not of the best, a friend of the people. It is not to be presumed that, in all those days, the people were perfectly happy. We might then, on the contrary, have witnessed a state of things, from which, with our refined ideas of freedom, our minds would revolt. The sufferings to which a revenue defaulter was exposed by the Subordinate Revenue officers, and the still greater hardships to which these officers in their turn were subjected by the Soldiers and Sepoys of the Regiments, that were constantly passing and repassing in those days, are immortalized in the household tales of the Hindus, who repeat them for the information as well of inquisitive boys, as of University graduates in the full height of their success, fresh from Mill on Liberty and on Representative Government, their minds made up on the propriety of Woman's Suffrage. Such must naturally have been the state of things when law was set aside for what was called justice. Now, in the eighth decade of the nineteenth century, if a thousandth part of the freaks of authority which were then endured by the people, were perpetrated, there would be a loud cry of lamentation, if not protest, throughout the length and breadth of the land. The sleepless Argus of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* who watches over our Indian fold, would sound the alarm so as to be heard in the recesses of official heights. The *Hindu Patriot*, our national champion for the last twenty years—the brightest period of our modern national exis-

tence—would strike his powerful band to the old tune of denunciation of Personal Government. Maga would hardly forget to bring forth her seasonable brood of lyrical anathemas and scathing satires by Babu Ram Sharma and *vers de société* by Y.C.D. And the whole would be so promptly echoed by the *Native Opinions* of Madras and Bombay, the bold and plucky *Guzrat Mitra*, and the Native Press generally, that soon enough the oppressor would be brought to his senses.

Those were different times. The Hindu had just then only exchanged one mixed domination in which he had a full share, in which his local self-government was left untouched, for an entirely alien despotism, very strong and grasping, which so soon as it firmly established itself, degraded him politically, turning him out of the higher offices, civil and military. Then, the process of dissolution of the vast fabric of the Mogul Empire had entailed on the land its peculiar evils of constant war and general anarchy. When the country passed into the hands of the British, it was in a disturbed state, in so much that our grandfathers might not have even dreamt, that in the course of less than three quarters of a century, the land of turmoil, as it was then, would be restored or reduced to perfect calm. It was a time to work harmoniously with the stranger. That state continued for long, long years. For, when the British had secured for the people the inestimable boon of immunity from external invasion and armed aggression generally, it still remained to annihilate the numerous smaller, but none the less mischievous, fry of Thugs and gangs of dacoits. Besides, having during a virtual interregnum extending through generations, lost their memories of better times, and longing for rest at any cost, they were partly well satisfied with their condition. Now and then they might have been frightened at a missionary, or at the missionary enterprise of a Civilian, but such tendencies in their officers were always promptly checked by the Superior Authorities, who considered the maintenance of peace to be of the greatest consequence. With contented, or at least seemingly contented, subjects the Collector was satisfied ; and the people were satisfied with a *paternal*

ruler, which means nothing more than a well-intentioned despot. Such was the Civilian of old. It may well be doubted, whether he has not received rather more than his due credit for a state of things, which was simply natural. The face of things has now changed ; and we see that the Old Anglo-Indian has become as much opposed to native interests as the New Civilian, if not more so. Competition-wallahs, as the new class of men are called by the Anglo-Indian Press,—and we will borrow that convenient term—have hardly yet made up their way to the highest situations ; and India still is, to a certain extent, under the Old Civilian's government. The fact is apparent, so apparent we really wonder how people fail to see it, that the good old ruler became an uncompromising foe no sooner he was opposed, however legitimately or righteously. He still loves his untechnical justice, his demi-official correspondence, and, above all, native flattery. You call for law, publicity, and make bold to criticize. 'The native,' he says, 'has become impudent ; English education has spoiled him ;' or, he hopes, he is mistaken, and would fain insinuate that the educated Indians are not to be taken to represent the feeling of the country, on the plausible ground that they and the uneducated classes live in different worlds of thought. The writer in the *Edinburgh Review* laments the falling off in the *esprit de corps* of the Civil Service. This looks very much like the sentiment of a shrewd retired Anglo-Indian. This *esprit de corps*, this free-masonry which would not allow one member of the Service speaking ill of another, however depraved and unworthy that other might be ; which makes it incumbent upon every Civil Servant not only to preserve a complete reticence as to the faults and even the iniquities of his brethren, but also to aid and assist every brother in getting out of scrapes and difficulties ; which has obtained for that noble Service such epithets as "heaven-born," &c. ; it was this *esprit* that has been the bane of India since the commencement of British supremacy. The Civil Servant is not a member of a mercantile body, or the military profession. His functions are political and judicial, revenue and administrative. His object should be

the happiness of the people at large, whose servant, in a high sense of the term, he is. Though appointed by the government, he is appointed to hold the balance between the Crown and its subjects. Though all chosen from the same Service, each man is expected to perform fearlessly, boldly, and, above all, impartially the different duties of his station. These duties are sometimes of the most dissimilar and even opposite kinds. The Civilian may be raised from the position of a Joint-Magistrate to that of a District Judge, and he would have to exchange, for his former duties, the duty of criticising and controlling the proceedings of a Chief Magistrate whom but the day before he had been assisting. Far from being a body that requires *esprit de corps* on the part of its members, the Indian Civil Service is one in which impartiality should be cultivated to the prejudice of every other quality, in which, indeed, the *esprit de corps* would be fruitful of endless mischief and enormous injustice. All the old servants of the Company, however, were more or less imbued with this spirit. All the service moved as one man,—whatever differences there might be between individual members, or the several parts of this vast machine, being adjusted by compromise. The Assistant in the remotest corner knew that, five years thence, he would surely be a Joint Magistrate of a favourite station, and if the limited European Society might make him feel lonely there, he was buoyed up by the expectation that before long the restrictions on the settlement of Europeans would be completely washed away. If Brown, Member of the Revenue Board, wanted a munsiffship to be given to an East Indian hanger-on, he could manage it by a private letter to brother Jones; and if Jones desired to get the sentence he had passed upon a turbulent Tahsildar, confirmed by the Higher Authorities, that too was not beyond his power, for Higher Authorities, whatever they looked on paper, or in the *Gazette* and the statute book, were no other than Brothers Robinson, Smith & Co. If a zemindar was suspected of having committed Dacoity, the Magistrate might make sure, if he liked, before committal, that the prisoner would get his seven years, in which case he could not

help quietly smiling when the prisoner's ignorant counsel reserved his defence for the Sessions. Omnipotent "demi-officials," again, what could they not do? These were the results of a false notion of attachment to the Service, and in this, many a time, the Civilian had to swerve from his allegiance to his God and his king.

Far from regretting, then, the falling off in the unhappy *esprit de corps* of the Civil Service, we would hail such a good sign of better days to come, with intense pleasure and satisfaction; but we really doubt whether there has been any perceptible change in the desired direction.

In speaking thus freely of the Old Civilian and his false notions of justice and his party spirit in behalf of his colleagues of the Service, we do not mean it to be inferred, that the New Civilian is free from these fatal weaknesses. The one and the only way in which competitive examinations have failed, is in not bringing out a better article than the old one. The Competition-wallah has got almost all the vices of the Old Civilian. He is generally more educated, and, of course, better able to look at things in their proper lights. But he is obstinate, unsympathizing, exceedingly proud, and, from a thorough contempt for his superiors, regardless of check and authority. No doubt some of the bad lessons of the Old School, called the traditions of the Civil Service, taught him in the very beginning of his Indian career by elderly men with grey beards, have contributed to spoil him. But he is himself to blame for acting up to these lessons, and for his original vices. Some few men, however, rise above them, and prove, what the world has now taken for granted, that an intelligent man is ordinarily a safe administrator. For the rest, the new class being as yet only in the subordinate ranks of the Service, it would be premature to say anything else about them.

The simple truth of the matter is, that the very system of governing India by fresh men imported from England annually is, in itself, a huge anomaly, and that if the necessity for this system be admitted,—as we cannot but admit it, to some extent, at present,—there are some necessary evils to be endured. There are, however, other

evils flowing from imperfect education, absence of check, and *esprit de corps*, which are remediable and ought to be immediately remedied. After all, though competition has not been a thorough success, it has been better than an absolute failure. Under these circumstances, we should try to find out the method by which Competition-wallahs may be made better administrators, that is, find out the defects in the present examinations and the other preliminaries adopted before sending out passed candidates to India to enter upon their duties.

We are glad we are now come to a subject, on which we have the good fortune to agree generally with the *Edinburgh Review*. We consider it immaterial, whether the present curriculum of studies for open competition is preserved, or whether a proficiency in any particular branch of science or literature is required. For a Civil Servant in India, a knowledge, though not thorough, of different subjects will, we venture to think, be probably of more advantage, than a proficiency in one of the abstruse sciences, or in classical literature. What we think necessary is, that a very high standard of English composition and of moral philosophy and political economy as well as a tolerably good acquaintance with mechanics ought to be insisted on. There ought to be a minimum prescribed in these subjects which must be made compulsory. (A knowledge of the Vernaculars is what every Civilian pretends to, but what only a very few possess. The subsequent examinations should require a proficiency in some one at least of the Vernaculars. But the most important of all is a knowledge of law.) An Indian lawyer is driven to distraction by having to study and master the principles of so many Codes, ancient and modern, European and Native, and there are, indeed, very few even in the bar that possess that knowledge. To an Indian Judge, a general acquaintance with the laws of England both as administered in Courts of Equity as in those of Common Law, and with the principles of Jurisprudence, is as necessary as a mastery over the laws of Manu and the Sages, the Hedáyá and the Sharà, and the interpretations of them found in the seventy volumes of Judge-law

contained in the Indian Reports, ever increasing in bulk, and the Regulations and Acts. A legal examination in all these branches for the Civil Service candidates will make them better judges, and they will then feel themselves at home in the discharge of their functions in India.

But the greatest defect lies in the restriction as to age. There ought to be an end to the system of raw youths, without any acquaintance with the world or with the educational institutions of Great Britain, being sent out to actual service at once. The *Edinburgh* only points out the most proper remedy, when it insists upon their attendance at one of the English Universities, during the two years which they are now allowed to idle away. They must be allowed to take every opportunity to associate with the Indian administrators in England. The maximum age for admission must at least be raised to twenty three, that more chances may be given to competitors from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Probably it will also be desirable to make them attend, on their arrival in India, some college to learn the Vernaculars and the manners and customs of the Indians, before they are thrown upon their duties. These precautions will go some way to improve the Service, but, we confess, we do not see how any return to the old patronage system can have the desired result.

The word patronage is one to which we have got the greatest aversion. The cause of this is certainly the abuse, by the authorities in this country, of this privilege in the case of the Uncovenanted Civil Service, and even in that of the higher branches of the Civil Service, to the short limit to which that privilege there extends. It is a matter of notoriety and a matter that has been productive of the most evil consequences, that the appointments in the Uncovenanted Service are not generally bestowed upon the most worthy. One who covets a position there, must pay regularly his Sunday visits to the head of the department, adopt the style of a domestic servant to gain that officer's favor, in short, should demean himself to worship his would-be patron as a god in flesh and blood. No wonder that from such meanness, honest and independent minds recoil.

Now a days one would rather choose a liberal profession than enter a service, to belong to which does not import any the least significance. It is all a question of being liked by one's superior. By mere dint of solicitation, people, with very inferior qualifications, have managed to attain to the highest positions now thrown open to the Natives of India. We certainly intend no slight to the more Deserving Uncovenanted Civil Servants, among whom, we admit, there are some very able men ; but we are confident, if such characters were themselves questioned, they would admit, that it would have been infinitely better, if an admission to that Service were regulated by competitive examinations, or some other method than that through which they entered. The evil has not been unperceived. Sir Charles Trevelyan maintained this very principle before the Financial Committee of the House of Commons. Sir George Campbell understood the evil in all its magnitude, but, as was usual with him, he substituted a measure that aggravates more than it remedies the old mischief.

India can never be said to be administered in accordance with the universally recognized principles of good government, until the Natives have their legitimate part in the management of their country ; and this, as we have remarked in a previous part of this paper, is now admitted in the highest quarters. The sole question is how this share is to be allotted to the people of India? in what shape and to what extent? As to the practicability, or even expediency of having anything like a national parliament, we expressed our doubts before ; and after all, a representative Legislature may do great good but not all the good desirable. A share in the executive administration, in the actual government of Provinces and Districts, will, we believe, for some time to come, be worth far more. For this purpose, every opportunity should be given to enable Natives of India to enter the Covenanted Civil Service. To choose the men by some sort of competitive examination is, we think, the right course. But the privilege given us at present of competing in England is as good as no privilege at all. Though a few youths

may be tempted by the prospects of a glorious career, (they sometimes prove illusory,) to muster courage enough to go to England, putting themselves to all the necessarily large expense and the inconveniences of the journey, yet it is clear that for one who comes to that resolution, and has the means to carry it out, there are twenty, perhaps worthier men, kept away by a dread of being outcasted, or for, what is worse because unconquerable, want of means. We have read in an extract from a speech by an Indian Missionary in England that the fact of poor Natives going to England and competing for the Civil Service is not highly relished by native nobles, and that a rich zemindar in Calcutta refused to aid a promising youth who applied to the big man for this purpose. That may have been the feeling of an old aristocrat, though more likely of an upstart, selfish to the core, but we do not see, when the English middle and poorer classes are allowed the opportunity, what there is so hateful in the same classes of the natives to justify their practical exclusion by a system which in their case increases by far the expense and hardships and risks of the competition, and render the consequences of failure utterly blasting, socially and pecuniarily. Under any circumstances, it is not for the British government to encourage such notions.

There are about a thousand offices reserved for the members of the Civil Service exclusively. Of these a fixed proportion may be thrown open to the Natives, and the proportion may be increased as time goes on, till it reaches a certain point beyond which the process cannot, for the present, be continued. This will be advantageous to the European competitor who will know the exact number of places available to Europeans. In the case of natives, any of the following qualifications, as, that of having served Government or in certain capacities for a fixed term of years, or a practice at the bar for a certain period, may be required to entitle the candidate to appear at the competitive examination. The Examination should be held in India, and a certain number of candidates may be chosen according to the requirements of the year. But it is not at all desirable to debar Natives from competing

in England, and the number selected in India will simply supplement the number of natives admitted in the ordinary way in England.

These are, however, thrown out as hints, and it may be that, with more attention paid to the subject, we can bring out better suggestions. Englishmen themselves, if they have the will, will easily find out the way by which they may admit the Natives to the higher appointments in the Civil Service.

We have now reached the conclusion. To sum up in a word, our view is—that this competition has not proved a comparative failure, that with greater improvements and more precautions it is likely to be as effective a test as any test can be, that a return to the nomination system would be a backward step which would necessarily cause evil, and that many of the evils in the administration may be remedied by a freer admission of Natives to the Service. Besides, by a division of power—the separation of the judicial and the executive service, for instance,—and by the remodelling of our legislative councils, all that is desired at present, may be obtained.

The writer is aware, that he has not been able to do full justice to this all-important subject ; but his object has been to place before the public a different view of the case from the one taken in the *Edinburgh Review*, and a view in which he fully confides.

THE DEATH OF HIPPOLYTUS.

I.

LIFT me ! oh lift me ! for the pains rush through
In spasms through my brain ;
Dash'd by my horses on the rock,
My bones are shatter'd by the shock ;
Behold me by a father's curses slain !

II.

Guiltless I suffer from a woman's hate,
Crush'd by a loathsome lie ;
'Tis known to all the powers above
I ne'er returned Phædra's love,
Yet Jove permits me wretched thus to die.

III.

Oh curse unhappy ! oh sire deceived !
Behold the tears I weep !
I cannot bear this racking pain,
In kindness pierce me through the brain,
Great Pluto lull me to eternal sleep !

IV.

A breath of perfume comes to cheer my soul !
What goddess here I see !
Diana, of the silver bow,
Behold thy hunter laid thus low,
Return my father's tender love to me !

V.

Groan, father groan ! thy son's short life is o'er :
Too late thou know'st the truth !
Now clasp me to thy heart again,
Within thine arms assuage my pain ;
See darkness comes to quench the eyes of youth !

VI.

Oh, realms of Athens and of Pallas wise !
From ye for e'er I go ;
My strength is past, my pangs are o'er ;
For me, oh father ! grieve no more ;
I leave for blissful vales this land of woe.

S.



CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE PALIÁS OF THE DINAJPUR DISTRICT.

THE Paliás of the District of Dinajpur in Bengal Proper exhibit as much festivity when a marriage of consequence takes place among them, as any tribe in any part of the country. Fortunately one happened while I was at Raiganj, and as the window of my little Bytakkháná* overlooked the very spot, where the festival was celebrated, I had an opportunity of seeing the whole ceremony. Early in the morning of the grand festival day, a high pole was planted in the centre of the yard of the bridegroom's house. A large assembly of people gathered under it, and preparations were made for an illumination with blazing earthen vessels stuck up on bamboo sticks, torches, &c. The Paliás of other villages came to the feast in procession, each with a water mug in his hand. At some distance from the pole they halted, and did not advance till a deputation was sent to invite them to the feast. The Mandals and Pardháns (that is, the elders) of the village seated themselves around and under the pole, and the rest of the villagers and the strangers at a little distance. One of those standing near the pole, who had a musical instrument, somewhat like a drum, now began to sound it, while the rest divided themselves into two parties forming two circles, one within the other, round the pole, and facing each other. By each man putting his arms over his neighbours' shoulders, each circle formed a continuous human chain. The members of the outer circle stood still, while those of the inner, kept dancing and bowing in an orderly manner to those in the outer. Thus they continued at least three hours, and those who were not in the circle formed separate rings by themselves. Some of the Paliás, who were desirous of exhibiting to the utmost their power and wit on the festive occasion, went on positively for two or three hours, bending their bodies nearly to the ground, and raising

* Drawing-room or parlour in the male house.—EDITOR.

them up again with such quickness, that it would be impossible for any one who was not accustomed to it to undergo the exercise continuously for so long a time. All the while the women were at a distance by themselves, and among them was the bride. When the beat of drum and the gymnastics ended, they all sat down in a large circle; a great quantity of boiled rice was brought to them, in large baskets (*Chángáries*,) besides, a number of earthen vessels full of country wine or toddy (fermented palm liquor) were distributed among them, and three or four large roasted sheep, which were immediately torn to pieces and devoured. For the drinking department they had a number of boys, who were fully employed in fetching water in large *bardacks* from the river Kulip (a branch of the Mahánanda river,) and thus they finished their dinner. At night the pole and other parts of the bridegroom's house were illuminated. The people seated themselves in an orderly manner in the form of an Amphitheatre, the women forming a part of the circle separate from the men. Several women with some brazen plates, and conches kept continually playing on the one and blowing the other, while two or three well-known and distinguished performers amused the company with their feats of dancing.

The particular mode of dancing and the other amusements, I believe, have never been described. All who have seen these properly must be excused from giving a faithful picture. When the dancing was at an end, they got the bridegroom up on the top of a hut, when the bride asked him to come down in the following words. “আইস আইস পরাণ বন্ধু, আইস নামি তুমি। তোমাকু খোরাইন্ রান্দি আর দিন্ মেকুলী বুনি হামি” “Come, come! friend of my heart, come down, I will cook for you and serve you and make for you *মেকুলী jute cloth*,” meaning I will serve you, my dear, work and drudge for you and supply your wants, do you come down.

UMESH CHANDRA GUPTA.

Shátighur, Teotá.

MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1874.

THE ENGLISH.

ARE THEY understandable by natives? Do they even understand themselves? Well, perhaps they do, as nothing sours them so much as to think that we natives neither do, nor ever will, understand them.

We natives who have been sometime at Home, (I mean England,) certainly find it very much less difficult to understand the English than the stay-at-homes in India, though even to such of us as have enjoyed the advantage in question, the character and dispositions of the English seem, at first sight, somewhat complex, and contradictory.

The Englishman's character and habits of thought are finished, generally speaking, at School and College, to which he goes after being well grounded at home by his parents in the principles of Religion, Truth, and Honesty.

The father at times may not be religious, but the mother is invariably so. While the father has the good taste to hide his sentiments on the subject before his children, and, save that he occasionally whistles and reads secular books on the Sabbath and allows mamma to read prayers, the children fail to see much difference between their parents. Now the system of sending children to far-off Boarding Schools is hateful to us natives, and with our Caste prejudices would be difficult to carry out, but there is no doubt that it is in these Schools that the English learn practically those principles of combination, bravery, contempt of lying, and of any sort of meanness, which in after life they find so useful and serviceable, especially in India.

Many natives may smile and be astonished at this and ask, how School can do all this. Perhaps they will be more astonished when I say the word "play" ought to be added to School. "School and Play"—that is the motto.

At our Schools the boy that plays or wishes to play is thought an incorrigible vagabond, and—generally turns out so. At the English Schools the best players are often enough the best scholars.

Play, however, with them is not the mild running and smiling after each other that we practise. It means that the small boy shall stand up fearlessly, aye joyfully, bat in hand, while the boy twice his size lets fly from his practised arm the big hard ball almost sufficient to smash the little chap's leg; instead of crying or running out of the way the little chap hits back the ball with far greater force than it came to him, almost knocking down the smilingly approving bigger boy.

At the still more dangerous game of football, less skill, but more bravery—what the English call "pluck"—is required, as in this game the boy who takes up the huge ball to run away with it, may be kicked fearfully by the opposite side. Then, they have meets for jumping where the big boy or the little must jump or try to jump over whatever he is told. They have also running matches where all boys must run four or even six miles. All this, though it may have something to do with their strength, endurance, and even courage—what can it have to do with combination? you ask. Well, in this way, that for all and every game they elect Captains, and these Captains though they are themselves only boys, insist upon being—and, what is more, *are*—obeyed; and hence arise the English talent for combination and steady following of their leaders.

In all nations a manly and healthy habit of body conduces towards a healthy tone of mind. Hence the noble sentiments practised, recorded and eulogized by the ancient Romans and Greeks. So in the case of the great moderns. Let the Englishman tell a deliberate lie, and, generally speaking, he is lost. Let him do a really mean thing, and

the stigma thereof hangs about him or is cast in his teeth all the days of his life.

Not only by the men about him, but even the women of his own household reluctantly blush for him. And now we come to the grand difference between ourselves and the English—their Ladies, or rather their mothers.

Till an Englishman is 8 or 10 years old his mother has almost the sole charge of him, and any native gentleman who has had the privilege of living in an English family, especially at Home, cannot fail to have been instructed and delighted by the judicious care and kindness bestowed on the young children.

How they are first scrubbed and cleaned, neatly dressed and then bundled down to prayers and breakfast. Generally the tiniest sits the most demure at prayers on her mother's lap and folds his or her little hands most reverentially to the one great Father of all, while the parents conduct the short service.

And then on Sunday, how careful the mother is that the children should listen to and learn innocent and delightful Bible stories, and sing in concert pretty and musical and never-to-be-forgotten hymns, often times repeated by the dying Englishman in his last moments.

He never forgets these lessons of his youth, and, bad as he may be, he generally takes care to marry a religious woman who will certainly impart the same instruction to his children, while he, giving up playing Cards and Billiards on a Sunday, contents himself, as I said before, with whistling and reading secular books and papers, two most indispensable requisites for the Englishman.

But far be it from me to say, the English are perfect. In fact, I think, when they are bad they sin more barefacedly and shamelessly than ourselves, but here again their peculiar manners, customs, and institutions come to their rescue. If the black sheep is in the Service he soon finds out it doesn't pay (as they call it.) If not in the Service, he is in a manner ostracised (hunt this word up in the dictionary,) perhaps we ought to say he gets the cold shoulder (another dictionary word.)

Married gentlemen never invite him to their houses, while the better part of the young men keep aloof from him, and see him shot before they let their mothers or sisters talk to him. Moreover, there are always some men about who will give the black sheep a bit of their mind.

When we improve (which we are fast doing) we shall have one advantage over the English in body and mind. We shall, to use their own phrase, be a more even lot. Look at the English. What great big hulking fellows some of them look even in English clothes, (they'd look twice as big again dressed as a native). Look, again, and see what puny miserable little chaps others are, yet they must be the bravest, as they are always chosen to ride the jumping races.

As for the difference in their minds, let Bearers and Kidmutgars tell you about their masters.

How some of them, especially those who have been some time in the country, seldom if ever, say an unkind word to their servants, while others are seldom without a kick, a stick, or an unkind word, or, I am sorry to add, an oath. This we can't understand, but the Sahibs do. 'What a d——d temper Robinson has!' they say. Catch any of them living with a man that is always kicking up a row with his servants! Yet even in these cases, servants can invariably get redress though the way they occasionally damage valuable English property in sets, which is almost irreparable, is enough to vex the heart of a Hindoo Saint, leave alone the irascible Englishman. Yet have I known many a great man among the English give only a gentle admonition, and simply sigh, when the careless servant had smashed some relic of the past, of wife or child, which the great man would not have parted with for thousands of Rupees.

But *we* see nothing of all this, their inner life, which, if we only knew something more of it, would simply be invaluable to us; all this being, on the contrary, viewed (but never thought of) only by low hirelings, incapable of distinguishing vice from virtue,—fellows who don't even *care* to speculate upon the differences in manners and customs which tend to render one nation greater than another.

As for ourselves, in connection with the English, we often wonder what is to be the end, or even middle, thereof. There is no doubt that a greater part of the older servants of the Crown, from our clever and humane Governor General and Viceroy downwards, and a good part of the more enthusiastic of the younger men, have a most earnest and sincere desire to ensure the welfare and happiness of this wonderful country (as regards resources,) and, may we say,—people, likewise! There is no doubt we may—we have been wonderful, and shall be still more so again, if even now we are not so. What shall we say to one of our nation being a high Wrangler at Cambridge, not to talk of those who have distinguished themselves in Competitive Examinations, as also at the Bench and the Bar? Men that can do all this, can soon learn to do anything;—learn to fight as well as to read.

Bah! Bravery consists more in early education and reading than anything else. Let our sons travel and read unmythological tales of warriors of all ages, including their own. Let them have play-grounds as well as schools, and bravery will as surely be developed as the butterfly from the chrysalis.

The English are fast making us as rich and as learned as themselves, but will they always govern us?

Supposing in one of those would-be philanthropic whims and convulsions which they are liable to, they suddenly washed their hands of us. What would be the result? How appalling the very thought to every true lover of his country, indeed to every body, but the lovers of such anarchy as the world has seldom seen! Imagine the prospect. The Pathan, the Sikh, the Maharatta, the Nizam would, each and all, arise fast and furious “to join the dreadful revelry.” The word would be passed—Death to the cow-eater and hog-relisher! Confusion take all Rails, Telegraphs, and Bridges, and Buildings, that took as many millions to build as there are swarming inhabitants in this great country! The Bhang and the Majum be blowed! How, at a given signal, all the fat would be on fire, and the Devil to pay! What hurly burly, harum scarum! Maybe, neither shall the idolater-gathering bells

chime, nor the *muezzin* awake the faithful to their matins. Nay, perhaps a worse, as yet unseen unthought of, peril might arise. Look now at the intelligence, the number, power, and impudence of the low caste men among us. The Pariah, the Moochee, the European's cook-boy, and sweeper, and last, but by no means least, the low native Christians, all well paid, well fed, some of them learned, and, above all, owing to their peculiar institutions, accustomed to combination—what might not these do! Indeed, from our experience of their short reign in 1857, we may be pretty sure of what they would do, so soon as they had the opportunity of having it all their own way. Many of these fellows, such exemplary lambs under British sway, directly *that* check on their passions is removed, would be let loose on society; and they would be all the more formidable for the existence among our midst of such,—I trust for the credit not of Hindu but of human nature; exceptional,—miscreants like the unsoldierly “Soldier” who has scandalized the world by his communication to the *Bombay Gazette*, (itself no exponent of gentlemanly English feeling,) who would easily find themselves at their head.

To be sure, it is almost comical to think of some of the *possible* consequences, were India resigned by the English. The Land of Caste might be eventually ruled by men of no caste. Fancy King Ramaswamy the First on the Peacock Throne of the Great Moguls or the far more ancient Rajahs of India;—the hideously voluble and nasal sounding Tamil the polite language of the East!

And yet far more dreadful and astonishing things might arise if we were suddenly left to our own unaided resources. We could not become Romans, but we might become Hindoo Grecians in religion—a name not unfamiliar to our ears, and not by any means a new fangled term.

Why, in that contingency, happily without a rational foundation, of the British deserting us and leaving us in the lurch—after the manner they themselves were in ancient times served by their degenerate Roman masters,—how long would it be before Russia with her swarming armies and still worse priests would be upon us, and sweep the

land, and sweep away our religions of sorts. Think you that if the English Government were to enact an arbitrary law (which they are quite strong enough to do) to the effect that all Government posts, save Military ones, should be held generally by Christians, they would not in a few years number their converts by millions, whose sons would be as bigoted Christians as their forefathers were originally orthodox Hindoos and Mahomedans? Any body that doubts this is referred to the fact of how eagerly Government appointments and their attendant pensions are sought after. Mark, too, how, since the death of Runjeet Sing, immense numbers even of the Sikhs are becoming Moonahs. Well, Russia would as certainly pass the above enactment regarding religion and the Public Service as the English are certain not to do so. It would do *some* of us no small amount of good for them to invest a few Rupees in histories of the Russian wars in, and Russian occupation of, Poland, Circassia, &c.

Well, what eventuality or combination of eventualities could give India a strong Native Government? It is hard to say, if the English Christian left us, what we could do. Suppose the moral Deist to take his place. He would favour neither Christian nor Hindoo, Mahomedan nor Buddhist, but are we sure he is incapable of loving his own good and holy self rather too much at the expense of the Benighted? We may take for granted, he will not think of favouring the cow or any other animal, but we are in the dark as to his policy on the innumerable subjects which constitute the staple work of government. Then, has he had any schooling? After all, he is, where not a school-boy, a mere Saint, and statesmanship is a business with sinners. Saints, where they have been vested with the civil power, have not, as a rule, been lenient to the sinners. But I am fighting a shadow by conjuring up the possibility of our Latter-day Saints here ever having the opportunity of reforming a sinful world with endless frothy sermons and—the sword! The Ferazis, not to say the Wahabis, have far greater chance.

So let us march while others laugh. There are many strong men amongst us, and we are getting stronger every

day. Let our children also be properly and vigorously educated. The race in these days is to the learned, in practical science especially. The wildest, most daring and unhesitating bravery, as we have lately seen, can do nothing against combination and Sniders. In a century, perhaps, or less, if our young men would enlist freely in the Army or the Volunteers, say, in corps to themselves, which the English would certainly allow us to do, owing to our greater loyalty, I say in that time, or perhaps wonderfully sooner, if deserted or left amicably by the English, we should be powerful enough to look on, while Sikh and Maharatta were weakening, or trying to exterminate, the cow-eating Pathan and Hindooised Mussalman, and—themselves afterwards.

Our Sniders and rifled guns and, above all, our combination, could then make us masters of India, while our indifference or rather tolerance of all religions would enable us and our sons' sons to keep it.

MOODELLIAR NATH ULLAISWAMY.

INDIAN MELODIES.

II.

WHEN THE MIDNIGHT OF SORROW AND CARE.

WHEN the midnight of sorrow and care
 Envelopes the heart with its gloom ;
 Oh resign not thyself to despair,—
 Let Faith's torch-light thy pathway illumine.

On—on, still undaunted by fear,
 For the darkest night never will stay :
 Soon the sunlight of hope will appear,
 And the flow'rs of joy bloom in thy way.

RAM SHARMA.

A VOICE FOR THE COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES OF INDIA.*

SECTION III.

THE PRESENT OF THE COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES OF INDIA.

PART I.—COMMERCE.

"A considerable portion of the capital employed in the India trade, is supplied by English merchants. They depute members of their firms or confidential clerks, to proceed to the Presidencies to establish commercial houses, and there to purchase and transmit produce to England, China, Australia, and the East Indian Archipelago, and to obtain a market for English produce and manufactures. These gentlemen are assisted in duties so new to them by a class of natives called Banyans."—J. H. Stoeckeler's *India*.

I HAVE completed the retrospective accounts with which it was necessary to pave the way for the introduction of my subject. It has not been my object to do more than take note of the several facts of importance, and briefly interpret them to my countrymen, in order that such an interpretation may exercise a present as well as a future influence on the well-being of our society. Though the sketches have necessarily been too rapid to satisfy curiosity on all points, enough has, I hope, been said, to give a tolerably correct idea of the state of things in the past, and to remove the prevailing scepticism on the commercial enterprises and manufactural achievements of our nation. In submitting those sketches, it has been far from my intention "to expatiate on our past glory,"—an idle pastime which betrays a degenerate

* See the previous Articles of the series on this subject in this Magazine, Nos. VII., IX. and X., and XIV. and XV.

people. In so far as I have seemed to indulge in it, I have been led to it in pursuit of a *bonâ-fide* practical object, under the conviction that researches into the history of a nation are sometimes of great interest and present utility. The traditions of a people often exercise a considerable influence on their destiny. They help at once to develop the energy and call forth the ambition which elevate nations to greatness. The military traditions of France, who fought single-handed against all Europe, for a series of years, with the most brilliant success on record, are the source from which her people chiefly draw their inspiration, and maintain themselves as the first military nation in the world. The present generation of the Natives, accustomed to regard education as the path to office only, may be slow to perceive the advantages resulting from a retrospect of the exploits of their ancestors;—but the next generation, who, I trust, will be educated to feel a deeper sense of the national interests, may see the whole matter in a different light, and try to give a practical effect to their lessons.

I have dwelt on the *past* of our Commerce and Manufactures. I now take up their *present*, and draw nearer the subject which I have undertaken to treat. Be it noted that I omit to take into consideration the inland trade of India, and propose to deal solely with her sea-borne traffic. In my attempt to point out the status of the foreign commerce of India at the present day, it is vain for my European critics to accuse me of taking an one-sided and “exceedingly gloomy view of the state of my country”—of “surveying as through a glass darkly.”* Let me once for all be understood to treat the matter exclusively from an Indian point of view. Native as I am, I am not concerned to look at it in any other light than that of a national question—a great social and political problem, on the solution of which depends our future greatness. I should not limit myself to a superficial survey of the state of things

* I have been so accused by the *Times* in its article on “Hindoo-English Literature,” when criticising “Mookerjee’s Magazine.”

around me, and fall into the common error of even my countrymen, who, going merely by *primâ facie* evidence, allow themselves to be imposed upon by the facts of the immense development of the commercial relations of India, the marvellous means of communication that have been opened out, the unprecedented number of ships annually visiting our ports, and the high figures to which our exports have reached. I should look beyond all this, and beneath the surface. Doubtless great results have been achieved under British rule, but I should turn from the deceitful appearance of plenty and prosperity, to the pauperism that is daily extending over the face of the country, and affecting the condition of large masses of its population,* who labour not for the benefit of themselves, but of others—who have no share in the goodly heritage, and to whom all this “flourishing commerce” is a positive disappointment. I should look at the question with reference to our own interests, and with the object of determining the net results accruing to my nation from those commercial relations and high figures of the exports. It is no satisfaction to Peter that his country’s commerce betters the condition of Paul,—while his own lot remains unchanged, and he is scarcely able to rise in the scale of comfort and civilization—while his own fatherland lies as backward as ever, and is poor to the utmost degree of poverty.

To all those, who have patiently followed me from the beginning, it must have become
 Strictly speaking, India now has no commerce of her own. apparent, from a retrospect of the commerce of India, how our ancestors in ancient times ploughed the ocean from Egypt to China, and from the Mozambique to the Indian Archipelago ; how they built and freighted their own ships, and were themselves principally the active agents in the commerce between India and foreign countries ; how they participated in the profits of that commerce, and were benefited by the freight of the merchandise they transported ; and how our nation in general prospered under such a state of things. In all such operations and their results, consists the commerce which can alone be considered the *bonâ-fide*

Commerce of India. Contrasted with this ancient commerce, India has nothing like to it now-a-days. In the strict sense of that term, and under the simple definition of its being an exchange of the goods of one country by its people with the commodities of another, we have now no commerce—no external trade, no ocean-traffic which is carried on by ourselves like our ancestors. The commerce of a country augments its wealth, and enhances its political consequence. The Indians are at present without a commerce which may make an addition to their national wealth and power. I am far indeed from saying that there is no exchange of Indian commodities with those of other countries. I deny not that the extension of its present commercial relations is beyond all precedent in the past history of the land. I acknowledge the prosperity which has sprung from the reign of law and the security of property. But I must recall the attention of the reader to the fact of the distinction which exists between a trade carried on by foreigners, and a trade carried on *bonâ-fide* by the children of the soil. This fundamental distinction is a point of essential importance to be borne in mind in a discussion of the matter. It should also be remembered that the government of India under the British has no independent commercial policy, guided by the consideration of India's welfare. Its treaties are never made with reference to the promotion of Native enterprise. Its tariffs are never suggested at the instance of Native merchants and manufacturers. Native interests seldom influence the decisions of Government, or determine its conduct in the administration. They are invariably subordinated to the interests of the governing nation. The external commerce which is now carried on under the name of India, and which one may choose to magnify as having doubled, or trebled, or quadrupled, is plainly no other than that branch of the colonial trade of Great Britain, which has, most of all, contributed to the progress of that inconsiderable island, as exhibited in its tonnage, and exports and imports, and manufactures—a trade which profusely brings in money to British coffers, and rapidly makes the fortunes of "Britishers"—which is the great foundation of

British credit and the principal source of British power and greatness. Vastly expanded and ramified as that trade has now become, the Indians have no more than a scintilla of interest in it. It is little better than a fiction for them. Commerce is the common good of the nation, partaken of by all its members. In this instance, it amounts in effect to a close monopoly in the hands of a favoured few.

In truth, the people of India have a large home-trade of their own, but no foreign trade. They have lost the latter from a long time back.

The causes of the decline of the Indians as a commercial nation.

The loss is owing to a variety of causes. It has partly proceeded from the short-comings of the Natives themselves, and partly from the selfish policy of the Government now controlling their destinies. The earliest cause to which the decline may be traced, is the political domination of the Brahmins, under whose teachings our nation first began to degenerate, and manifest a growing repugnance to maritime pursuits and foreign intercourse. The unhealthy and antagonistic tendency of the Brahminical religion, laws, institutions, and precepts, to all rules, precedents, and usages of the mercantile Buddhists in particular, and to all enterprise and progress in general, produced a revolution in our customs, convictions, and traditions, under which the Hindoos gradually ceased to be a sea-going and trading people, and their commerce passed away into foreign hands. From having been the noblest and most adventurous people in all Asia, they grew to be the most ease-loving and enterprise-hating nation in the world. Time made them inert, and they ultimately became content to remain as immoveable fixtures at home, gladly exchanging the products of their soil and industry at their own doors. The Bengali, who had once been so conspicuous a navigator, altogether quitted his native seas, and did not clear a single vessel for a foreign port. In the interval of Hindoo indolence and supineness, the Arabs, or Moors, burst forth into an unprecedentedly energetic nation, which grew in opulence and glory together. They spread themselves over land and sea with an amazing rapidity. They stepped into

the arena vacated by the impassive and stay-at-home Hindoo. Their merchant fleets covered the Indian and China seas. They became the first commercial nation in Asia, and almost wholly monopolized the carrying of the ocean-traffic of the East. In a few exceptions the sea-going population of India still clung to their old habits and pursuits. The Guzratees still partially freighted their ships with cargoes for Africa. The Coromandelese still plied in the Bay, and fished it for pearls near Ceylon. The ancient Malabarese turned coasters and pirates. Things thus continuing in *statu quo* for several ages, the country itself then passed away into the hands of foreign despots, who swept away the reign of law, and, introduced in its stead the rule of confiscation, spoliation, and plunder. There could be little inducement to engage in commercial pursuits, when the success with which they might be attended, instead of adding to the enjoyments of life, provoked the cupidity of alien tyrants possessing both the power and inclination to rob men of the fruits of their industry. Then commenced the concealment of money in place of its circulation. Instead of volunteering to speculate, people began to bury their gold and silver. The native Indians now utterly lost their maritime stamina. They went on from bad to worse, till, towards the end of the fifteenth century, the commerce of the East completely changed hands. It was wrested from the effete Asiatics, by people whom circumstances favored to give them a turn to predominate in the world. Long had the nations of Christendom coveted a share in the lucrative commerce of India, till they at last accomplished the purpose by the discovery of a passage round the southernmost point of Africa. Slowly, through long ages, did the Indians move in one and the same groove, from day to day, and year to year, and rust at home, without one single effort or even yearning for progress. The Arabs too, in the lapse of time, cooled in their ardor, and began to live by rules and precedents. Preferring to stand upon the ancient ways, and distrusting all novelties, they ceased to press forward into the future in a progressive career. "More than a thousand years before our era," says

Humboldt, "the Chinese had already magnetic carriages, on which the moveable arm of the figure of a man continually pointed to the south, as a guide by which to find the way across the boundless grass plains of Tartary; nay, even in the third century of our era, therefore, at least 700 years before the use of the mariner's compass in European seas, Chinese vessels navigated the Indian Ocean under the direction of magnetic needles pointing to the south."* They were also acquainted with gunpowder. But neither did they utilize the magnetic needle to help them in their maritime progress, nor did they use the gunpowder to keep off intruders from usurping their fields. The Asiatics had had their day of earthly splendour, and they had at length been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The decree had gone forth against them that they were to be superseded by bolder navigators and more enterprising merchants—by nations with more powerful marine, greater appliances, and deadlier weapons.† "Distance, which had left fair Hindustan secure from European lust, seemed to lessen year by year, after the Portuguese and Dutch mariners had proved that the Cape of Storms could be safely passed in ships of heavy burthen. The prolific isles of the Eastern sea were speedily lit upon by these birds of adventure; and the loud satisfaction they were heard to express, invited by degrees successive migratory expeditions of the rival or kindred dwellers in the colder regions they had wandered from. Finding on their arrival that there was room enough for all, certain of these latter set about the business in a more methodical way, and strove by various regulations, charters, laws,—and, whenever needful, forgetfulness of laws,—to establish for themselves the most lucrative and gigantic monopoly that the annals of commerce contain."‡

* Humboldt's *Cosmos*.

† "The use of fire-arms," says Southey, "without which the conquests of the Spaniards in the New World must have been impossible, changed the character of naval war sooner than it did the system of military tactics, though they were employed earlier by land than by sea."—*Naval History of England*.

‡ Torren's *Empire in Asia*.

The Portuguese were the first comers. That nation was then "in the vigor of its heroic age," and it carried away every thing before it with an irresistible energy. Mercantile pre-eminence, however, was more the ambition of the Portuguese than empire. With this view they confined their dominion chiefly to the sea coasts, along a line of 12,000 miles, from the Cape to China.* Their real sovereignty was exercised on the sea. The discovery of a new route by their own nation transferred, in those days, the commerce between Europe and the East entirely to the hands of the Portuguese. With their better-built, and better-manned, and better-armed vessels, they soon put down the Arabs, who were found principally engaged in carrying on the mutual traffic between the neighbouring countries of Southern Asia. The rich Spice trade was first of all appropriated by them. Next they, one by one, established themselves on the Western coasts of India ; in Ceylon ; in Bengal ; in Malacca,—which was then the centre of commerce between Hindustan, China, and the islands of the Archipelago ; at Ormus—the emporium of the Persian Gulf ; at Aden—the chief emporium of the Red Sea ; at Mozambique ; at Canton ; and even in Japan. Thus occupying all the principal ports, and becoming complete masters of the Eastern Seas, the Portuguese diverted the India trade to the new route discovered by them. They now carried to Lisbon the various spices from the Moluccas ; rice, sugar, indigo, calicoes, silks, and precious stones from India ; pearls, ivory, and cinnamon from Ceylon ; carpets, velvets, and damasks from Persia ; coffee from Arabia ; and camphor, porcelain, and tea from China—all of which had, from time immemorial, been transported by Asiatic mariners and merchants in their own vessels to supply Europe and the rest of the world. Though, long before the arrival of these newcomers, the Indians had partly voluntarily ceased to take an active share in the foreign trade of their country, and had partly been forced to give way before the rising power of the Arabians, yet they had persevered to cope

with the stranger, and carry their operations on, to a limited extent. But much of the ground hitherto maintained by them was now irretrievably lost, and their struggles became still feebler and fainter than before.

The results of Portuguese domination were sufficiently disastrous. But the matter was further complicated and aggravated by the following in their wake of the other European nations, who, attracted by the success of the Portuguese, pressed forward in the same direction. The Portuguese had for nearly a century been in the undisputed possession of the India trade. It was their fashion to carry on that trade by independent individuals, and not by any privileged joint-stock company. Their Indiamen also contented themselves with carrying goods to Lisbon, and leaving them to be exported to the rest of Europe by others. Under this system, the Dutch, then owning Spanish subjection, gradually developed themselves into a commercial people, by transporting the India merchandise from Lisbon to the different markets of the European continent. On the prohibition of this intercourse of the Dutch with Lisbon, and the annexation of Portugal to Spain, they turned their attention to a direct commerce with India. By degrees they drove out the Portuguese forerunners completely from the field, and, in their turn, established the supremacy of their nation on the Eastern seas. Intelligent and industrious as the Dutch are proverbially known to be, they owe the origin of their fame to their trade with this country. It was from Indian indigo that they became reputed as the best dyers and dressers of cloth in Europe. It was from Indian cotton and silk that they reproduced the highly prized fabrics of our country.

The English did not long lag behind to seek a share in the traffic, which had so quickly enriched their neighbours. The French also trod in the same footsteps. In their track came up the Danes, the Germans, the Austrians, and even the Swedes, who all poured themselves in swarms toward

the Land of Promise. The trade with the East Indies became the rage of all Europe. This immoderately swelled the number of competitors in the field, under which the Asiatics totally succumbed. Their lingering efforts now terminated in final extinction. But most of the European nations, who coveted a share in the commerce of the East, worsted themselves by mutual jealousies and hostilities, till their power became reduced to a very low ebb. The English alone ran the race most successfully. Their navy attained a decided superiority, which led to their complete ascendancy on the Indian Ocean. Under the original impulse, the pursuit of commerce was strictly adhered to for a series of years. But, by the middle of the 18th century, grander projects came to be conceived. The English wanted to combine glory with gain. They were fired with the idea of becoming "a nation in India." They craved after territorial acquisition, and revenue, and power. Circumstances favored their designs, and power was completely placed in their hands by the events succeeding the battle of Plassey. "From factories to forts, from forts to fortifications, from fortifications to garrisons, from garrisons to armies, and from armies to conquests," the English at last founded a magnificent empire in India. Slowly but surely there was a complete change in the sovereignty of the country, and with it there followed not only a complete change in its political condition, but also in its economic position and commercial status. It is not meant to be at all insinuated here, that the British forcibly snatched away and appropriated the commerce of this country from its subject-population. The charge of open violence and direct deprivation can never be brought home to them. The policy always followed by the English is to steal a march on their rivals, and thus compass their downfall. From the date of Brahminical ascendancy, centuries previous to their advent, had the decadence of our commerce, and the slow and silent process of its alienation, commenced. By the time they came, the English found it to have already slipped from our hands. They found our art of ship-building to be almost in a primitive state, and ourselves placed by our old ideas and habits at the utmost disadvantage for competition.

They found us to have ceased as a commercial people. They discovered us to turn pale at the name of *Kalapanee*—to be prohibited by our religion from going to sea. In later years, they beheld a Sepoy regiment mutiny when called upon to embark in ships for Burmah. To this day, they find the Natives lose caste by going to England. When the English first came, the foreign trade of our country had almost wholly passed away into the hands of the Portuguese and Dutch. They saw the cotton fabrics of Surat, the pepper of Malabar, and the cinnamon of Ceylon, all transported in Portuguese carracks. They saw Bengal cottons carried to Japan in Dutch bottoms. It was from the hands of these nations that the English snatched away the commerce of our country, and no blame can attach to the proceeding. The course of events had brought about the catastrophe, and our loss had become inevitable. No advantage has been taken of our subjection to their rule. But while no such blame can be fixed on them they may, with every justice, be taxed for maintaining a policy which has entirely cut away the ground from under our feet, and left us in the cold shade. It is the policy which, far from enabling us to recover our lost position, tends to render the injury inflicted upon us permanent. England has accepted the responsibility of governing this country, and is bound to discharge her obligations to it with a maternal solicitude. It is stated in the Queen's Proclamation :—"We hold ourselves bound to the Natives of our Indian territories by *the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects*, and those obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God, we shall *faithfully and conscientiously fulfil.*" India is here plainly acknowledged to form an integral part of the British Empire—not a conquered dependency, but a member of that great body politic. Her Majesty makes no distinction between her Indian and British-born subjects. The Proclamation unequivocally admits the Natives to an equality of rights and privileges with the Anglo-Saxons. It assures to us a faithful and conscientious regard for our interests. To carry out these promises fully, implies nothing less than to make us a nation in every

respect equal to the English themselves ; and, with a view to that end, one of the great obligations of duty which England is bound to fulfil towards India, is to call forth the enterprising spirit of her children, who have always been acquainted with commerce and the arts, and ready to exchange the various products of their soil and skill for the commodities of other countries. But there is a wide variance between the promises and performances of the English Government. The Legislature is not wanting in good intentions. But these are frustrated and nullified at the hands of the Executive, who have made the Queen's Proclamation quite a dead letter. Guided purely by selfish instincts, the Government has never recognised the desirability and never harboured the design of making the Natives a maritime and an enterprising people. It has never made an effort to train them up in this direction, and improve their commercial status. Rather has it steadily maintained a contrary policy,—the cool, ungenerous policy of neglecting and keeping down native interests, and promoting those of its own nation. The English first came here with the avowed purpose of commerce. Their great object was to possess a colonial trade, which constituted one of the principal sources of national wealth, and had in their days enriched more than one continental nation. This object has never been lost sight of by them in the midst of war and territorial conquest. It is their mission—the stimulus to their toil and the guerdon of their victories. So long they were a body of pure traders, they were fully justified in pursuing whatever promoted their own interests. But when from a trading association they were converted into a sovereign power, it became their duty, in accordance with the first principles of government, to identify their interests with those of the subject-race, and impart to them all the blessings of a well-regulated state. Indeed they have not openly asserted the right of the strong over the weak—of the superior over the inferior. They have not in the name and under the sanction of conquest appropriated our land, and parcelled it out to

their captains and generals. They have not usurped our fields and meadows. They have not seized our cattle. There is no law preventing us from the pursuit of trades and industries. There is no statute prohibiting us from navigation and commercial enterprises. No, they have not ousted us from the soil. They have not shut us out from our mines. They have not kept us out from agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. They have not interfered with our vested rights and privileges. They have not reduced us to slavery. Nothing of the kind have they done openly, and by force. All the resources are left open to us. Every man is at liberty to select his own career, and carve out his fortune in his own way. True, there is no *primâ facie* dispossession, or oppression or breach of faith—and the seeming tone of benevolence, and the semblance of a parental character are not the least remarkable features of the British Indian Government. But virtually, and to all intents and purposes, the country has been reduced to the utmost subjection. The scheme of government is skilfully devised to deaden every energy of the nation. It is a government which is not made for the good of the population of this country, but where that population seems to be made only for the government. It is a government which has silently permitted the right of conquest to over-ride and extinguish almost every pre-existing interest of the natives—which has broken up the foundations of almost every kind of property, which has turned all classes of the people, more or less, to a nation of labourers. The conquerors have, by means of masked legislation, fully disabled us and disinherited us of all that is of advantage to us, and brought on the surrender of all our valuable material resources, till they have not left us a leg to stand upon. The Crusader fought for the cross and glory. The half degenerate and half chivalrous Spaniards and Portuguese fought for gold and the cross. But the shopkeeping English fight only for gold. They have made the conquest of India answer for more than one object. It has answered as much for the extension of their commerce and the consumption of their manufactures, as it has done for their territorial aggrandisement. It has been made

to supply them with those resources of land and labour, in which England is deficient. India is utilized by them for the purposes of a colony in every sense of the term, where the existence of a numerous indigenous population, dispenses with the necessity of importing slaves and emigrants from foreign countries. In proportion to the vastness of the country, does it serve the object of not one kind, but of all descriptions, of colonies. It is a *planting* colony, like the West India islands, or the Mauritius, in as much as it serves the object of a number of Englishmen to plant and rear certain vegetable productions, such as Indigo, Sugar, Coffee, or Tea, and collect a fortune for retiring upon it to their native country. It is a *mining* colony, like the Spanish and Portuguese settlements in South America, so far as such bodies, as the Bengal and Assam Coal Companies, are employed in working the resources, and extracting the mineral wealth of our country. And it is a *commercial* colony, in which English and other European factories and firms entirely control the disposal of its natural or artificial productions, dictate its tariffs, and influence the policy of the Government. In addition to all these, they are proposing to turn it also into an *agricultural* colony, by inviting over English farmers, and cultivators, and artizans, to settle on our table-lands, and making them in process of time grow into a nation for the greater and better security of their empire. Out of these various kinds, the colony that suffers the hardest fate of all, is the one "the inhabitants of which fall into the hands of commercial companies which form, at the same time, sovereign political bodies." Such was India under the direct Government of the late East India Company, and such is it now under the indirect control of English merchants and manufacturers. The revenue of India is not more the object of our rulers than is its commerce. It is this which originally attracted them to these shores, and its importances, instead of abating, has more and more increased in the eyes of the nation, as the acquisition of territory after territory has enlarged the field of operations. "The real England," it is said, "is not the little island of that name, but the

thousands of ships that fly her flag on the seas of the world." It is the fashion now-and-then to speak of India as a great bore and burden to England. But those who choose to indulge in this maudlin sentiment, pretend to forget that England owes all her consequence, credit, and greatness to India. Without questioning her native valour and original skill, it may be admitted that it was Indian commerce that finally made her paramount on the ocean,—a paramountcy which enabled her to cope with Napoleon, and to destroy which, preparatory to her subjugation, the great French Conqueror planned his famous *Continental System*. It was Indian wealth that raised her to the position of an umpire among European powers. It is Indian gold that still enables her to send military missions to the heart of Africa or bring home as trophies the umbrellas of savage Chiefs. If she has lost ground among the Great Powers of Europe, her statesmen have still the consolation left that "she is now an Asiatic power." One of our ex-financiers, Mr. Massey, in giving his evidence before the Indian Finance Committee, in 1872, observed:—"I would regard the severance of India from England as a fatal blow to English prestige, and as a material loss also. Our trade would dwindle away to nothing, and we would sink to the grade of a second rate power." During the late discussions on Russia's progress in Central Asia, less anxiety was manifested for the loss of India itself, than of her commerce. In proportion to its great lucrativeness, and the maritime power and colonial possessions and the ocean supremacy it has brought in its train, is that commerce so highly prized, and eagerly prosecuted, and sedulously developed and extended, and anxiously cherished and held with an iron grip. Prone to the habit of unwittingly endorsing the plausible opinions of their superiors, my countrymen labor under the infatuation that they are at all benefited by that foreign trade of their country, which has, in the present age, assumed such large dimensions. It is a trade which is enjoyed by the dominant few at the expense of abject millions. I speak from a strict commercial view of the matter, and in a strict commercial sense. ✓

The evidence already submitted, may not be sufficiently decisive to set at rest the point with which I have started, and which is my contention. To lay the matter in the clearest, distinctest, and most effectual manner, I shall now go to facts and details. But let me previously say a few words on the last traces of India's *bond-fide* commerce.

From a passage in the Ayen Akberi, it appears that the Emperor Akber kept up an *Admiralty*, which, in the language of the country, was called the Office of *Meer Behry*. He maintained this department, it is said, with "four objects in view." One of these objects was to improve the mercantile navy and encourage maritime undertakings. With a view to this, he built in the sea-board provinces, "ships of a size for sea voyages." He gave employment to experienced mariners, who chiefly came from Malabar. Their number was regulated by the size of the ship. First of all, there was the *Nacoda*, or the Captain, who directed the course of the vessel. Next to him was the *Maulim*, or the mate, who knew the soundings, observed the position of the stars, and guided the ship to its destination. Then came the *Tundail*, or the head of the sailors. He was followed by the *Sareng*, who superintended the docking and the launching of the ship, and often officiated for the mate. The duty of the *Punjeree* was to look from the top of the mast, and give notice of land, or a ship, or of danger. There were four or five other officers besides. The pay of a *Nacoda* varied according to the distance and danger of the voyage. "In the Bunder of Satgong," it was Rs. 400 ; in Cambay, it was Rs. 800; in Lahry, Rs. 300; in Acheen, Rs. 500; in Malaca, Rs. 400.; and in Pegu and Dahnassery, about Rs. 450. The different places mentioned, indicate the ports to which our ships then used to sail. "It ought not to excite your surprise," writes Bernier to Thevenot, "that the Indians, who are a very timid people, and ignorant of the art of navigation, undertake pretty long and important voyages ; such as from Bengal to Tannasar, Acheen, Malaca, Siam, and Madagascar, or to Masulipatam, Ceylon, the Maldives, Mocha, and Bunder Abbas. They are of course very careful

to avail themselves of the favourable season for going, and the favourable season for returning." In the reign of Aurungzebe, in 1693, a pilgrim-ship, bound from Surat to Mecca, and captured by the English, is mentioned to have carried "80 guns," and to have been furnished "with 400 muskets." It is evident from these several facts, that the last traces of Indian maritime and commercial efforts were discernible up to the close of the 17th century. The Portuguese, or the Dutch, who had *so largely appropriated the trade on the Eastern seas, did not, after all, succeed in making themselves entire masters of it. The Indians and Arabs had still persevered to keep up a share. In time, they grew expert in maritime affairs, and naval warfare. They procured artificers, who made artillery for them, and instructed them in its use and management. Their squadrons covered every part of the coasts, and it was now not unusual to see Portuguese ships defeated and taken by country cruisers.* Besides, the hostilities of the Portuguese and Dutch were not so much directed against the Asiatics, as against the other European nations whom it was their great object to exclude from navigating the seas on which their colonies were situated. Far otherwise has it been under the leadership and administration of the English. They have made no use of the terror of cannon to gain their object. But they have inaugurated a policy under which it has been made impossible for the natives to maintain any ground against the encroachments of the dominant class, under which we have completely broken down and ceased as a commercial nation.

It shall now be my endeavour to show by a reference to facts and figures, that the various branches once constituting the trade proper of India, have one by one all passed away into the hands of, and are now engrossed by, the English, to the utter exclusion of the Natives. In doing this, I shall make the Trade and Navigation Returns of British India for

The Straits Settlement
Trade.

* Says Macpherson, in his "History of European Commerce with India":—"We learn from Castaneda," that "the Chinese took four vessels loaded with pepper, sandal-wood, and merchandize belonging to the King of Portugal."

1873, the latest authority on the subject, my text. One of the great branches of Indian commerce from which our nation always reaped a considerable profit, is the trade with the Spice Islands, and the neighbouring countries. Through all ages, this part of Asia has been a most attractive region, the productions of which have been a favourite object of consumption to all nations of the world. Hence the traffic in those productions has always constituted not only a lucrative branch of the Indian trade, but of the commerce of the world. It is a great mistake to suppose that "the inhabitants of this cluster of islands had lived for ages upon the meal of the sago and the milk of the cocoa, when the Chinese, landing there by accident, first discovered the clove and the nutmeg."* From many centuries before, had the Hindoos been accustomed to repair to these islands, and carry the products with which the Egyptians embalmed their mummies. The Buddhist merchants of ancient Kalinga had established here a Hindoo colony, which flourished for several centuries. They must be understood to have utilized its resources and capabilities, cultivated pepper, clove, and nutmeg gardens, like the Dutch in later ages, and driven a thriving trade in the exchange of their country's goods for the spicy produce of the colony. On the decline of the Hindoo power, the Arabians became the principal carriers of the spice-trade, and established many petty sovereignties in the Indian Archipelago, such as still exist under the Mahomedan Sultan of Acheen and others. The great esteem in which spices were held, made the Portuguese turn their attention to them before every other merchandise. They soon drove the Arabians from the field, and, opening a direct intercourse with the islands which produced those luxuries, monopolised the trade. In their turn, the Portuguese were driven by the Dutch, who set about in right earnest to the culture of pepper, cinnamon, cloves, and nutmegs, in which they maintained a strict monopoly. The English also followed in the path of the Portuguese and Dutch. On their arrival, they resorted, first of all, to the Spice Islands,

* Notes to the Travels of Bernier, Irving Brock's version. Calcutta Edition.

for a share in the rich traffic of their products. The great activity in that traffic, in the days of the Portuguese, may well be imagined from an account of Malaca, left by their historian De Barros. "To this city were carried the cloves, nutmegs, and mace of the Molluca and Banda islands, the sandal wood of Timor, the camphor of Borneo, the gold and silver of Luconia, the pepper, drugs, dye-stuffs, perfumes, rich silks, porcelain, and all the vast variety of merchandise produced and manufactured in China, Java, Siam and the neighbouring countries or islands. There the merchants, from all the more eastern countries, met with those of Hindoostan and the western coasts of the Indian Ocean ; and every one procured what was in request, in exchange for what was redundant in his own country." By the time the English made their appearance, there was a still more active trade carried on in this region. We are enabled to learn this from a report made by the English East India Company's agents at Bantam, in 1617, in which it is stated that "large quantities of Indian wove goods might be sold, and gold, camphor, and benjamin, obtained at the two factories of Acheen and Teko, on the island of Sumatra: that Bantam afforded a still larger demand for the wove goods of India, and supplied pepper for the European market: that Jacatra, Jambac, and Polania agreed with the two former places in the articles both of demand and supply, though both on a smaller scale: that Siam might afford a large vent for similar commodities, and would yield gold, silver, and deer skins for the Japan market: that on the island of Borneo, diamonds, bezoar stones, and gold, might be obtained at Succadania: that the best rice in India could be bought, and the wove goods of India sold at Macassar: and that at Banda the same goods could be sold, and nutmegs and mace procured, even to a large amount, if the obstruction of European rivals were removed."* Since this account, left two hundred and fifty years ago, the transactions have assumed still larger proportions, and the goods for mutual exchange have

become ten times more various. By itself, the Straits Settlement trade now is alone sufficiently enriching for a country. Originally developed and carried on by the people of this country, it has now been entirely lost to them. Foreigners now wholly monopolize and enjoy its benefits. Not a single nutmeg, or clove, or cardamum, is now brought by an Indian merchant from their native islands. The spices are all imported in European vessels. In and about the region, where the Hindoos of yore had founded the earliest colony known in Asia, and maintained with it large commercial transactions, have the English, in the present day, erected one of their own, which is distinguished under the name of the Straits Settlement. The situation of its capital—Singapur, which was first of all either a Kalinga or Singhalese port,*—is peculiarly favourable for its becoming a large entrepot of trade. It holds the key of the passage for egress into the China and Archipelago seas. To quote Sir Stamford Raffles:—“This place possesses an excellent harbour, and every thing that can be desired for a British port. . . . We command an intercourse with all the ships passing through the straits. We are within a week’s sail of China, close to Siam, and in the very seat of the Malayan empire. You may take my word for it, this is by far the most important station in the East ; and, as far as the naval superiority and commercial interests are concerned, of higher value than whole continents of territory.” The Straits Settlement trade now comprises transactions with Penang, Siam, Cambodia, Cochin China, Sumatra, and the Archipelago. It appears from the Returns of Trade and Navigation before us, that the Imports amount to Rs. 66,28,151, and the Exports to Rs. 1,68,01,881, the two sums making a total of nearly two crores and forty lacs of rupees. This is exclusive of the direct trade with Europe and America, and represents only the value of the transactions with India. Now, in this trade there is little or no part that is taken by the Indians themselves.

* There are many ancient Buddhist relics here, and French travellers have come upon many such remains also in Cambodia and Cochin China.

All the navigation is out of their hands. No freight comes to them. No goods are carried and exchanged by them. Out of 1,12,361 cwt of spices, not an ounce is imported by them. The wove goods of India that had such a large market there before, all arrive now from England. Instead of the cheap tins of Banca and Malaca, we have now those of Cornwall. Considering the large consumption of spices all over India—famous as the Indians are as betel-chewers, and for richly spicing their curries,—the loss to India arising from the transference of the spice trade into foreign hands is considerable.

The China-trade makes one of the most valuable branches of the commerce of the world.

The China Trade.

Of all the commercial relations of India, those with England hold the first place, and the next in importance are those with China. It is not known whether the ancient Indians had any communication with Japan. But there is unimpeachable evidence of their intercourse with China. They carried to it not only the productions of their land, but their very religion, which is flourishing there even to this day. The ports frequented by the Indians in those ages, are not now remembered. The commodities then exchanged by them, are not definitely known. The extent to which they transacted, is not on record. But, nevertheless, it cannot be denied, that the intercourse subsisting with one of the richest countries of the earth, was a source of great benefit to our nation. The traffic, originated and carried on for many centuries by the Budddhist merchants of India, was afterwards taken up by the Arabs. The following passage sufficiently indicates the trade-route followed by the Arab voyagers of the ninth century. "Most of the Chinese ships take in their cargoes at Siraf, where also they ship their goods, which come from Bassora, and other parts; and this they do, because in this sea there are frequent storms and shoal water in many places. When ships have loaded in Siraf, they water there also, and from thence make sail for a place called Maskat. From this port ships take their departure for the Indies, and first they touch at Kau-cammali, and

from Maskat to this place is a month's sail with the wind aft. Kau-cammali is a frontier place, and the chief arsenal in the province of the same name, and here the Chinese ships put in and are in safety. Having watered, they begin to enter the sea of Harkand ; they sail through it, and touch at a place called Lajabalus, where the inhabitants do not understand the Arabic, nor any other language in use with merchants. From this place the ships steer towards Kalābar, the name of a place, and kingdom, on the coast, to the right hand beyond India. In ten days after this, ships reach a place called Betuma, where they may water. It is worth notice, that in all the islands and peninsulas of the Indies, they find water, when they dig for it. In ten days from the last mentioned place, they arrive at Senef ; here is fresh water, and hence comes the aromatic wood. Having watered at this place, it is ten days passage to Sandarfulat, an island where there is fresh water. Then they steer upon the sea of Sanji, and so go to the gates of China ; for so they call certain rocks and shoals in the sea, between which is a narrow strait through which ships pass. It requires a month to sail from Sandarfulat to China, and it takes up eight whole days to steer clear of these rocks. When a ship has got through these gates, she goes with the flood tide into a fresh water gulf, and drops anchor in the chief port of China, Kanfu, and here they have fresh water both from springs and rivers, as they have also in most of the other ports in China."* Kanfu is most probably Kwangchowfoo, or Canton. From early times, China was resorted to chiefly for its gold, silk, drugs, and porcelain. It was the Arabs who first brought that precious article—*tea*—to the notice of the world at large, and originated the traffic in that commodity. The Arab navigator, from whose log-book the above passage has been transcribed, states "the Emperor reserves to himself the revenues which arise from the salt mines, and from a certain *herb*, which they drink with hot water, and of which great quantities are sold in all

* Translation, from Taylor's "History of India," of the account of the Travels of Soliman, an Arabian merchant, about the year 850 A. D.

the cities to the amount of great sums ; they call it *sah*, and it is a shrub more bushy than the pomgrenate tree, and of a more pleasing smell, but it has a kind of bitterness with it. Their way is to boil the water, which they pour upon this leaf, and this drink cures all sorts of diseases.”* The account of the travels of Marco Polo shows how highly the China trade was prized in his days, and how eagerly it was then prosecuted. Before long, it engaged the attention of the Portuguese, who were not only the first to introduce tea into Europe, but the first also to lay the foundation of that opium-trade which has expanded so largely in our times. The Dutch trod in the footsteps of the Portuguese, and they were followed in the same path by the English. The China trade monopoly was continued to the East India Company for twenty years more after the withdrawal of the India trade monopoly. Next to that of India, comes the China trade as the most lucrative in the world. China is the country of the finest gold and of the Syce silver—of the finest silk and tea—of the best porcelain and sandal-wood—and of the most precious drugs. It has 400,000,000 of people to consume manufactured goods. It annually takes off nearly a hundred thousand chests of opium. Could there be a more tempting country to deal with? To secure its commerce, the English have striven from an early period. They at first tried with two embassies. But peaceful measures failed with a people deeply prejudiced against foreigners, and alarmed at their progress in India. Quarrels, therefore, were picked up, heavy armaments were fitted out, and, at the bayonets’ point, foot-holds were obtained at Shanghai and Hong-Kong. This is the upshot of the two deadly and costly China wars. The spread of civilization was the plea, but commerce really was the prize to win, for which they were undertaken. The country so commercially thirsted after, is also territorially thirsted after for its vast undeveloped natural resources. The rich *loot* made at Tientsin, waters the mouth of all Anglo-Saxons impatient to make a fortune, and complaining of India as an

* The same.

exhausted field. But the jealousy of the nations of Europe and America, would not suffer England to build another empire in China, like that in India. They all want a slice out of the rich pudding.* Undoubtedly the trade with China is now many times larger than at any preceding period. Tea, now brought therefrom, stands close upon 50 million pounds, and is worth 10 to 15 crores. Silk is imported from thence to the extent of 200 million pounds. Manchester goods are exported thereto worth 4 to 5 crores. All this is purely English trade. The trade proper with India is valued at nearly 15 crores, of which the Imports make Rs. 1,35,51,717, and the Exports Rs. 12,13,73,962. Carried on, as it is, in the name of India, India itself has a very insignificant share in this large and lucrative trade. Near as China is to India, and familiar as our nation has been with that country from remote times, no Indian now embarks upon a trading voyage to that realm. Not a single *bonâ-fide* Native ship, either from Bengal, Madras, or Bombay, is known to have sailed with merchandise for its ports, and returned thence with rich ladings, on purely Native account, and under Native care, in the course of the last two hundred years. No Bengali, as of yore, now pilots home a Chinaman to his country. The cotton goods that formerly used to go from this country, now all come out direct from the looms of England. The rice, saltpetre, and raw cotton now shipped for China, are all transported in English bottoms, and exchanged by English merchants. It is England that brings away all the tea, silk, porcelain, camphor, vermillion, and other articles required for our consumption. The gold and silver coming from thence, all go to English Banks. Not a single bill of exchange on China, is drawn or paid by the Natives, but passes through English hands. The country which anciently exchanged several embassies with our forefathers, and received its

* It was funny to mark the Editor of a certain Calcutta Anglo-Indian daily, betray his impatience to grow rich, by beginning to croak about a third expedition against China, in order to avenge the murder of a single French nun, and then withdraw his voice on the breaking out of the late Franco-Prussian war.

religion from them, has now grown utterly strange to these later generations. The hereditary interest of India in that country, has been completely overridden and annihilated. Wars have been undertaken there with Indian men and money, to promote not Indian, but English interests. The only trade between this country and China, in which the Natives may be said to have a small share, is the opium-trade. This has now attained so great a magnitude, as to have risen to the value of 10 crores of rupees. Unfortunately, however, for the purposes of an exact comparison, the Trade Returns, adopted for my guide, do not distinguish the Native shipments from those on European account, and their proportions cannot be ascertained. But there can be no doubt that the latter vastly preponderate over the former. Much of the Opium business done by the Natives, is entrusted to European agency. It is only within the last few years, that some half-a-dozen Marwari and Parsi firms have been opened at Hong-Kong to carry on independent transactions. But this is but a mere beginning in the right direction. By far the China trade is as yet a source unknown to the scope and enterprise of the Indian merchants. They are mere lookers-on, while the Europeans reap the lion's share of the profit. The large export of Opium leaves in favor of India a large balance, which "is paid partly in treasure, but to a great extent by transfer of claims on England which China has for excess of produce exported thither."

India has in all ages had an extensive coasting-trade, or mutual exchange of commodities, between her several sea-board provinces, and which has always made an important and lucrative branch of her commerce. The people inhabiting those provinces have always lived by commerce. There are the testimonies of Arrian, of Fa Hian, of Hwen Thsang, of Cosmas Indicopleustus, of Marco Polo, and of De Barros, embracing different periods of time, which dispel all doubt on the subject. In former times, a most frequented intercourse by sea subsisted between ancient Banga and Kalinga. The Klings prosecuted an active interchange of commodities with the people of Dravira. Ceylon was then an integral part

of the Hindoo empire, with which Bengal had an intimate correspondence from many centuries before Christ. Across the Bay, the Klings and Talaings trafficked with ancient Burmah and Pegu. On the other side, Sind, Guzerat, and the Concan mutually exchanged their local produce. "The cities of Cambay and Calicat traded to Bengal for cloths, to Kilcare for pearls, to Narsingha for diamonds, to Ceylon for cinnamon and rubies, and to Pegu for rubies and lacker."* The Indians then were supreme on their own seas. Little or none of this precious coasting business now remains in their hands. It was first invaded, like the other trades, by the Portuguese, who routed all the Oriental marine, and cleared the Eastern waters from them. To such a height are they said to have carried their supremacy, that "neither the Moors nor Hindoos were permitted to navigate the ocean without a Portuguese passport." The Dutch, in their turn, enacted the very same part. Following in the steps of their predecessors, the English established themselves on all the coasts, and founded factories at Surat, Bombay, Madras, Pipley, and Calcutta. The coasting trade was then a very profitable branch of business, which was eagerly taken up by all the European nations. Pirates and buccaneers caused not a little mischief, by robbing our defenceless Hindoo and Mussulman ships, and driving them out of the trade. In subsequent times, the maritime branch of the country trade of India was left as a perquisite to the Company's servants, who directed all their ardour to transport goods "from one port of India to another, and from the ports of India to the other countries in the adjacent seas. Their superior skill soon induced the merchants of the country, Moors, Armenians, and Hindoos to freight most of the goods on English bottoms. Within ten years, the shipping of the port of Calcutta increased to 10,000 tons."† With the growth of British power, and the increase of British element and interests in India, has our coasting-trade fallen off the more and more from our hands.

* De Barros quoted by Macpherson.

† Mill's India.

Far from improving, we have in several respects deteriorated under British rule. Commercially we are now so incapable, as to be unfit even to carry on our mutual trades between the several Presidencies. The worst off in this respect are the Bengalis—the Madrasees and and Bombay-wallahs being still in partial possession of the field. I am of opinion that Burmah and Pegu have always formed units of one Hindoo empire, extending to what is termed India beyond the Ganges—with intimate political relations, and identical objects and interests. They still remain a part and parcel of one British Indian Empire, but are being taught to look upon us as aliens, and to pursue separate interests of their own from those of ours. The return, made for the year 1872-73 of the coasting trade carried on between Bengal, Bombay, Sind, Madras, and British Burmah, is Rs. 20,99,76,408. These figures represent the value of Imports and Exports, as well of Foreign merchandise as of Indian produce and manufactures, from and to the several Presidencies and provinces in British India. The total number of vessels engaged in this trade, and which entered and cleared with cargoes and in ballast, during the same official year, is 31,169, making 40,50,859 tons. This number includes British, British Indian, and Foreign vessels, with Native craft. The last makes 24,155 vessels. The number is certainly very imposing, from which one is apt to conclude that the greater part of the coasting trade is in the hands of the Indians. But the real tonnage of their vessels does not exceed more than 10,00,111 tons, or one fourth of the total given above. The item of tonnage may serve to give an index for ascertaining the amount of Native interest in the trade. Let it be taken in the same ratio, or one fourth of Rs. 20,99,76,408. Of course, this is something, and better than nothing. The province which appears to have the smallest share is Bengal, which is not only the most non-military, but also the most non-commercial country of India. The number of vessels returned for that country, is not more than 196, out of 24,155. It is strange, that, situated on the sea, naturally maritime, Bengal has now the least maritime people.

The Ceylon Trade, and
the Trade with the Lac-
cadives and Maldives.

The intercourse between the Gangetic provinces of ancient India and Ceylon, dates from a long antiquity. It was to the latter island Asoka despatched a Buddhistic mission in charge of his son. Tither Fa Hian sailed on board a Bengal ship from the port of Tamralipta. Thither resorted Dhanapati to exchange the produce and manufactures of ancient Bengal. To the famous Cinnamon Isle, did Srímanta annually take his vessels laden with merchandise, and he was on one occasion imprisoned there by its monarch on religious grounds. The people of Kalinga and the Coromandel also carried on an active traffic with that island. Ceylon was in regular communication with the ports of Malabar and Cochin. The Arabs formed settlements on this island, which was known to them under the name of Serendip. Marco Polo witnessed an active trade with Ceylon in the thirteenth century. It then formed the grand central depôt of the commerce of the Eastern world. This commerce was prosecuted without any interruption or diminution, until the arrival of the Portuguese, who founded a settlement there, and first prohibited the Asiatics from carrying the steel, iron, lead, tobacco, ginger, and cinnamon of that island. Next came the Dutch, who introduced cinnamon plantations, and made "the selling or giving away the smallest quantity of cinnamon (even were it but a single stick), the exporting of it, the peeling of the bark, extracting the oil either from that or the leaves, or the camphor from the roots, except by the servants of Government and by their order, as well as the wilful injuring of a cinnamon plant, all capital crimes punishable with death, both on the persons committing them, and upon every servant of Government who should connive at them." Under the English, the connection and interests of Ceylon have been wholly severed from those of India. The mutual intercourse of former times between the two lands, or of the latter with the Laccadives and Maldives, has altogether ceased to exist. It is now entirely carried on through a foreign agency. Such a fact is clearly established by the Returns of Shipping before me, which give the number of Native vessels at 6, making

1140 tons. On the other hand, the number of Foreign vessels is so many as 206, with a tonnage of 94,514 tons. The value of the Ceylon trade is given at Rs. 1,99,66,594, in which the share and interest of the Natives must be understood to be nominal. Let it be borne in mind that this sum does not include the value of the direct trade between England and Ceylon, which is again many times larger, comprising as it does considerable sums for ivory, ebony, cinnamon, and coffee—the latter article being now grown extensively in plantations covering several thousands of acres. The trade with the Laccadives and Maldives makes a more favourable contrast. The number of Native Shipping, in this instance, is 39, with a tonnage of 4,703 tons, while that of Foreign vessels is 12, making 2,092 tons. But the trade is altogether insignificant, it being of no greater value than Rs. 8,22,000.

The Persian Gulf, known in ancient times under the name of the Erythrean Sea, relating to the trade of which there is that *Periplus* which has been so often quoted in these pages,—and which is also the same as the Sea of Oman, remarkable, to quote the words of the Poet, for

“ Her banks of pearl and palmy isles,” *

is the scene of the earliest trade in the world. It is the sea, where four thousand years ago, the Vedic merchants sailed up to in their Sataritra-navams for “the sake of gain,” and against one of the islands of which—it may be that of Ormus or Gombroom,—the earliest recorded naval expedition of Rajah Tugra, spoken of in the Rig-Veda, was most probably directed. The Zoroastrians of old were not likely to have carried on this trade, because Persia has never possessed any ship-timber and navy, and is never known to have distinguished itself in the commercial line. Prior to the navigation of the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf was the channel through which Tyre received the merchandise of the Oriental regions. The Indians then were the principal commercial agents between the nations of the East and of the West. That redoubtable Arabian

* Moore's *Lulla Rookh*.

navigator, Sinbad, started upon all his voyages from the Persian Gulf, upon the head of which stood Bassora, whence goods were forwarded to Armenia, to Trebisond on the Black Sea, and to Aleppo, Damascus, and Baruth, or Berytus, on the Mediterranean. The Indians, Arabians, and Chinese prosecuted this trade for a series of ages, until the Portuguese entered into a serious competition with them, and ultimately snatched it from their hands, by commanding the navigation of the Persian Gulf, at the mouth of which they erected Ormus into a fortified settlement. The trade was not merely seized, but drawn and diverted away from its old channel to their newly discovered route. In the year 1618, "the factors of the English Company at Surat were captivated with the project of a trade to Persia; it promised a vent for English woollens to a large amount, and would furnish silk and other goods, which, both in Europe and in India, might sell to the greatest advantage."* To carry that project into execution, the English entered into a league with the Persians "to attack with joint forces the Portuguese on the island of Ormus. The English furnished the naval, the Persians the military force; and the city and castle were taken on the 22nd of April, 1622. For this service the English received part of the plunder of Ormus, and a grant of half the customs at the port of Gombroom; which became their principal station in the Persian Gulf."† From this time forward, the Gulf-trade has been controlled by the English. But by far the greater part of this trade, formerly passing through these waters, and then through Mesopotamia and Syria, when the Turkey and the Levant Company was the medium for the supply of Indian goods to England—when "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind" was particularly emphasised by the great English poet of that time, has diminished and disappeared in consequence of the tide of maritime adventure having taken a different course. It has lost all its ancient importance. At the present day, the total of the imports and exports of the Persian Gulf trade, does not represent a higher

* Mills' "History of India."

| † The same.

sum than Rs. 1,81,24,865. The shipping engaged in that trade is all foreign, with the exception of a few Arab vessels. Grain and Indigo are the only articles of Indian produce that go there in any respectable quantity, and are carried by Nacoda merchants. Foreign merchandize has superseded the Indian manufactures in the market at Bushire. Cotton and metal goods exported thither, mostly come out now from England.

In time, the ships that, crawling and creeping along the shore, went up to the Gulf, ventured to advance to the coasts of Arabia, and, proceeding down to Aden, sailed, through the Straits of Babelmandeb, to the port of Myos Hormos, on the Red Sea, whence goods were carried to Thebes in ancient Upper Egypt. These early explorations and voyages date from the very dawn of history. They occurred prior to the times of the Genesis and Exodus. Most of them were undertaken by our primitive Vedic mariners, who unquestionably preceded all other navigators on the Eastern Seas. The famous Arabian port of those early days was Sabea—now Yemen. It was situated in the martime districts that are opposite the realm of Persia. Hither the Vedic Indians brought the the spicery, and embroidered works, and chests of rich apparel, which had come into request even in that remote age, and which were carried overland by Arabian caravans to Syria, Phœnicia, and sometimes to Egypt. In the lapse of time, the Arabians became a nautical people, and began to carry the merchandise of India. The Greeks and Romans next appeared in the field, under whom the Red Sea trade had expanded so largely as to have become the first trade in the ancient world. In later ages, the Saracens, or Moors, kept it up in all its importance, and gave to it a greater impetus by extending their voyages beyond the limits of the navigation of their predecessors. Aden, conveniently situated just at the entrance from one sea into another, had, in all ages, been a considerable port. The merchants of this place brought goods from Malacca on the one hand, and carried them up the Red Sea to Tor or Suez, on the other. From traces of Hindoo remains still met with at

The Red Sea, and
Aden Trades.

Aden, as well as in other parts of Arabia, all doubt about its having been formerly frequented by our nation is completely set at rest. The ancient Red Sea trade likewise first suffered decay from the competition of the Portuguese, who diverted the general current of enterprise to their new channel. They maintained a settlement at Aden, by which they dammed and dried up the source from which Venice, Genoa, and the other cities of Italy received the produce and manufactures of the East, and transferred the market of such goods to Lisbon. The English succeeded the Portuguese in the possession of Aden. But a canker had already attacked the trade of that port, which, eating away the sap from its root, made it gradually dwindle and decay, till it has come to be represented now by no larger a sum than Rs. 68,23,722. No frankincense appears in the list of exports from the land famous for its growth. The world has very little taste for it now, and its demand has died away. The coffee of Arabia—the best of its kind, and which attracted merchants to its shores,—has been superseded by the produce of other countries. The cotton goods that were imported from India, are now imported from England. Scarcely any other Asiatic shipping is found engaged in this trade, than the slave-carrying *Dhows*. But the enterprise of a nation, to which the world is indebted for many a benefit, has cut open a canal through the Isthmus of Suez, which is likely to turn again the tide of commerce into its ancient channel.

India had a trade too with Africa from very ancient times. From the Persian Gulf to Arabia, and then from Arabia to Africa, was the next and a natural step in the path of progress onward. Long prior to the arrival of the Europeans, Indian merchants from Guzerat and Malabar had developed an active traffic with eastern Africa, down to the Mozambique and Madagascar. This business shared the same fate with others from Portuguese ascendancy. But much of the lost ground has since been recovered through the exertions of the enterprising Native merchants of Bombay and Cutch, who form by far the largest

The African Trade.

participants in the benefits of this branch of trade. In this respect, the African trade is an exception to the rule. But though Native interest predominates over the Foreign, the business now done in and about Zanzibar chiefly consists in the export of Foreign merchandise, which largely outweighs the export of Indian produce and manufactures. The value of the one amounts to Rs. 32,99,313, and the value of the other amounts to Rs. 10,29,556. The African trade is as yet so insignificant, that its effect is imperceptibly felt on our prosperity. The total of its imports and exports does not exceed more than Rs. 63,14,027.

Far otherwise again is the case of the Mauritius trade.

The Mauritius Trade.

In this instance, the shipping, the carrying, the insurance, the exchange, and the sale, are all under the control of foreigners. Certain Native shippers are met with in this trade, but they are most of them engaged in transactions which are effected solely through a foreign agency, so much so, that, in one instance that I know of the very correspondence between the *bonâ-fide* consignors and the consignees was not allowed to be carried on independently, but had to be submitted to the espionage of the intermediate agents. Within the last ten or fifteen years, a few Nacoda merchants of Bombay and Calcutta have started firms of their own at Mauritius, to carry on an independent business. But they have not been yet able to shake off their dependence on foreign vessels for the transport of their goods, or on foreign banks for the accommodation of capital. Their enterprise is highly praiseworthy, but the business done by them is yet a trifle in the large Mauritius trade, or in the sum of Rs. 1,22,09,301. From a commercial as well as political point of view, India's trade with the little and originally uninhabited island of Mauritius, appears to be conducted upon entirely unsound principles. The system finds toleration only under a government of foreigners, that shows a marked predilection for the advancement of its own nation. Those who look a little closely into the matter, are struck by the fact that the plantations, carried on in that island, are wholly kept up by means of Indian labour, the importation of which, though thus a benefit to the colony, is, at least

in the present economical condition of India, an injury to us. No scruple is felt to wheedle away our simple-minded Coolies, and employ their labour in dealing a deathblow to the sugar trade of this country.* The Sugar grown at Mauritius has not only out-rivalled and ousted the Indian sugar from the market, but has begun to be consumed within India itself. By the latest returns, the quantity of Mauritius sugar imported into the Bombay Presidency, is shown to be worth nearly 30 lacs of rupees. This is a set-off which is altogether left out of consideration by those who represent that Indian grain to the value of some 75 lacs of rupees is annually taken off by Mauritius, and exultingly point to the fact of this great development. To encourage Cooley Emigration either to the Mauritius or the West Indies, is to contribute only to the cherishing of two great rivals, who are sure to hide their diminished heads if our Government be at all mindful of our true interests, and who are made to prosper at the expense of our own prosperity. This point will be dwelt upon more fully in a future page on the *present* of our Sugar trade.

I fear I have dwelt on the several preceding trades with rather more minuteness, than deference to the patience of the reader. To treat now the several remaining trades in the same prolix style, would not only be aggravating the evil of encumbering my paper with tiresome details, but also committing, I think, a superfluity. It is not without a reason that the trades with the Archipelago, China, Ceylon, the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, and Africa have been so circumstantially noticed. They form the trades which India once carried herself, and to which her children have as it were a natural claim. They are the trades on her own seas, in which she hopes to be able to compete with success. On the other hand,

* The *Englishman* recently quoted the instance of a Cooley of Behar or Gazipur returning back to India from British Guiana, where he had been so successful as to have at last owned plantations, and acquired some thousands of dollars. To lay stress upon such solitary instances is to mislead and put the natives on a false scent.

as regards the trades with France, Germany, America, and Australia, there is not the remotest chance of her being able to cope with nations far advanced to her in intelligence and appliances. The loss of the one is felt to be a deprivation of what she once had and possessed, and to which she has almost the same kind of right established by prescription, that she has to her own soil and cattle. They fall within her province and possibility. They form her inheritance. The others are merely new accessions, and additional boons. It is a patent fact scarcely needing comment, that in her commerce with Australia, Suez, the Mediterranean ports, Germany, France, the other countries of Europe and America, India has not a minim of share—a farthing of interest. It is hardly to be looked for that she should have beneficial transactions with such far off nations, when she has none with her next-door neighbours. The domestic Hindoo, whose love of home and family prevents him from venturing out even on his own seas, must wait for many ages to sail in distant waters. There is no scope or room for him to compete with the go-a-head Yankee, or the wide-awake Frenchman and German. Suffice it then to say, that in her dealings with such enlightened people, the interest of India is absolutely nothing.

The trade with Great Britain and Ireland, however, is one which should not be dismissed in the same manner with a mere simple allusion. Intimately connected as India is with the United Kingdom by political bonds, the commercial relationship subsisting between them is of the first importance, and demands a proportionately thorough consideration. The trade with the United Kingdom alone, by far exceeds all the other trades taken together. In the Returns before me the Foreign Trade happens to be distinguished from the Coasting Trade. The total of the two trades, including Imports and Exports both of Merchandise and Treasure, makes Rs. 92,34,27,204 for the official year 1872-73. Separately, the Foreign Trade with Europe and America, is given at Rs. 65,41,61,070. Out of this sum, the trade with the United Kingdom is represented by

The United Kingdom's
Trade.

Rs. 56,94,04,084.* To enable the reader to form an idea of the comparative development of this trade at successive periods,—it may be stated that the figures returned for 1872-73, are 80 times more than £6,94,299, which is the sum given for imports and exports of 20 years ending the year 1621. They are about 40 times more than £1,550,000, or the value of the trade for 1674-75. They are greater by the same number of times, than £1,405,069, the sum given for the year 1750. They are over 9 times more than £6,344,422, the return made for 1814-15—the year in which India was opened to Free Trade ; and they are over 4 times more than £14,342,290, which is the amount returned for 1834-35—the year of Free trade with both India and China.† In the beginning, the profit of the India trade was sometimes so high as to have been more than 200 per cent. It was 150 per cent on an average for a number of years. The East India Company, however, was then restricted to pay only dividends, ranging from 8 to 12 per cent on their capital. The trade now being in private hands, the profit made from it cannot be known otherwise than approximately from the annual Income Tax Returns.‡ Taking the entire trade of the United Kingdom at the round sum of £550,000,000 a year, the business done with India constitutes one-tenth and the most lucrative branch of that trade. Unfortunately, the proportion of pure Native interest in this large trade, is impossible to give with that exactitude of figures, without which few arguments have a chance in these days. The Native imports and shipments are not distinguished in the returns from those that are European. Such a distinction is very necessary, in order to enable us to arrive at a just conclusion on the subject of the increase or decrease of our national wealth; and the point is urged on the attention of Government, that it may be observed in all future registers of the

* This sum includes the value of the trade with Suez, which is considered to be European.

† The various sums have been quoted from Mill, Macpherson, Murray, and the Trade Returns for 1872-73.

‡ The sum given in the Schedule D, which represents the Income Tax of England on profits of Trade, mines, and railways, is £4,125,324, for 1872.

kind. Merged as the quantity of that interest lies in a general total, to say that it is a mere drop in the ocean will not be far wide off the truth. In proof of this assertion, let me state that the commercial classes, mentioned in the recent Census Returns of Bengal, of the North-West, of the Punjab, and of Bombay, appear to be out of all proportion to the vast population of our country. The men referred to under that head are most of them engaged in the internal home-trade, and not in the external foreign trade. The number engaged in the latter, is infinitesimal. Such interior places, as Northern India or the Central Provinces, can be but scarcely interested in the prosecution of the ocean traffic. The unmaritime people of those regions have, perhaps, not even seen a ship, except in a picture. To them the forest of shipping in a port is altogether a novel and curious sight. Their commercial dealings cease with the parting of the produce of their soil or industry, at their local markets. It is only in the ports of shipment, that a very small number of Natives is found to take a part in the seaborne traffic. Of all the places in India, Bombay is the most commercial. The people there may be said to be born and nursed on the waves. They have taken the lead in establishing commercial houses in China, Mauritius and England, and doing business, after the fashion of the European merchants, through direct agencies of their own. But to this day Bombay has no suitable native mercantile navy of its own,—no independent Native Insurance Office or Native Bank for its independent commercial operation. No further part is taken by it in the large traffic with England, than to ship annually a limited quantity of cotton to Liverpool, the sale proceeds of which, deducting all charges for freight, insurance, exchange, and commission, leave but a small residue of profit. The transactions between India and England now comprise articles of a greater variety than were known to the Greeks or Romans. The cotton, the silk, the indigo, the sugar, the saltpetre, the safflower, the jute, the rice, the coffee, the tea, the shell-lac, the hides, the ivory, the ginger, the tamarind, and the numerous other staples that swell the list of our Exports, no more bring in any profit to

us after they have passed the scale for weighment. They all leave this country on European account, in European vessels, and covered by European policies of Insurance and bills of Exchange. Many of those commodities, such as indigo, silk, coffee, tea, shell-lac, and lac-dye, are grown and manufactured by the Europeans themselves, who reap all the profit accruing from transactions in them. The Imports constitute a branch of business, which yields fruit entirely to foreigners. The piece goods and twists, the woolen and silk fabrics, the hardware and cutlery, the wines and ales, the earthen and glass manufactures, the books and stationery, the hams and cheeses, and the metals and machinery, that arrive in shiploads by the hundred from Great Britain and Ireland, are such as entail a dead loss on India, instead of proving to her a profitable resource. Turning from the merchandise to the shipping, this is found to be all European without an exception, and which makes the insignificance of the share of India in the traffic under consideration the more apparent. The number of vessels, which entered and cleared with cargoes and in ballast in 1872-73, is 1,979, aggregating 2,101,264, tons. Out of this number, not a single vessel is owned by a Native proprietor, and which carries the pure Indian flag. Calculating the freight of this tonnage at an average of £2 per ton, the sum of Rs. 42,025,280, goes to the pocket of English ship-owners, captains, and sailors. The premium of Insurance on Rs. 92,34,27,204 at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, makes a sum of Rs. 2,30,76,680, which benefits European Insurance firms either in England or in India. In the matter of Exchange, the whole field is entirely left to the Banks on both sides, which reap profit on some 5,00,00,000 crores of rupees either way. The rate is controlled chiefly by a single authority—the Secretary of State for India, who annually draws the enormous sum of £15,000,000, and is beyond all competition. Not an iota of influence is exercised by the Natives, who are altogether out of the way. From all this, it must be clearly evident, that it is the United Kingdom, and not India, which is absolutely benefited by the commerce sub-

sisting between the two countries. The whole machinery that keeps it a-going, is under the control and management of the Europeans, who may be said to net ninety nine parts of the profit, leaving but the trifle of a balance to the Natives.

The following schedule of the values of the several trades noticed above, is given to facilitate reference and comparison.

FOREIGN TRADE.

		IMPORTS.		EXPORTS.
United Kingdom & Suez...	Rs	28,27,35,904	Rs.	28,66,68,180
Franco	"	37,82,996	"	2,67,29,996
Germany	"	4,74,940	"	19,64,529
Mediterranean ports ...	"	29,89,261	"	39,36,576
Other Countries in Europe	"	2,75,656	"	39,36,576
America	"	6,25,319	"	2,04,59,282
West Indian Islands ...	"	1,355	"	19,85,851
Africa	"	26,33,173	"	32,99,313
Mauritius	"	30,02,249	"	94,20,633
Bourbon	"	7,12,438	"	6,35,941
Red Sea or Arabian Gulf	"	42,63,816	"	25,39,108
Aden	"	14,37,032	"	37,78,048
Persian Gulf	"	87,50,924	"	1,34,88,406
Somocnee and Mekran	"	2,75,907	"	3,64,955
Lacadives and Maldives	"	5,07,112	"	3,15,675
Ceylon	"	90,25,951	"	2,31,39,058
Straits Settlements ...	"	76,67,105	"	2,03,92,705
China	"	2,37,74,130	"	12,25,91,348
Other Countries in Asia	"	6,80,039	"	12,47,636
Australia	"	45,56,103	"	10,67,275
		<hr/>		<hr/>
		35,81,71,464		56,52,55,740

COASTING TRADE.

		IMPORTS.		EXPORTS.
Bengal	Rs	1,23,11,062	Rs.	4,54,10,793
Bombay	"	3,65,25,391	"	2,82,28,304
Sind	"	1,31,59,790	"	1,32,45,825
Madras	"	1,99,40,633	"	1,89,09,209
British Burmah ...	"	1,46,78,601	"	75,66,800
		<hr/>		<hr/>
		9,66,15,477		11,33,60,631

SHIPPING.

Leaving out the Native craft, the total number of vessels of all nationalities is 12,466.

The recital of the vast sum of 92,34,27,204, making nearly a fifth of the entire trade of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the vast shipping of 12,466 vessels, making one half of the entire shipping of that kingdom,* naturally suggests to the mind the cheering fact that India is earning and growing rich in proportion to the magnitude of that sum and shipping. The stupendous height to which her exports and imports have reached in the present day, is a favorite theme with Anglo-Indian statesmen who are never weary of exultingly enlarging on it in proof of the transcendent benefits of English rule to the Indian people. And in truth the figures are unprecedented in the annals of our commerce. But nothing can be more fallacious than the conclusions usually drawn from them of the prosperity of our nation. Properly and plainly speaking, they represent "the cost of foreign rule—the tribute of India to her alien or absentee rulers." The vast international business, upon which so much stress is laid in proof of our material progress, should not deceive us, but should be taken with considerable deductions at its real worth. By carefully wading through the sea of figures presented in the volume of commercial returns before me, I have laboured, not in vain I trust, to break the spell of error, and expose the precise condition of things. One by one, have the different trades been tested by an impartial examination, and the result has been to confute the assurances of those who are in the habit of vindicating their rule by political economy, by development of resources, and by expansion of commerce. It has been made clearly patent, that, in the extensive commercial transactions with which India's name is connected, her own sons are perfect non-entities. Under a series of

* The number of sailing vessels registered as belonging to the United Kingdom, in 1872, is 22,103, and the number of steamers is 3673. The American mercantile navy is over 30,000 vessels.

invasions and appropriations, those trades have become all lapsed to foreigners. The carrying of them is all in the hands of the English, French, Germans, and Americans. The Cotton, the Silk, the Jute, the Safflower, the Indigo, the Tea, the Hides, and the Oil-seeds, which are either baled, bagged, or chested for shipment, all leave our ports in charge of European captains and crews and for the benefit of European merchants. Much theoretical mathematics is taught in our schools and colleges, but no Native is ever trained up in practical navigation, and in the use of the mariner's compass. There is no Native dockyard—no Native ship-builder, no Native ship-owner. There is no Native sail or rope-maker, no Native ship-chandler, and no Native pilot. Our mails are carried by English Overland Steamers, or the Messageries Maritimes de France. Our seas are navigated by the *City*, or the *Star* line of steamers. Our ports are filled with the vessels of English Navigation Companies, and our rivers are plied with steamers of English River Companies. The country can boast at the most only of cargo-boats, of catmarans, and of similar rude craft. The Natives have no Chamber of Commerce of their own to look after their interests. They have no Corporations and Limited Companies. To lessen risk, they have no Native Insurance Offices. To accommodate them with capital, they have no public Native Banks. They have no public mart, or *Exchange* for the sale of their goods. They have no *Commercial Advertiser*—no organ in the press to ventilate their commercial opinions. The Europeans have 12 Banks in Calcutta, and some 6 or 7 in Bombay. They have others in Madras, Agra, Allahabad, Nagpoor, Simla, and Rangoon. The Europeans have 74 Insurance Offices in Calcutta alone. They have 75 Tea Companies. The European Indigo and Coffee factories are innumerable. There are in Calcutta 175 mercantile firms, out of which 152 are European, 18 Mahomedan, 2 Jewish, 1 Parsi, and only 2 Hindoo.* The Stock-Share, Bill, Freight, and Ship brokers, are all Europeans.

* The Directory for 1874.

The principal Silk and Indigo brokers are Europeans. The Indian Railways, constructed with English capital, are for the benefit of English Companies. Out of 61,940 proprietors of Indian Railway Stock in 1872, only 388 were Natives.* The Coal Companies are all European, with the exception of one or two. Many of the European firms have established themselves in the interior markets. They have set up Jute screws at Serajgunge, and Cotton screws at Cawnpore and Omravati. The Cotton Frauds Act, the Labour Contract Act, and many such Statutes and Bills are all for the behoof of the Europeans. The Natives are up and doing no where. Under the monopoly of the East India Company, there was rapacity with moderation—there was a solicitude to preserve the hen that gave them golden eggs. But since the withdrawal of that monopoly, the planters and merchants, set free to prey upon India, have undermined every trade, worried every profession, and assailed every industry, institution, and species of property. Persistently have they urged on the continuance and promotion of the policy which allows them to eat up the substance of the country, leaving the residuum of husks to the Natives. The hard facts adduced, and of which no one can any longer plead ignorance, speak for themselves, without any commentary. It is a fatal mistake to infer India's welfare from the figures of her exports and imports, when in all arrangements, operations, and privileges, the substantial control and enjoyment are the share of the Europeans,—the nominal connection only is that of the Natives. The various Trades, of which so imposing returns are annually compiled, have scarcely bettered the commercial condition of India. They have given no worthy mercantile navy to India. They have introduced no new mercantile institutions and nautical professions in the land. They bring in no incomings to the Natives. They have enabled none of them to become an Indian Peabody. They have not raised among them another Juggut Sett, with wealth, importance, and influence in the State.

* Mr. Danver's last Report, quoted in the *Englishman* of 5th November, 1873.

Only a fractional interest is held in some of the branches by a few Native shippers, who have opened firms of their own in China, the Mauritius, and England. The rest of the field is all occupied and worked by aliens and outsiders. Such, then, is the *present* of our commerce—a present of blank, void, and nil. The Services are not more monopolized, than is our commerce. They have both become the inheritance of Anglo-Indians. It is the commerce of India in nothing, but its name. It is a virtual monopoly in the hands of the Europeans. The general conclusions, then, that may be arrived at on the *present* of India's commerce, may be briefly summarised. It is a commerce, which, far from contributing to our accumulation of capital, is impoverishing our country—in which the exports by far exceed the imports, and leave an enormous annual balance due to India—in which the imports make an item of pure loss—and in which the gain of England implies a proportionate loss to India.

I would now draw attention to an important subject intimately affecting the commercial status of the country—taken up thus, I believe, for the first time,—in the earnest hope of eliciting an expression of public opinion on its merits and demerits. I refer to that peculiar economical institution of India, which presents, more or less, in all the Presidencies, a peculiar phase of commercial life in India, and is familiar to us all under the name of *Banianship*. The term “Banyan,” or “Banian” as it is otherwise written, evidently comes from the *Banias*, the hereditary mercantile and banking class from ancient times, possessing invariably heavy purses, with extensive credit and influence in the community. Our only commercial men, if at all they are entitled to rank as such, are our Banyans, who certainly deserve to be distinguished from the rest of their countrymen, and noticed in a professed Account of the Present of the Commerce of India. The system followed by them has acquired venerableness from time, and ranks as one of the recognized sources for wealth-making. The origin of it is traced back to those years, when the agents of the English East India Company first arrived in

this country as mere adventurers and traders. They came from a distant part of the earth, without the slightest consciousness of their affiliation to the Indians. They were then not remotely aware of their descent from a common Aryan stock, or that their language was derived from a common mother-tongue—the Sanscrit. They came as utter aliens amidst aliens, and neither understood any body, nor were understood by any one. In this plight, their first look-out was for a *Dobhash*, or a speaker of two languages—that is to say, an interpreter. Before long, such a man, for all practical purposes, was found. Under his auspices, the English commenced their sales and purchases. These, in the beginning, must have been effected on cash terms, through mutual distrust of the parties so utterly strange to each other—and particularly as the white race reminded our people of the misdeeds of the Portuguese and Dutch. In time, the English felt the difficulty of persevering and continuing all along in a course of cash transactions. Their nation, then extremely poor, and possessing no more revenue than a crore and forty lacs of rupees,* did not allow them to take out large sums in bullion or treasure from the circulation of the country. The sale proceeds of their imported goods were very scanty for India did not at all require the manufactures of a country that scarcely possessed any thing than coal, wool, and iron. Falling short in funds for making their costly purchases, they besought to be taken into the trust of the Natives, and allowed to deal on partial credit. In other words, they wanted a Banyan to find them capital. The Englishman who expects a benefit from a Native is a very different being from himself when he is above the necessity of such an expectation. He shows himself made of a very different stuff from his usual self, when he has to shove in the thin end of the wedge. He leaves all bluster and tall talk in abeyance, and is full of suavity in his first overtures. With much judgment, tact and patience did the British, in their early intercourse with our countrymen, avoid the errors which

* It is now close upon 80 crores.

had made the Portuguese and Dutch hated. They made every display of honesty, and veracity, and punctuality, to secure the good opinion of the Indians, and insinuate themselves into their confidence. The mode in which business was then transacted, required advances to our workmen for buying the materials for the articles of their handiwork. The country possessed no manufacturers or merchants on a large scale, capable of executing extensive orders, and delivering the goods contracted for on the appointed day. The articles had to be collected throughout the country by means of agents. Unless the English were trusted, how could they be expected to trust in their turn. Thus all considerations paving the way, there volunteered from among our ancestors, individuals willing to stand as securities, and occupy an intermediate position between the strangers and their countrymen. Such a position happened to be looked upon with no small degree of liking, since it harmonised with all the pre-conceived ideas of our people, their favorite maxims, their habitual prudence and cautiousness, their non-adventurousness, their aversion to risk, and their desire of certain profit. Both the *Dobhash* and *Banyan* being secured, the English started their business in right earnest and in regular style. They made choice of stations in the country, founded factories, built large warehouses, and entered upon the complicated system of operations. The sale of the imports from Europe, was made by auction at the factories, in the interior towns and markets, where the commodities were transported in the hackries of the country, or on pack bullocks. For purchase of the cargoes for exports to England, there was "the European functionary, in the district, who had first his *Banyan*, or Native Secretary, through whom the whole of the business was conducted. The *Banyan* hired a species of broker, called a *Gomastah*, at so much a month. The *Gomastah* repaired to the *aurang*, or manufacturing town, which was his assigned station; and there fixed upon a habitation, which he called his *Cutchery*. He was provided with a sufficient number of peons, a sort of armed-servants, and *hircarahs*, messengers, or letter carriers, by his employer. These

he immediately despatched about the place, to summon to him the dallâls and pycârs. The dallâls and pycârs were two sets of brokers; of whom the pycârs were the lowest, transacting the business of detail with the growers or manufacturers. The dallâls again transacted with the pycârs; the Gomastah transacted with the dallâls, the Banyan with the Gomastah, and the Company's European servant with the Banyan.* Such people as the famous Setts, and Omichand, sometimes acted as Baynans to the Company, by entering into contracts for the supply of cotton goods and saltpetre. In Madras, the Banyans were called Devans. Besides the business of the Company, there was the business of the Company's servants, who were paid a nominal and insufficient salary, with the liberty of carrying on an independent traffic on their own account and for their own profit. The Company appropriated to themselves, in all its branches, the outward trade between India and England. To their servants was left the country-trade, or that from one part of India to another. The Company's servants were not, in those days, the "pick of the nation." Doubtless there were "some distinguished men of high character and great abilities." But most of them were "men of damaged fortunes and character," who came to make money without toil or trouble. They were "every wastrel who had courage left—every bankrupt whose credit was run out,—every reckless soldier who had neither money nor interest to secure promotion,—every daring seaman who was impatient of the rough nights and scant wages of winter voyages in the German Sea,—and every younger son of quality who, bred in ease and pleasure, despaired of finding a fat living or place at court, a legal sinecure, or an heiress for a wife."† To these men Clive, like another Cortez, had opened the way to a storehouse of exhaustless wealth—a field promising an abundant harvest of spoil. It was the heyday of licence and loot. England gave them, as it were, a sort of "buccaneering commission," and they came to push their fortunes in this

* With some alterations this passage is quoted from Mill's History of India.

† Torrens' "Empire in Asia."

country—to draw prizes in the Indian lottery. These adventurers without funds or credit, were the men who felt a most pressing need for Banyans ; and, as the English name and fame stood high after the Plassey-affair, they met with no difficulty in procuring them. The Company now had at their disposal more revenues than had ever been known to their mighty Queen Elizabeth ; and, after long years of struggle with scanty capital, employed them, to their heart's content, in their investments. Their servants got Banyans to find them money for their own business. The post of a Banyan then carried with it much prestige and power, in addition to profit. The reader must be reminded here, that, from an early period, the English Company had sought for nothing else, with so much zeal, and head and heart, and by means of bribes and embassies, than an exemption from the payment of customs dues and tolls on their goods. Their continuous solicitations at length procured them a Firman to that effect. But under cover of the Company's official pass, the private goods of their servants also were passed off duty-free. This grew up into a huge abuse. In the time of Jaffier Khan, when the Mahomedan was still the ruler of the land, it was put down with a strong hand. But it again sprang up into a monstrous evil in the time of Meer Kasim. The Company's servants had now become Nawab* makers and unmakers. Each and all of them, from the President of the Council to the lowest factor, had become so puffed up, as to affect all sorts of airs and bahadooring, blurt forth no end of tall talk, and perpetrate the most high-handed proceedings. They broke through all the restraints imposed upon them by former Soubahdars, and turned the liberty accorded to them into a license to engross all the inland trade of the country, and absorb all its profit. Their Banyans, Gomastahs, and dállals were in every district and village—in every *haut* and bazar,—interfering with the shop-keepers in even petty dealings in fish, straw, bamboo, and oil, withholding

* The word *Nawab* used to be written by Anglo-Indians, as it is still by the English at home, as *Nabob*.

payment,—and as regards larger operations, by threats, not vain, purchasing at the lowest price,—selling to the highest advantage,—and passing off all their goods duty-free under the immunity legally possessed only by the Company. In the course of their proceedings, these native agents and dependents arrested, flogged, imprisoned, and loaded with fetters people who refused to accept their terms, or dared to come across their way. They “trampled on the authority of Government, binding and punishing the Nabob’s officers, whenever they presumed to interfere.” They made themselves so much as “judges, dispensing justice that was given in the public Cutcherry.” They even “passed sentences on the Zemindars themselves, and drew money from them by pretended injuries.”* All this sorely harassed the country, and threatened to culminate in its universal ruin. The Native Government felt the evil from the first, as indeed instances were daily brought to its notice from all parts of its dominions. But it was powerless. At length Meer Kasim was roused to make a resolute effort to rescue the nation. But his representations to the selfishness and rapacity of the Council of the Company’s Settlement at Calcutta were as useless as those of his predecessors had been. In proportion as he was earnest, the Europeans became defiant. The Nabob blew up, and issued a decree abolishing all internal duties, and putting all classes in the country on an equal footing. This levelling did away with the exorbitant profits that were reaped from abuse and usurpation. The Company’s servants therefore not only demanded the revocation of the measure,—not only urged maintenance of the abuse, but,—be it noted to their shame, and as an example of their vaunted Anglo-Saxon sense of justice and fair-play,—insisted on the exemption of their own goods, *and* the imposition of duties on the goods of all other traders. Such a request being contrary to all right and precedent, was refused by the Nabob; and the two powers of the country came to a collision. Able and energetic as he was, Meer Kasim succumbed in the struggle, and our nation tasted the con-

* Vansittart’s *Narrative*.

sequences of another revolution. Service under people, who wielded so much power as to depose rulers, was naturally regarded to carry with it a portion of that power. Instead of being dishonourable, it became an enviable distinction. Thus banianship acquired a lustre and attraction in the eyes of the Natives, which made it coveted with great eagerness. Blind to its future consequences, caring not to commit the blunder of furthering the interests of foreigners at the risk of their own capital, far less feeling any compunction to put money into a stranger's pocket at the expense of their countrymen, all Hindoos who possessed a purse, went in for banianship. No Mahomedan ever gave in to the delusion, or was foolish enough to foster an undermining system. The post was thirsted for only by the Hindoos, who had long been a fallen and down-trodden race, and were, therefore, naturally anxious to avail themselves of the opportunity of placing themselves under the *Aegis* of a protecting power, and gratifying their passion for domineering and lording over, and turning the tables against, their oppressors. In time the Directors thought of putting down the enormities of their servants, by demanding the abandonment of their private trade, and binding them under stringent covenants. But these have never effectually put a stop to the evils they were intended to cure. Banyans were now more in request than ever, to screen the officers of Government by means of ostensible agents, entrusted with their private concerns, acting as the principal. Warren Hastings had his Gunga Gobind Sing and Kanto Baboo, who have left princely estates, as if to sanctify banyanship in the esteem of their countrymen. The Zemindar is an evolution of the land policy of British administration. The Banyan is an evolution of its commercial policy. Thus taking root, the system of banyanship has flourished, till it has grown to be one of our most favourite modes of investment. There are four principal modes of investment known to the capitalists of this country—investment in Zemindary, investment in Calcutta landed property, investment in Government Securities or Bank shares, and investment in Banyanship business. The last is almost the only way known of

investment in the commercial way. In 1804, the Parliament threw open the trade with India to private enterprise; and there was a rush of eager adventurers into the field. Men, out of as well as in service; now sought for Banyans with an equal avidity. There was no public Bank for accommodation in the country, until the year 1824. The Banyans then were the only hope of all those adventurers who came without funds or any letter of credit. Every Planter, therefore, tried to secure a Dewan, and every merchant a Banyan. To quote Baboo Kissen Mohun Mullick :—" Soon after the abolition of the Company's monopoly, agents of certain respectable Liverpool Houses set up here with a view to take an active part in the import and export business of this country, and successful as their operations proved, others followed them, and in a few years several Houses were established in Calcutta, with London and Liverpool connections noted for their wealth and influence." But in spite of such wealthy and influential connections, the agents out here could scarcely proceed with their boasted development of the resources of this country, without a Banyan at their back. Such a being was employed by persons in office, who did not scruple to make use of their official knowledge of the opening or the closing of a State Loan to contribute to their private fortune, every one of whom was " desirous of deriving benefit from some contract in the disposal of which he had a vote, and which, consequently, he could not obtain in his own name"—and who did not bring any funds to set up themselves with even to buy their furniture, buggies, and horses with. The merchants wanted the Banyan for him to make payments in cash, and the planters to obtain advances for their indigo and silk factories. Speaking comparatively, these were the days of somewhat shorn banyanship—without any of the looting and lording of the times which ushered the system into existence. But still the Banyan was clothed with not a little prestige. He " invariably went attended by several underling sircars, hircarabs, &c. He, to a certain degree, ruled the office; entered it generally with little ceremony, made a slight obeisance, and never divested

himself of his slippers—a privilege which, in the eyes of the natives, at once placed him on a footing of equality with his employers.”* He was frequently the Banyan to several European firms and gentlemen. There was a time when some half-a-dozen Banyans managed all the mercantile business of Calcutta, and accumulated vast fortunes.

Such is a short account of the rise and progress of banyanship—such were the circumstances which called forth the system into existence, and favored its growth.

The dark side of Banyanship.

Nowhere has it flourished more than in Bengal. Though greatly divested of its ancient lustre, though its hurtfulness has now become so clear, still there is no abatement in the popularity of banyanship. To this day, a vacancy in some respectable old House, or a berth under a new Sahib, is highly bidden for, and the man carrying away the prize is considered to be sure of a fortune. Native parents, in humble circumstances, wishing their boys to rise in the world, look either to the Civil Service, the Bar, the Medical line, or the Civil Engineer's profession. But the well-to-do fathers look for their sons only to banyanship, either under Government, or in some Bank, or in a merchant's office. It is the cynosure of their eyes, and the business has become hereditary in many families. Hitherto my countrymen have looked only upon the bright side of banyanship—its emoluments, the status it gives, in a word, its conveniences and advantages both pecuniary and social. Upon predisposed minds, such glowing descriptions as “Baboo Ramgopal Ghose prospered most while Banyan to Messrs. Kelsall and Co. He lived in the Kammarhatti Grove, and kept an open table there. He owned a steam boat, the Lotus, which he used to steer himself”†—tell with a dangerous effect. No one has yet undertaken to hold the dark side of the picture to the public view. Such an anomaly as banyanship would never have been allowed to grow up anywhere else than in this land of anomalies. No other people under the sun would slave

* Stocqueler's *India*.

† Life by the late Baboo Kissory Chand Mitter.

with money in their pocket, but would give it some kind of profitable occupation for their own aggrandisement. None but a Hindoo, especially a Bengali, would ever welcome servitude with a premium, and justify his conduct in the name of prudence. It is only a Bengali who prefers to work under gilded-fetters,—who offers the deposit of a lac of rupees, and the Security of another lac, for the Dewanship of the Bank of Bengal—who lodges a hundred thousand rupees in the custody of Government, for the Store-keepership of the Stamps, on a salary of Rs. 700 a month—or who endangers his hereditary inheritance in the cause of a stranger liable to make himself scarce, and place himself beyond the reach of law,—who distrusts his own countrymen, but prefers to accommodate and set up a chance new-comer and nothing-to-lose adventurer without a six-pence in his pocket. Such a strange subordination of interest finds currency only among the Bengalis. Up to this time, no one has been at the pains to expose the system in its true colors and bearings,—a system arguing the most deplorable deficiency in the perception of one's true interests. Unhappily for us our most influential journalist, who writes up men to Rajahs and Star-holders, and Rajahs and Star-holders to angels and demi-gods,—who leads the van of the representative men of our nation, hath, it seems, the poet's "drop serene" to obscure his vision, and prevent him from seeing anything but the concrete—land and land eternally; or, otherwise, he would not have failed to raise his voice for a re-action. But it is high time that the nation should open its eyes to the evils which have recoiled upon its head. It is high time for us to shake off the pupilage under which we labour, and assert our commercial independence. The hour is come to speak out, and bring about a consensus of public opinion upon the subject. Founded upon a wrong basis, the evil of Banianship far outweighs its good. Banianship benefits only a few individuals, but is fraught with mischief for the whole nation. Speaking from a political point of view, the school of the Banyan is a vicious and demoralizing school. Its timid doctrines exercise the most pernicious influence upon the commercial

morale of our youths. They dwarf the mind, quench the spirit of enterprize, and, by stifling all noble aspirations for an independent and honorable career, keep the country backward in progress. In that school little more is learnt than to acquire a knowledge of the natural produce of the country, to study the markets in and out of Calcutta, to know the stocks in the godowns of the city and in the aurungs, to discern fine unbroken Table Rice from Ballam and Moongy Rice, to distinguish Serajgunge Jute from Desi Jute, to judge the per centage of dust and mixtures in Oil-seeds, to select Cotton with long staples, to despatch cargo-boats with sufficient promptitude so as not to incur demurrage, to get goods passed at the Custom House, to draw a weekly price-current, and to have the Bills of Exchange ready for negotiation by the Mail-day. This is a most simple curriculum, mastered by a short apprenticeship. It is all cut and dry routine work—all stereotyped practice, and little more than controlling a number of working men and sircars, and bill-collectors. The accomplishments scarcely deserve the name. Nothing that enlarges the mind, and develops the commercial faculty is learnt under this régime. The school of the Banyan has produced little fruit. It has not turned out a single true political economist or commercial statesman to work a change in the public opinion. The boasted banianship system has done nothing towards the improvement of our agriculture and manufactures—our commerce and navigation. Representatives of capital and enterprise as our Banians are, they belie the characters they profess, and the status they occupy. Truth to say, they are not versed even in the rudiments of modern political science. Many of them, perhaps, have not heard the name of Adam Smith—and know not the geographical situation of the ports to which their employers consign their goods. They are well practised in narrow individual speculations, but they scarcely understand the broad principles of public wealth. Their inchoate ideas never find maturity. To this day, they have never directed their attention to the development of the resources of their realm. They have never turned their thoughts to the utilization of its vast mineral wealth—to

the cultivation of maritime habits and projects—and to the restoration of independent Native commerce. They have never deplored the decay of their own industries and the ruin of their own manufactures. They have made no effort to introduce machinery, and meet Manchester on equal terms. They never think of taking the destiny of their country into their own hands. It has not struck them yet to have a Native Chamber of Commerce to represent and protect our commercial interests. The idea has not yet got into their heads to set up independent Native Banks, or Native Insurance Offices, in order to accommodate and forward the prospects of our enterprising youngsters. Men of ample fortune and long experience in the practical part of trade, our Banians have no new projects—no useful plans for the enrichment of their nation. They study not the condition and resources of neighbouring or distant countries. They have no agents or emissaries in different regions of the globe to examine their wants, and test their capabilities. They never try to discover any new outlet—a new field of commerce,—a new market for the sale of our goods. They venture not upon a new experiment, such as that of rearing cattle, or growing tea and coffee or setting up mills and working mines. Far from being such pioneers, and benefactors,—far from acquiring sound politico-economical views after the healthy European example before them—far from awakening the emulation that calls forth latent talents and energies—and far from trying to evoke a feeling of national self-reliance, they are the most non-progressive people in the community, who utilize not their trade-teachings, who cherish no commercial opinion, who exercise no influence, and who leave no mark on the nation. All this, however, is innocuous, because it is negative. But the Banians are positively mischievous in more than one respect. It is our Zemindars who are often made the butt of hostile criticisms and denunciations. No voice has been hitherto raised against the Banians, who are spared because they run, not a conflicting but a smooth, course with the Europeans. But in point of disastrous consequences, even the extortions of Zemindars compare not with—are

immensely exceeded by the ruin of whole industries brought on through the instrumentality of the Banians, who, identifying their interests with those of their employers, rise with their rise, and fall with their fall. Nothing deserves a severer condemnation, than the manner in which they have trifled with and betrayed the most important trusts of the nation reposed in their hands. It is they who have sacrificed many of our valuable interests to the interests of foreigners. It is they who have paved the way for the introduction of European manufactures in our country and dug the grave of its own manufactures. To them must be traced the pitiable condition into which our blacksmiths and weavers have been plunged. "I can speak," says Babu Kissen Mohun Mullick, "that Mr. David McIntyre busily employed himself for many years in collecting information regarding the cotton fabrics most in use and demand among the natives, and through the assistance of his Banyan, the late Babu Bissumblhur Sein, procured samples of all kinds and species of cloth in use among the various classes of natives both in Bengal and the Upper Provinces." Similarly, I have heard, has a certain Banian of the present day furnished to his employers samples of various metallic utensils in use among the Natives, with a view to undersell our native braziers. It cannot be denied that many of the speculations in which the Europeans have succeeded, could never have been attempted without the aid and the strength of the resources of their Banians. "We owe," says a writer, "our present extended trade in textile fabrics, in indigo throughout the country, and in numerous other branches of commerce, to the support given by this class to such men as appeared to them likely to succeed." The injury that has been done by the Banians to several of our lucrative trades will become but too evident when I come to treat of them in a future paper. Holding an intermediate position between the European merchant and the Native mahajun, the Banians are bound to deal equal justice to the two parties. But their sympathies are all enlisted on the side of the Sahibs, and not on that of their own countrymen. Look on the loose receipts, or *Ank*

bāndāhs, granted by the Banyans for goods purchased on one hand—and look on the hard-worded contracts for the sale of piece goods or metals, on the other. The Sahib is kept free from all snares of contracts. His bargains are made on the freest conditions and terms. But the Mahajun is bound hand and foot by contracts drawn with all the precision of a lawyer's phraseology under which he can never move an inch and is always enmeshed the more in toils by his restiveness. In a dispute, the Sahib is at every liberty to slide off in a tangent, while the Mahajun, held by a strong grip, is outwitted, worried, and victimised by brokers little disposed to favor him, by surveyors prejudiced against an alien race, by judges influenced by forgone conclusions on native mendacity, and unable and unwilling to extract the wheat of fact from the chaff of nonsense, extravagance and falsehood of statement of a loose uncultivated mind, and by niceties of English law utterly beyond his comprehension. Innumerable are the instances of the most flagrant and unblushing breaches of contracts made with the Native mahajuns, whose ignorance is being daily taken advantage of, and whose fear is worked upon to make them accept their loss in silence. I am far from insinuating any deception practised by the Banyans. Indeed, they deceive none but themselves. But seldom has any blunder, arising from short-sightedness, inflicted greater miseries on a society, than those which have been brought on by the infatuity of the Banyans. The utter wrongfulness of the system reflects the highest discredit on our nation, and argues its want of common sense. There are many educated Natives in the line, who are not ashamed to perpetuate the system which is the offspring of ignorance, and the outcome of a shallow understanding. The truth is, their education has not been sufficiently enlightening, and they retain many of the characteristics of the least educated of their race. To instance, they have not got rid of the habit of investing their acquisitions in unproductive forms, instead of adding facilities to the circulation in their country. They are still given to primitive notions—still indifferent to calls of common public interest. It never enters into their thoughts to inquire into the wants of their

nation. All reform and improvement are foreign to their ideas and intentions. Thus they sit like a dead-weight upon the prospects of their nation, without the slightest effort towards altering the character of its commercial life. Happily, the system of banianship is now on the wane. There have sprung up numerous Banks in the land which now afford that accommodation, which was hitherto done by the Banians. The Greek Houses, all of which work with a very large capital, have taken the initiative to have Baboos on monthly pay. The *dustoorie* of the Banyans has been cut down to more than its half. Much of the business formerly performed by them, is now procured through the hands of European brokers, who negotiate all the bargains for the purchase of Indigo, Silk, Tea, Lacdye, and other valuable produce. In short, the Banyan has been reduced to little better than a cipher. His emoluments gone, his power diminished, shorn of all his plumes, and bedimmed in lustre, the Banian now cuts a very sorry figure. The genus is fairly on the way to extinction. Now-a-days, a Banyan is taken in scarcely with any other object than for victimization—he is made to stand guarantee for goods turning out equal to the sample—and a buffer to receive the shocks of loss from the failure of Native piece-goods merchants. Meer Jaffier is said to have been nicknamed *Clive's ass*. The Banyan may be nicknamed the *merchant's ass*.—The whole Indian nation is the Englishman's ass. It is strange, that with far greater risks, but a smaller per centage of commission, than before, the rage for Banyanship has not still abated. Not more are the abolition of infant marriages, the abolition of Koolin polygamy, the introduction of widow marriages, and the emancipation of our females, necessary for our physical and social improvement, than is the abolition of Banyanship necessary for our commercial prosperity. It ought to be amongst the by-gones, like *Sutteeism* and *Infanticide*. India is in need of men to work a revolution in her commercial status.

Going to Bombay, a few years ago, with the history of Malhrratta deeds and greatness in my head, I fully expected to see in its people, a race totally dissimilar to the people of Bengal—

Calcutta and Bombay
commercially compared.

a race hardier, manlier, and distinguished by valour. But to my great surprise, nothing approaching to my expectations met my eyes. Indeed, I was at a loss to reconcile the truth of history with the truth of my personal experience, and, while I saw the same diminutive stature, the same soft features, and the same want of daring, I reflected how a nation has deteriorated so much under subjection, in the short space of fifty years, for the Mahrattas finally lost their power and independence only in 1817. But if the people of Bombay are not distinguished by any more military spirit than the people of Bengal, if they are equally disgraced by caste squabbles and have the same moral weakness to be content with empty honors and distinctions, they are however remarkable for a feature, which is not common to them both. It is the greater commercial spirit which distinguishes the citizens of Bombay from the citizens of Calcutta, and is unquestionably a point of superiority in their favor. The two peoples, on the two great sea-boards of our continent, were, at one time, equally addicted to maritime habits and pursuits. But the commercial spirit of the Bengalis has now become utterly extinguished. The people in and about Bombay still retain a trace of their ancestral characteristics. They are still born and bred amidst the waves of the ocean, and they still keep to the sea. They still carry on the Malabar coasting-trade in "large vessels of rude construction, high at the stem and low at the prow, called *pattamars* and *buggalows*." The latter are still plied to transport the merchandize of India to the Arabian and Persian Gulfs, and *vice versa*. On the Coromandel coast, two masted vessels, called *dhonies* and *grabs*, are still used by the Chettis in navigating the Bay.* The number of Bombay Native craft, with cargoes and in ballast, both entered and cleared, returned for the year 1872-73, is 11,224 carrying a tonnage of 3,98,004, while that of Bengal is no more than 194 making the insignificant

* Madras stands the first with respect to the sea-trade. "There are eighty-one trading ports in the Madras Presidency, while there are but five sea-ports in Bengal, and thirty in Bombay."—*Report of the Board of Revenue at Madras for 1872-73*.

tonnage of 22,266. Maritime Bengal has been completely disarmaritimeed. Referring to our Income Tax Returns, it is found that "the number of general merchants, agents, and bankers assessed in Bombay, is 1,520 against 745 in Calcutta. In the Bombay statement, second class merchants are entered separately, and number 1,562. If we add these to the last class, we shall have about four times as many merchants in Bombay as in Calcutta. The traders and dealers assessed in Bombay are 3,588 against 3,080 in Calcutta."* In Bombay, a large industry has sprung up within the last ten or fifteen years. Capitalists there have formed into mercantile associations, brought out machinery from England, erected mills, and entered into competition with Manchester. Fourteen cotton mills for spinning and weaving are already in operation there, and they are going to add eighteen new mills to that number "at a cost of one and a half crores of rupees." One mill has a capital of 22 lacs of rupees, and employs 1,700 people. In Calcutta the Bowreah Company, the Fort Gloster Mills Company, the Goosery Cotton Company, and the Bengal Mills Company, are all European Companies, which represent little or no Native capital and interest. The greater part of the external commerce of the port of Bombay, is in the hands of Banias, Marwarees, Parsees, Kutchees, and Siddhees, who have opened corresponding houses in England, China, Zanzibar and the Mauritius for direct transaction. They are extensively engaged in the large cotton-trade and opium-trade of that Presidency. There is a small number of Banyans, but who serve more in the capacity of brokers, than in the style of the Calcutta Baboos. People there have not the perverted judgment to find capital for the benefit of others, but know how to turn an honest penny on their own accounts, and for bettering their own condition. There is more utilization of individual energies, more exercise of the spirit of self-help, and more determination to enjoy the fruits of their own labor, in the place of the apprenticeship, the dependence, the over-guidance, and the over-government of our Calcutta

Banyans. Bombay may not possess princely land-owners, but it stands pre-eminent in independent Native commercial activity and enterprise, which constitute one of the great sources of national wealth, vigor, and progress.

It is time now to take up another important question into consideration—the critical and unsatisfactory condition of India's commerce. One of the stock-arguments held by Government with reference to the administration of this country, and which is oftentimes repeated by men in and out of office, as well as upheld by a devoted press, is that with her immense natural resources, it is the best policy for India to improve the capacities of her soil and grow and export only raw produce. Imposed upon by superior authority, Natives, who are accustomed to "surrender their judgment hoodwinked," fail not to echo the same opinion, and call upon their countrymen to take to the plough. Influenced by such a notion, the chief aim of our Government has been to direct all its attention towards calling forth the powers and efficiency of the soil as the way to our material prosperity. It expends from that conviction large sums of money upon irrigation works, such as the Ganges Canal, and the opening of the Godavery. It encourages Irrigation Companies, like those in Madras, Orissa and the Soane districts. It holds Cattle-Plague Commissions, keeps up the office of a Cotton Commissioner, and undertakes Agricultural Exhibitions at Calcutta, Madras, Agra, Lucknow, and Jubbulpore. Surely, a great deal of good, as exhibited in the extension of cultivation to its furthest limits, in the occupation of all culturable wastes, in the raising of a variety of crops and increased produce, in the creation of a large demand for agricultural labour, and in the facilities with which a ryot is enabled to pay the rent of the soil, has resulted from all these efforts. A more thorough and effectual agrarian law than this cannot be imagined. But it is not for the first time that agriculture has been appreciated as our country's first and greatest resource. It is not for the first time that our nation has turned its attention to the growth of cotton, indigo, or silk. It is not for

The decay of the commerce of India from overgrowth of produce.

the first time that markets have been found for our agricultural produce. It is not for the first time that the art of irrigation has been introduced amongst us. India has been accustomed to all these things from time immemorial. In all ages has she followed agricultural pursuits; dug wells, tanks, and canals; grown every sort of produce prized by the world, excepting coffee, tea, and potatoe; and exported them for sale to Tyre, Alexandria, Rome, Constantinople, Venice, Lisbon, and Antwerp, that have alternately been the great markets of the world, such as London or Liverpool is in the present day. The fact is beyond all question, that the Indians have always surpassed every other race in their dominion over the earth. Husbandry has been pursued by them on principles that may be truly called scientific. It has been the great basis of their political institution. It has formed to them the most prolific source of wealth. Nothing unknown, therefore, has been brought to light by the policy fostered by the British Government. The idea has no newness about it. It was familiar to and acted upon by all the previous rulers of the country. No new resource has been opened to pour streams of wealth over the country. It is nothing more than returning to our old traditions again—repeating the conduct of our ancestors—trying the same experiment once more—and taking a lesson from a page of history long turned over. In taking to this trodden path, Englishmen must be understood to have a secret motive, which actuates them to lay an undue stress upon the policy, under which every other pursuit of industry is subordinated to agriculture. I have pointed out that motive—it is to wean and divert the Indians from their manufactural pursuits, and employ them in contributing to the manufactural greatness of England. But the agricultural policy, that has, for four thousand years, answered the purpose of enriching India, has now become of questionable advantage to her, when her agricultural produce has declined in value and demand. The commodities of India have lost their ancient prestige, and are not so much cared for now as heretofore. Statesmen, who pride them-

selves for their profound wisdom and keen farsightedness, and natives, who unwittingly echo the cry of their superiors, happen to overlook one most important fact that considerably affects the case. It is the altered position of India in the commercial world, from that occupied by her in previous ages. She was the garden and granary of the world, when three-fourths of the globe were a waste and jungle, uninhabited and unutilized by mankind. She then alone grew cotton, indigo, sugar, and the other valuable staples, which were so highly esteemed and eagerly craved for, as to have attracted all nations to her ports, led to the discovery of America and of the passage round the Cape, and called forth some of the grandest projects of the human race. But her relative position has considerably altered, since vast continents have been discovered rivalling her in fertility, and forests have disappeared, and gardens have spread in various parts of the earth. Nations that once so eagerly sought for a passage to her realms, are now not only abating in their demand for her produce, but growing independent of her by evolving the powers of their own native soils. America is producing better cotton, Mauritius and Brazil are growing cheaper sugar, Java and Guatemela producing nearly as good indigo, Italy and France producing finer silk, Persia and China growing opium, and Scotland and Germany manufacturing artificial saltpetre. There is not a civilized Government that has not an Agricultural Department to look after agricultural improvements. India is now placed in a critical position. The process of turning all classes into cultivators has gone on, and is still going on over the realm without any apparent limit. Our cry still is the extension of cultivation. But our agriculture is no more so profitable as of yore. Day by day is Indian produce falling heavily in price, and suffering from unsuccessful competition with the produce of superior intelligence and economy. One by one, all her anciently prized staples are diminishing in value, and being pushed out of the market ; and the only article she has to stand by, is Jute, in case it meets not with the same fate as that of cotton for it is threatened from the side of America. The growth

of the other articles has become almost a superfluity, which overstocks and drags the market, and disturbs the equipoise held between the laws of supply and demand. They often produce a glut which leads to heavy losses and failures. They pay not now steadily, but spasmodically, under the influence either of a physical cause, or political contingency, now and then springing up to their rescue. Indian cotton pays not unless there is a civil war in America. Indian sugar pays not unless there is a failure of the crop in the West Indies or Mauritius. Indian saltpetre pays not unless the European nations happen to be engaged in cutting each other's throats. To such a pass have things been brought by the operation of the favourite agrarian policy of our Government, and by the vast and continually increasing growth of our staples. The evil is every day increasing. The causes which have produced it, are still at work unchecked. It cannot be expected to be remedied, unless with the change in the circumstances and prospects, there be a change in the economic principles followed by India. It is extremely unwise to tie her up to a cut and dry traditional policy, and make her run an undeviating course like the sun and moon. To keep her out from commerce and manufactures, and persuade her children—weavers, artizans, mechanics, educated natives, Zemindars and all, to betake themselves to agriculture, and transfer every kind of labour into that single department of occupation, and extend the areas of cultivation, answers very well the political object of reducing them all to one low dead level, and making them supply the workshops of England. But such an object immoderately swells the number of the agricultural population, and tends to the growth of produce exceeding the limits of demand and consumption. The overcrowding of any profession, and the over production of any article, are two things deprecated by the merest tyro of political science. Labour may be regarded to represent the capital of the working classes. But in the depressed state of any trade or industry, the slightest rise in wages tells on them with disastrous consequences. The price of labour in India has risen a hundred per cent. in the last twenty years. These are the two evils which must be

understood to have mainly told on and affected our commerce. Nothing else has been the outcome of the policy of extended culture and export, than the forcing of some of our trades to assume for a time the most inflated dimensions, and then be followed by a too certain collapse. Our sugar trade has, in this manner, come to an end. Our saltpetre trade has been most injuriously affected. Our cotton trade, the most important of all branches, is once more on the way of being extinguished. From the same cause, the silk trade has received a tremendous blow. There cannot be a sadder fate for our nation than to be reduced to an exclusive dependence on our soil, and made to grow cotton, when our cotton is not preferred in foreign markets; to produce oilseeds or fibres, when they cannot stand the competition of similar articles grown in nearer climates; and to enlarge the areas of jute, or indigo, or opium cultivation, by alienating areas from the cultivation of food-grains in the face of periodic famines. The unprofitableness of the Indian trade is now a by-word in the market. In the Budget statement for 1874-75, the Customs Revenue shows loss. The aggregate value of the Foreign trade of 1872-73, as compared with that of 1871-72, shows the enormous falling off of 17 crores of rupees. The Exports show a diminution of about 10 crores. The Imports, particularly of treasure, show a decrease of about 7 crores. In 1871-72, raw cotton was exported to the value of 21 crores of rupees. It fell down to 14 crores in 1872-73. More Jute, or 7,080,912 cwts. of the value of £4,142,548, shipped in 1872-73, contrasts with the shipment of 6,133,813 cwts. valued at £4,117,308 in 1871-72, and tells more forcibly than any argument against the overgrowth of an article. The opium-trade rests on a very uncertain foundation. The raw cotton trade is fast losing its ground. Every commodity has lost its elasticity and power of improvement. Chronic loss has now become as much the normal condition of Indian trade, as chronic deficit is the normal condition of Indian Finance. Gain is not the rule, but exception. The balance-sheet shows loss for five years out of six. Under this abnormal condition of things, many firms have wound up their concerns, packed up, and retired. One

gentleman recently came out to open shop, but finding things to have gone to the worst, made haste to quit our shores. Many are the causes to which this unprofitableness is attributed. Years ago, it was thought to have been owing to the excessive *dustoorree* of the Banyan, and *that* cut and clipped first of all. Then it was supposed to be due to high rates of bill-brokerage, and they were reduced. Next it was traced to long usance, and the term was curtailed. People now assign it to speedy communication by the wire. Baboo Kissen Mohun Mullick attributes it to the Suez Canal. It has been ascribed to all and every thing, but the true cause, namely,—the high cost of our produce, due to enhanced land-rent and enhanced wages for labour—and the overgrowth of that produce, tending to overstock the market with materials much beyond the demand. This overgrowth has led to that unwarranted inflation of many of our trades, which, instead of furnishing matter for congratulation, may be regarded to have brought those trades to grief. Our commerce cannot be in any other than a depressed condition from the multitudinous errors surrounding it, and telling upon its vitality. Steady profit cannot be expected from it until there be a revision of our land-tax, and a re-adjustment of the wages for labour to reduce the cost of our commodities, and until our cultivators cease to work in the dark, and under the disadvantage of inferior intelligence. To be remedied effectually, the evil must be probed to the bottom. There must be a change in the internal economy of the administration. Our farmers must become enlightened, and possess knowledge for knowledge which gives advantage to their rivals. They should understand the ordinary laws of supply and demand, and have reliable statistics to guide them in growing the quantity required. Our mahajuns must be taught the truths of modern political science, to withstand the competition of superior nations. They should comprehend the fluctuations of the freight market and the money market, and take into account the influences of political events. Mere primary schools, and the knowledge of the three R's. would not bring on a re-action, and help us out of the difficulty. Our cultivators

must know to gauge the extent of the world's consumption, and ascertain the qualities that are in demand, or otherwise Indian produce must be doomed. It is a great mistake for India to grow recklessly as much as can be grown. Her agriculture ought to be confined to growing so much as might be required to meet her own wants *plus* what might be advantageously sold in foreign markets. Let her grow no more. The healthiness of our agriculture would impart a healthiness to our commerce. To this day the country gropes in the dark for want of Statistics. Never was that want felt so acutely, as during the approach of the later Famine.* If no other good can be educed from this calamity, let it awaken the country to the necessity of having a well organised Statistical Office. How senseless then is the cry that every one should wield the plough. How unreasonable is it to thrust whole classes upon the soil already over-crowded, as a means of subsistence. How unwise is the policy which seeks the unlimited development of our agricultural resources.

There is also another circumstance which tells most injuriously on the commerce of our country. It is the long distance of the market to which Indian staples have to be carried for sale—and their high freight constitutes an item against those staples. To use the words of Mr. Goschen, "the charge for freight acts with the same force as a charge for a commodity actually produced and exported." So long India herself was the world's market to which foreign customers directed their voyages, her goods enjoyed a high demand. The transference of that market now to a most distant region of the earth, has placed those goods at the utmost disadvantage. They suffer in competition with products from other countries which are borne to that market at a trifling freight charge. Take for instance the cotton of America, which is grown so near Liverpool, that it

* "One of the most curious facts concerning our rule in India, is our almost incredible ignorance of the commonest economic facts. Thus, after administering Bengal upwards of a century, no one is able to tell what is

1.—The average yield of paddy per bigah.

2.—The average yield of rice per seer of paddy.

3.—The average consumption of rice per head of population."

—*Indian Economist.*

is transported there in the course of a week, at very small freight, insurance, and other charges. The same causes that have operated in favor of cotton, are likely to operate also in favor of American jute, and make Indian jute lose its prestige and occupy secondary position. Both from over-growth and greater freight charges, have Indian commodities declined in value and lost their ground. Considerable improvement, however, in the prospects of our export trade is promised by the opening of the Suez Canal which, by annihilating much of the distance, gives India another chance to regain her normal position in the commercial world.

Thus I close my statement and argument on the *present* of the Commerce of India. I think I have touched upon all the necessary points, and put the case as clearly and impartially as it lay in my power to do. I have shown how all that Commerce is in the hands of England and other countries, and not of India—how it has not indeed been forcibly wrested and usurped from us by a strong hand, but that its loss has been the inevitable consequence of the competition of weak and unmanly races with strong and progressive peoples—how the navigation, and the machinery for operation, and the working capital, are all foreign and not indigenous—how the large import trade is an item of dead loss—how the out-goings or exports, are more than the incomings or imports—how Banianship is all that constitutes the active participation of India in that commerce, and how it has become seriously affected by India growing more than is needed by the world. It is a commerce substantial all for England, and only nominal for India. Nothing more is the object of this lengthy review, than to expose the most pernicious error of entertaining the opinion that India is at all enriched by the extensive foreign commerce, which now goes under her name. The finance ministers and statesmen, who “challenge the world to show an instance of more commercial and industrial progress than has been made in India,” who draw “cogent proofs of the prosperity of India” from the inflated figures of her exports and imports, who state that “great profits on one side by no means imply similar losses on the other,” who argue that

"the wealth of India has advanced *pari passu* with the wealth of England," and who say that India has found a market for its agricultural produce in England, and is wisely making the most of the opportunity of acquiring a national wage-fund, all take an optimical view which is entirely at variance with the actual facts of an annual drainage and increasing pauperism, and which is incompatible with the one-sided policy pursued. They throw but a garish light on the subject, and show things through a false glass. The truth is now transparent, I believe, to the minds of my countrymen, who are taught to look upon their country's present gigantic trade with pride and gratefulness. It is no longer the trade which once attracted the wealth of the ancient Roman empire, and which, in the 15th and 16th centuries, poured all the silver and gold of Mexico and Peru into India. Rather is it a trade, which leaves a considerable hiatus enlarging every year, which shows a factitious expansion of customs' figures for the good of "the cotton and iron capitalists of the Mersey, the Tyne, and the Clyde," in which things are so arranged that all benefit is forestalled for England, and that India can derive no advantage from exertion,—a trade which is one sided and not mutual, on which England has to congratulate herself, but not India. Let such of my countrymen as still hesitate to admit the correctness of this view, suppose the English to withdraw from this country, sailing away with all their shipping, abolishing all their docks, and retiring with the capital of all their Banks and Insurance offices, and then consider how such a catastrophe would affect us? Our fate would resemble that of Hamlet's father, who was cut off,

"Unhousel'd, disappointed, and unanelled,
No reckoning made, but sent to the account,
With all the imperfections on his head."

How suddenly a total collapse would ensue to our much vaunted trade—and how long years upon years must elapse before we can be prepared for its restoration and fresh prosecution! Not to go farther for proof than that supplied by the Famine from which we are just emerging.

It brought on the *tapis* a speculation worth more than six crores of rupees.* Not one Native was found engaged in and benefited by that speculation. Not a single pound of rice was imported by a Native Mahajun from abroad. With the exception of one Native gentleman, who was ultimately "plucked," the contracts for transport were all given to European-planters and merchants. This is of a piece with England's habitual conduct in allowing her interests to override without regard to right those of others. Verily the children of India sit idle, and echo the lamentation of Jeremiah:—"Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens : there is none to deliver us out of their hand. Our skin is black like an oven because of the terrible famine. We have drunken our water for money : our wood is sold unto us."

The revival of the commerce of India, in its true sense, forms an important problem for the amelioration of our social condition. The Government and the nation must make a common cause, and act in common concert, to bring about that desired consummation. By following solely an agricultural policy, the people have been reduced to mere grovelling cultivators and labourers all fixed to the soil. By truckling to the commercial policy of England, and evolving the system of banianship, the genuine commerce of the land has been consigned to the limbo of vanities. By forcing upon the country foreign manufactures, its own principal industrial pursuits have gone to ruin. By the institution of Savings Banks, the introduction of Five Rupee Notes, and the holding of large Cash Balances, the circulation of capital, instead of being accelerated where it is weak, has been retarded and restricted. By the project of a Government Life Assurance, still further money is going to be withdrawn from that circulation. Experiment after experiment has ended

* "The great item was the purchase of grain, £ 4000,000 ; payment to railways, £ 450,000 ; payment for private grain, £450,000 ; contracts for transport in Tirhoot, £ 435,000 ; Durbhanga Railway, £ 200,000 ; transport including steam vessels from England, £ 499,250 ; charitable grants, £ 250,000 ; supervision, £ 135,000 ; making a total of £ 6,414,250."—Lord G. Hamilton's Budget Speech, in the House of Commons, 1874.

in mistake, till India has been so impoverished and drained as to have left no surplus funds to subscribe to a public loan,—no capital to make her roads and railways,—no means enough to buy food-grains in a time of famine.* Persia, China, and Japan are all advancing with rapid strides, developing their resources, creating navies, and introducing all sorts of improvements, while India, under the English, is falling more and more into the back-ground. Mere moral progress, without concomitant material advancement, would not suffice to effect her regeneration. It is high time to extricate her from the melancholy deadlock into which she has fallen, or it would be too late to avert her threatened bankruptcy. The thing must be accomplished by combined efforts—the help of Government, and the self-help of the people, for it is as much the silliness, the inertness, and the primitive notions of my countrymen, as it is the deliberate selling of us by Government, that have aggravated affairs so much. Not to anticipate what I have to say on the *future* of the commerce of India, let me here simply remind my countrymen of the saying—"heaven helps those who help themselves." To Government, I have to represent that its functions are not merely negative and restrictive, but positive and active. Its duty is not simply to protect our life, liberty, and property, and act the part of a policeman. The doctrine of "administrative nihilism," as well as the doctrine of the divine right of monarchs, are now numbered with fallacies and patriarchal theories. In the code of modern politics, the State is said to exist for its people—to be bound to render them every active help in its power, and remove every evil by legislation, and promote all possible good by necessary institutions and projects. Under this phase of enlightened opinion, the British Government in India should no more govern as conquerors, but rule for the benefit of

* "India," says Lord G. Hamilton, "stood next to England in the money-market . . . We had never borrowed either in England or India upon easier terms than during the present year." Certainly, India has credit with England. But supposing India were to float a Loan, like France, or Russia, or Germany, or even Turkey, in the general money-market of the civilized world, would any nation subscribe to it? India has no independent credit of her own. She flourishes now in the shadow of England.

its people. The whole nation is sick of government by the sword, and pines for government by right, and justice, and benevolence. Too long have anomalies and abuses been endured with patience, and even with complacency, till the entire stock of these has become exhausted. Very great stress is often laid upon the security enjoyed under British rule—upon the suppression of all anarchy and rapine, all dacoity and thuggeeism. Indeed the peace and order of the present age contrast remarkably with their absence in Mahomedan or Mahratta times. But in place of nocturnal burglary and robbery, there is now open daylight spoliation, backed by 200,000 bayonets, and sanctioned by the Legislature. In place of deprivation by violence, there is now legalised dispossession. Instead of outrageous extortion, there is now exaction in the name of improvement, reproductive works, and development of resources. Instead of isolated confiscations, there is now universal resumption, annexation, and monopolization of office, commerce, and manufactures. Instead of the ruin of single individuals or families, there is now the wholesale impoverishment and pauperization of the nation. Instead of open, there is now disguised *Zulm*. Obvious as the policy of *India for England* has now become even to the dullest understanding, there is no man that can mistake the object of British rule in this country.—It is, that a handful of white men should lord it over many millions of blacks, and reap all the benefit from power, privilege, and patronage at the disposal of Government—while the subject-race should rust in an inglorious state, without any encouragement to their worth, genius, and ambition, and without any substantial reward for their services. The career is chalked out before the former—and from generation to generation, have the Lawrences, the Stracheys, the Lushingtons, the Crawfords, and the Campbells come out, commenced life at the lowest point, advanced by gradual steps, got to the top of the ladder, and then gone out as great statesmen or generals, with ample money in their pockets, honors upon their heads, fame preceding them, and a character for history. In not a single instance, have they met with difficulty or disappointment, or turned out

an exception and a failure. Ability, or no-ability, has mattered alike in their instance, for the way to their inheritance is paved by jobbery, partiality, and relationship. They come, and go out, laughing as it were at Fate, and giving the lie to the doctrine of her pre-ordination. Unparalleled in all history is this state of things, under which men are born with infallible prizes of rulerships of kingdoms and provinces to their lot. Under this rule of might over right, the game of appropriation has gone on, until England "which had been of scarcely more weight in European politics than Venice or Saxony," has thriven and risen to be a formidable power. No principle of public right has ever been respected. No claims of duty have been considered worth putting in the balance against the demands of her own children. It is time for England to desist from this unrighteous course—to govern upon just and equitable principles—with a thought and care for the responsibilities of the office she fills. It is her duty to raise us from the dust into the position of an influencing nation in the world. With a view to this, she is called upon to do something more than look to the security of our life and property, and the improvement solely of our moral status. She should not merely maintain peace and order to collect the revenue. She should have the higher and nobler views of fostering the enterprise of our people, and developing by every practicable means the material resources for our material welfare. Many a scheme for the salvation of India engages the attention of our Legislature. But it has never occurred to that body to consider the project of the revival of the *bonâ-fide* commerce of India, which is a proper subject for legislative effort. Weak, helpless, and incapable as the Indians have become, instead of leaving them to their ignorance, and laziness, and listlessness, and supineness, it is bound to nurse them and infuse new vigor into their life. It is bound to train them up in sound views and principles of economy. It is bound to give them a practical education, to teach them to build ships, to navigate the ocean, and to carry the merchandise of their country into

Europe and America, thereby laying the foundation of an Indian mercantile navy, and developing the inhabitants of the maritime provinces into a maritime people. It is bound to assist them in founding Banks and Insurance offices, as it assists its own nation in the foundation of the several Presidency Banks. It is bound to lead them on to new markets, as it is leading its countrymen to Yarkand, and Bharno, and Thibet. It is bound to get over its distrust of the Native character, and abolish the practice of giving appointments on the deposit of securities, which is without a parallel in the world, and makes the safeguard, afforded by the Penal Code, and transportation beyond the seas, doubly safe. It is bound to do away with our Cooly Emigration to the West Indies and Mauritius, in order to enable us to re-establish our own Sugar trade. It is bound to make treaties in our favour with Siam, and other foreign powers. It is bound to maintain an independent commercial policy in the true interests of India. It is bound to consult Native opinion, and admit a Native representative of commerce in the Legislative Council. In short, it is bound to govern India upon the principles of European equity and equality. If it can import such innovations of a higher political science as Public Loans and a Paper Currency, it ought as well to introduce the other improvements, under which Europe and America have so immensely prospered. If it can take active steps to put down the Thug, the Dacoit, and the Suttee, for our social welfare, it can equally take active steps to found institutions necessary for our commercial welfare. The Natives have been educated for the Civil Service, and they have turned out better than was expected. They have been brought up in the Judicial and Medical lines, and they have been found to make worthy Pleaders and Doctors. And there can be little doubt that if they be similarly trained for the Military Service, or in Commerce or Manufactures, they are sure to prove themselves equally successful as soldiers, traders, and merchants, mechanics and millers. It is most unjust to impute our backwardness, and want of energy, to any peculiar *insouciance* in the Hindoo race. Let the seed be thrown,

and it is sure to germinate. Let a beginning be made, and the experiment will succeed. Not the less are there interested merchants, and planters, and, I may say, quasi slave-holders, to oppose the measure intended to do away with their privileges, than there were to oppose the abolition of slavery in the British Colonies. Let the movement be conducted with the untiring zeal, and perseverance, and the noble disinterestedness of another Wilberforce. One of the most practical means to accomplish the object, is to hold out encouragements for the creation of a Native Commercial aristocracy. In England, "the dignity of knighthood is not beyond the reach of any man who can by diligence and thrift realize a good estate." The nobility is constantly being recruited from the farmers, the mill-owners, the railway-contractors, the ship-builders, and the merchants. In time, it will receive accessions from the working classes, by whom two members have been already returned for the new Parliament. In India, landed-proprietors almost exclusively find favor in the eyes of Government. Titles and honors are chiefly reserved for them. It is the Zemindars who are principally called in to the Legislature. Since such a privilege has been conceded to the Natives, land-holders have invariably been selected. In not more than three instances, out of the whole nation, during the whole course of a hundred years' rule, has the Government treated Native merchants with distinction. They are the instances of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, Sir David Sassoon, and Sir Jehangeer Ready-money. It was only the other day that, for the first time, a commercial Native gentleman of this city Baboo Doorga Churn Law was invited to the Bengal Council. In a preceding number, I have shown that our commercial interests are not the less vast than are our landed interests. Mr. Knight is of opinion that the annual value of the crops of India cannot be less than 300 to 400 millions sterling. Certainly this is an under-estimate, when the value of our Rice-crop alone makes nearly 70 crores of rupees. Taking coals, metals, and timber with our agricultural produce, the aggregate of our commercial and industrial wealth would exceed the aggregate of our land-wealth. In

point of number, there are more rich bankers, and merchants, than landowners. In commercial Bombay there are many merchants, who are widely known in Europe, as well as in their native land, for their princely wealth. Not long ago, the *Patriot* itself made the admission, that with the exception of a few conspicuous Zeminders, the rest of the class have an income which barely answers to make two ends meet. Our land-holders, as a body, have always in respect of funded wealth been very poor. The great Zemindars of the last century all borrowed from the famous Setts of Moorshedabad. Many of the landed estates, in our day, are under mortgage to our merchants, who are most of them Messieurs Readymoneys. The great Banian and Native merchant of the day holds under mortgage in his hands Zemindaries upon which he has advanced a quarter of a million sterling. The great indebtedness of our land owners, and the passing of their estates into the hands of our money-lenders, have become so general and alarming, as to be regarded as a crying evil of the day. In point of charities and public acts, our commercial men have the better of our land holders. Just refer to the respective amounts subscribed to the late Famine Relief Fund, and it will be found that the contributions of our commercial men, by many times exceed those of our Zemindars. In a statement, published by Mr. Chick, in the *Englishman* of 31st January, 1874, HulloDhur Dass and others, and Hajee Zacaria and others who are tradesmen and merchants, appear to have fed 8000 paupers out of 13,755, supported by the whole of the native community of Calcutta during the Famine of 1866. To the great educational movement in our country—the foundation of the Hindoo College, more Mullicks, belonging to the mercantile class, appear to have subscribed than Debs and Tagores. The public loans floated in our country for the first time, by the British, were chiefly supported by our Banias and bankers. More than half the roads, bridges, serais, tanks, and ghauts in the kingdom, testify to the benevolence of our mercantile men. It is extremely partial of the Government to leave this influential class in the cold shade of neglect, and permit the lead to be taken exclusively

by our Zemindars and Landholders. Let our bankers, merchants, and tradesmen also come in for a share of the titles and distinctions that flow from the fountain-head of honor. Let the man who starts an independent firm, or builds a ship, or works a mine, be made a Rajah. Let the man who first sets up a cotton mill receive a Star. Let there be a commercial aristocracy, as well as a landed aristocracy. Weak-minded as our nation is to pant after empty honors, let the acting upon this weakness, which Government is accustomed to do, be one of the steps taken to awaken a commercial spirit in our people. Prizes held out have tempted Natives to disregard caste, and cross the prohibited seas. Prizes held out, will call forth the enterprise of our nation in a commercial direction. Were it a *bonâ-fide* measure, conceived in good-will, and carried out with earnestness, Sir George Campbell's project in favour of *representative ryots* would have left a durable mark upon his administration. "That the Indian Legislature may be strengthened by the addition of a commercial element, is one which claims the sympathy of every well-wisher of India." There have always been sharp conflicts between Indian and English commercial interests, and it is a serious defect in our Legislature that Native commercial interests are not represented in it. There are members from among our Zemindars. The European merchants and planters are represented. The European tradesmen have their spokesman. But native merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen have no voice. Now that the Manchester men are in the field with their usual manœuvres, preparing for a fresh onset, now is "the time when India specially needs able men to defend her own commercial interests"—when she ought to have Native gentlemen in the Imperial Council to plead her cause, and meet opposition with opposition. I hope it is reserved for the present administration to reverse the repressive commercial and political policy of the past. The present Viceroy followed up his acceptance of office with promises of strictly acting up to the letter and spirit of the Queen's Proclamation. The country has not forgotten those promises, but is watching with interest and anxiety whether

they were made, as usual, just to say a respectable thing, or, whether they were the declaration of a policy seriously meant to be fulfilled. Up to this time, His Excellency has had recourse principally to the softer arts of kingship, to reach the hearts of the people. He has held Levees and Durbars, spoken kind words to Princes and Chiefs, conferred Rajahships and Rai Bahadoorships on meritorious natives, quieted the country's alarm on the subject of high education, condescended to visit native gentlemen at their houses, lifted a Bengali gentleman to the Imperial Council, and kept open the door to the High Court Bench, which had been threatened to be closed against our countrymen. He has abolished the Income Tax, and vetoed the Municipalities Bill. By all this, he has well fulfilled his mission of a peace-maker Governor-General, restoring the feelings greatly alienated by oppressive taxation and injudicious laws, and softening the discontent that culminated in the unprecedented assassination of a Viceroy. Indeed, he has, opportunely and with a dexterous hand, put the required balm over the soreness in the minds of the people. But he has not as yet earnestly taken up that difficult problem—the best means practicable of improving their condition, and thereby effecting a permanent change in their hearts. He has hitherto, for the most part, trod only in the footsteps of his predecessors. He has introduced no measures to place the administration on a new basis. He has not laboured to do away with prejudice against the natives, and partiality to his countrymen. He has not practically effected the abolition of the distinctions and inequalities existing between two different races of subjects, who have been declared equal by the Queen's Proclamation. He has not opened the door to privileges, held with an iron grip by the dominant class, for the ingress of all. He has taken no active steps to help the millions out of that state of chronic poverty, ignorance, and misery, with which, the Famine—his recent concern,—must have familiarized him. He has hardly had time to make a thorough study, on the spot, of the great needs of the country. He does not seem to have deeply inquired into the deplorable state of our trades and industries. At least, the present

depression of the commercial element in the native character does not seem to have called forth his sympathy. It is a small consolation for us to be merely assured by His Excellency, that education has taken so deep a root in this country that it is not likely to be ever affected by any hostile designs. Intensely as the hopes of the country have been raised by his promise, it expects from him measures of substantial philanthropy and radical reform. To raise the fallen fortunes of our nation, is one of the grandest achievements open to his ambition. The work has long been shirked and neglected by all his predecessors. Let us hope that His Lordship, who in his talents, experience, judgment, temper, and manners, has all the qualifications for a great and good ruler, will make it his glory to take the initiative in laying the foundations of a scheme which shall breathe new life into our nation, set us in pursuit of new sources of wealth, give us our own shipping, commerce, and manufactures, and make us a Power in the world;—then indeed will he have fulfilled his mission without a paralell in British Indian history.

MICHAEL M. S. DATTA'S REMAINS.

I.

THE OPENING OF THE TILOTTAMA SAMBHAVA,

THE GREAT BENGALI EPIC OF THE LATE MICHAEL M. S. DATTA,

AND FIRST BLANK VERSE IN THE LANGUAGE,

DONE INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY HIMSELF.

[We are enabled by the kindness of Raja Jotindro Mohan Tagore, Báhádúr, who owns the MS. of the great Poet recently taken away from among us, and may well be proud of the precious relic in his possession, to lay before our readers a beautiful piece of English poetry, complete in itself, from the pen of the late M. S. Datta, being a translation of the charming description of Dhawalagiri, long believed to be the highest peak of the Himalayas, with which his Bengali Epic, the *Tilottamá Sambhava*, opens. The thanks of every reader, no less than our own personal acknowledgments, are due to the accomplished Rájá for the favor.—*Editor.*]

The original Bengali.

তিলোত্তমা সম্ভব কাব্যারম্ভ ।

হিমালয় বর্ণন ।

ধুবল নামেতে শৃঙ্গ হিমাচল শিরে—

অজভেদী, দেবাস্ত্রা, ভীষণ মূর্ত্তিধর ;

সতত ধবলাকৃতি, বিশাল, অটল,

যেন উৰ্দ্ধ্ববাহু সদা, শুভ্রবেশধারী,

নিমগ্ন তপঃসাগরে ভীম ব্যোমকেশ, ৫

যোগিকুলধোয় যোগী! নিকুঞ্জ, কানন,

তকরাজি, লতাবলী, মুকুল, কুসুম—

অন্যান্য অচলভালে শোভে যে সকল,

(যেন মরুতময় কনক কিরীট)

না পরে এ গিরি সবে করি অবহেলা, ১০

পৃথ্বী পুথি বিমুখ পৃথিবীপতি বধা

জিতেস্ত্রিয়! সুনাদিনী বিহঙ্গিনী দল,

সুনাদক বিহঙ্গ, ভ্রমর মধুলোভা

কভু নাহি ভ্রমে তথা! যুগেন্দ্র কেশরী,

করীষ্মর,—গিরীধরশরীর বাহার, ১৫

শার্দূল, ভল্লুক, বনচর জীবকুল,
 বনকমলিনী কুরঙ্গিনী সুলোচনা,
 কগিনী মণিকুন্তলা, বিবাকর কণী,
 না বার নিকটে তার—বিকট শেখর !
 অদূরে ঘোর তিমির গভীর গহ্বরে, ২০
 কল কল করে জল মহাকোলাহনে,
 ভোগবতী স্রোতস্বতী পাতালে যেমতি
 কমোলিনী ? ঘন স্ননে বহেন পবন,
 মহাকোপে লয়রূপে তমোগুণাধিত,
 নিশ্বাস ছাড়েন বেন সর্ক্ষনাশকারী। ২৫
 বক্ষ, রক্ষ, দানবারি, দানব, মানব—
 দানবী, মানবী, দেবী, কিবা নিশাচরী,
 সকলেরি অগম—দুর্গম দুর্গ বেন !
 দিবানিশি মেঘরাশি উড়ে চারিদিকে,
 ভূতনাথ সঙ্গে রজে নাচে বেন ভূত। ৩০

The Translation.

DESCRIPTION OF MOUNT DHAVALA (DHAWALAGIRI.)

DHAVAVALA by name, a Peak
 On Himaláya's kingly brow—
 Swelling high unto the heavens,
 Ever robed in virgin snow ;
 And endu'd with soul divine ;
 Vast and moveless like the Lord
 Síva—mightiest of the gods,
 By holiest anchorites ador'd,—
 When with spotless garment clad, he
 Stands sublime immers'd in pray'r
 With his arms uplifted high,
 His tow'ring head hid in the air!—
 Forests, groves, and trees and creepers,
 Blossoms, flowers, and all that gem
 Every mountain's aëry brow
 Like gold-and-emerald diadem—
 Grow not here ; as if Earth's Lord
 Of earthly pleasures sick, disdains

Life's gay vanities and follies—

Breaking thus Delusion's chains !

Birds that ever sweetly warble—

Bees that wander on the wing

Seeking honey from each flow'r,

Come not here ; the forest-king,—

Mountain-bodied Elephant—

Tiger, Bear, and all that move

And live and breathe in wood-land bow'r,

In dark, dim forest, boundless grove—

Of the wilderness the Lotus,

She—the lovely-eyed gazelle,

And the she-snake in whose locks

The brightest gems are said to dwell,

And the snake with poison hoarded—

Ne'er approach this frowning hill—

Awful, wild, majestic, stands it—

Solitary—stern—and still!

Hoarsely in its sunless glens

Aye the torrent-flood is sounding,

Like the roaring Bhôgavati

Through Hill's darksome valley bounding!

God or Goddess, man or woman—

All that people earth or air,

As to pathless lofty castle—

Go not—may not e'er go there !

Round it blows the howling tempest

Like tremendous Rudra's breath,

When with terrors clad he dooms

. This vast Creation all to Death !

And clouds around it lower

Fierce and gloomy night and day,

Like the Demons that round Sîva

Dance in wild and demon-play!

MICHAEL M. S. DATTA.

EPISODES IN A MILITARY LIFE.

I.

THE S. S.

MANY years ago, so long indeed that by this time all the principal actors figuring in this little episode are either dead or dispersed, there joined our Regiment a new Squadron Subaltern. A slight air of mystery seemed to cling to him from the very first. He was a fine, handsome, pleasant young fellow, and married ; but he joined without his wife, whose name, if ever, he rarely mentioned. This in itself was a mystery to us. The Officers of the Regiment hardly knew what to make of him. His manner was somewhat subdued, and he had a shrinking, blushing sensitiveness about him that occasionally called forth the sarcasm of the would-be wits of the Regiment, which, if openly expressed, invariably met with a rejoinder so comical, so crushing, and yet so good-natured, that we began eventually to fear his provokingly subdued manner. For, though ready enough for chaff, we always found the laugh turned against us.

The great practical joker of the station, who had only to lift his finger and make a grimace, to set his sympathetic, followers into a roar of laughter, drawn by the same subdued manner, walked up to our friend—whom we shall call Tom Nugent,—with that famous grand theatrical air of his, so expressive of the coming joke, that all sympathetic admirers stood by for a lark. The apparent object was, with a tremendous slap on the back, to shout out a welcome,—“How do you do, Tom?”—and at the same time to trip up the astonished and agonised individual. The subdued individual was, however, pretty well prepared, bore the whack on the back bravely, and, with surprising agility and gentleness, laid the practical joker on his back, to the boisterous laughter of sincere and insincere admirers.

Unfortunately our fiery, but somewhat obtuse Colonel, who, it was reported, always sat upon some one Officer of the Regiment, deceived by his S. S.'s subdued manner, left his usual victim, to vent his evil nature on, as he thought, a more pliable object, and then began a season of delicious festivity for the unusually cowed Regiment.

The self-supposed *forte* of the Colonel was haranguing. In season and out of season, on all occasions, from the loss of a tent peg to the loss of a horse, we were treated to a long-winded, and usually fiery, oration.

On mounted Parade, arrayed in gorgeous uniform, with up-raised arm, and a bobtailed nag, it was most impressive, and quite overcame all novices save the newly-joined S. S.

A mounted Parade had just been dismissed. Officers trotted up to salute, and, as usual, the haughty autocrat gave reins to his tongue and dropped those of his steed.

"Parade—good, very good, excellent, most excellent, *Bahut Utcha Sirdaran*. (This for the native Officers.) All except Mr. Nugent."

"And now I am going to ask you a question, Sir, which I hope you will be able to answer, Sir."

"In that last manœuvre, what made you halt your Squadron when you did, Sir?"

During this harangue and question, Nugent's subdued eyes were fixed meekly on the pommel of his saddle. At the end thereof, he gradually raised his head and eyes with that quiet, self-composed, determined repose of manner so effective on the stage, and said :—

"Cavalry Regulations. Section 50, Page 300, 6 lines from the bottom, Sir."

Evidently to the Colonel, even our well-controlled Phizes were hardly equal to the strain on the risible muscles now necessary. With fiery face and the usual uplifted oratorical arm, he thundered forth :

"Don't argue, Sir. When I ask you a question, Sir, on Parade, do you think I want an answer? No, Sir! never Sir, never!" when down came the clenched fist on the palm of his horny hand.

This was too much even for the bobtailed *Rosenante*. Round went the startled steed, down went the oratorical

Colonel, falling on the centre of his big, broad, bristling back, and there surely it couldn't be. Sat Nugent with rather an extensive note book and pencil in his hand. Great was the wrath of the still mighty, though fallen potentate, as he raised his writhing and wounded frame, and, notwithstanding a not unnatural desire to rub with both hands vigorously his dust-stained knees and aching back, up went the haranguing arm. Verily now he was to have his revenge ! Once more the thunder pealed—

“Sketching your Commanding Officer on Parade, Sir? Take his sword from him—put him in arrest, Mr. Adjutant. Give me that sketch book, Sir.”

As we have said before, the Colonel, though fiery, was somewhat obtuse, and, when puzzled, had a curious habit of suddenly dropping his lower jaw and looking into futurity; and now with staring eyes and a massive eye-glass on his nose, dropped jaw, and well-spraddled legs, he gazed spell-bound—a study for a Burlesque actor of the highest type. We sat on our horses inwardly chuckling and expecting soon to see the sketch.

Perhaps it was from pain, perhaps it was from indignation—but the old gentleman evidently was as much off his head as off his saddle, as with wagging head and look of supreme imbecility he read out, as if in a dream—

“Be sure to look up p. 300—6 lines from the bottom”—

At the last word, his dire look of disgust and agony was overpowering. Vanished our fear of him. Discipline and reserve were thrown to the winds. We were hardly certain whether the old gentleman was acting for our amusement. Perhaps he wanted us to laugh. To “hear was to obey;” we leant back in our saddles and fairly roared,—Nugent's sedate face but laughing eyes by no means tending to allay our risible muscles. However, the Colonel, like a wise man, pretended neither to see nor hear, busied himself mounting his horse, and rode off.

Another peculiarity about the S. S., were his eyes. Though never so rude as to stare long at a person, nevertheless, at the recital of an act of particular daring or dire cruelty, looking up at the narrator, they would gleam like

those of a cat in the dark. On these occasions, we laughingly called them "reflectors."

The S.S. seemed to have travelled everywhere. The first few years he was with us, none of us knew where he spent his privilege and general leave. We had an idea that the native officers in this matter knew more than we; but to any questions on the subject, both Hindoos and Mahomedans, with confused glances, returned evasive answers, and denied any knowledge thereof.

Native officers and men were occasionally seen, when they thought themselves unperceived, to waylay Nugent on his solitary rambles, kiss his foot or his stirrup, and retire muttering with the profoundest of bows.

Of course there was something mysterious in all this, but we put it down to his intimate knowledge of Sanscrit, Arabic, and Persian, languages that natives have a profound veneration for. The Arabic certainly had a great deal to answer for. It was a source of infinite disgust to the Colonel. He was accustomed to the most abject and cringing flattery from his well cowed native officers, whose solemn faces at his harangues, and broad grins (barely covered by the palms of their hands) at his solemn jokes, were one of our laughing studies. Nevertheless, when Tom at a little distance, discoursing affably with the stray N. Os. not immediately listening to the Colonel, occasionally burst forth into Arabic of the most guttural kind, in that most terribly guttural of all languages,—aptly likened in its sound to the very last agonies of sea sickness—hushed and awed were the heretofore listening group round the astonished potentate. Before him, utterly oblivious of his mighty presence, there stood a group of men with bowed heads and closed eyes, the tips of their fingers with a Spurgeon-like sanctity touching their bent foreheads. Motionless as marble they thus stood, while Nugent, at a short distance off, with several severe contortions of his mouth and gurglings in his throat, relieved himself, as it were, of his nautical agony:—not till then would a murmuring buzz of "*Koran-é-Shureef*!" break forth, and the listening group round the Colonel would fall into their previous attitude of solemnity or

smiles. These scenes were always too much for the old gentleman. Occasionally taken by surprise, he would either drop his jaw and gaze into futurity, thereby getting the credit of being an admiring listener, or he would bustle off at the first agony of the holy strain.

Months and even years glided on, and I can remember only a few incidents of the times that passed. One thing was, we never found out where Tom spent his leave. Many were the endeavours made to catch the S.S. tripping, and get him turned out of the Regiment, as the Colonel hated him with a mighty hate, egg'd on to it a good deal by Mrs. Moggins, his better half, whose curiosity regarding his wife, Tom would never satisfy.

"Was she fair or dark?"

"Oh! a little of both—"

"Show me her Photograph."

"Hav'nt got it."

"Is she pretty?" &c.,

At last he never went near her or spoke to her, hence her spiteful bias against him.

Once being laid up with the usual fever that hung about the station occasionally, I felt somewhat weak and nervous. Seeing Tom reading the subject of Electro-Biology, I asked him if he believed in that gammon.

"Gammon!" he said, pumping up sharply and blazing at me with those "reflectors" of his, while I tried my best to stare him out of countenance, but it was of no use. At his "Stand up, Sir!" I obeyed like an infant. I always had an extreme horror of going through certain ridiculous Electro-Biological movements I had seen my friends put through. I gasped out—"for God's sake! Tom, dont!" He took his eyes off me, saying, "I was just trying if I had forgot old Lal Pandit's lessons. I see I have not."

Some three years after he had been in the Regiment, a vast change came over our S. S., and well I remember when it began. Though he religiously subscribed to everything going in the Regiment, yet, poor fellow! with his means and being in debt at the same time, it must have cost him many a pang. He hardly ever spent anythin on himsf,

and his wine bill was of the smallest, just enough, as we said, to keep body and soul together. However, on the day to which I allude, he produced at our usually humble tiffin, iced Champagne and Bologna sausages unlimited, and drank and ate with a mighty relish, saying—"now am I free! Debt, the mighty monster, I have overcome. Over three years of scraping and screwing, and saving and wandering! Now, thank God, all is past! I shall sell my screws and be the best mounted man out and out in the Regiment. I shall eat and drink what I like. And last, not least, I shall have out my wife, rum un and all as she is."

"Plantagenet," (this was the name I rejoiced in,) "my boy, descendant of kings, little you know what I have gone through in these three years! To talk figuratively, my dear Plantagenet, shame and sighing and sorrow were my portion. Shame and sighing and sorrow, lovely turned phrase, my boy, isn't it? And what's this?" here he produced my watch and chain, that a wild looking, painted Faqueer, with a thundering club, streaming hair, and hideous grimaces, had terrified me into lending him on the highway.

That Faqueer was no less a person than Tom Nugent. It seemed that, partly for fun, but principally to save money, he always spent his leave as a native. In this way, and with his knowledge of the languages, he had made the close acquaintance of the most learned Moulvies and most sacred Pandits in India, and, as it seems, picked up a wondrous knowledge of the natives, even to the most cherished secrets of their religion. And, undoubtedly, it was owing to the bidding of their priests and Pandits, that the Native Officers and men venerated and feared him twice as much as the Colonel himself, a fact which was patent to every one, and at which the jealous old man ill-concealed his chagrin and rage. At this time, Tom taught me a, now almost forgotten, formula—*Streeva Ram Lal Pandit Maha vendree Chendree Naideem*, &c. On men of the highest caste, its effect was electrical, and brought them salaaming to one's feet. He kindly offered to put me up in the house (which now by his abstemiousness and frugality was his own property,) even after the arrival of Mrs. Nugent. "She is a rum un," he said,

"to look at, certainly, and how I ever came to marry her or she me, is (as she delightfully puts it) a mystery to both of us. However, if you fellows see anything incongruous in our respective states, you needn't make any remarks in my hearing."

I am sorry to say, this little speech was duly reported by me to Mrs. Moggins, whose friendship I cultivated to please old Moggins, thereby rendering my life somewhat less burdensome by assuaging the rage of the old tiger. Mrs. Moggins beseeched me to get a photo of Mrs. Nugent, and wouldn't for a moment believe there was not one in the house.

It appeared though, she had rummaged our quarters when we were out shooting, and amongst a lot of odds and ends of Nugent's, she triumphantly assured me, she had come across a photograph of him and his wife.

"He, with his wife's arm laid lovingly on his broad shoulders—and oh! Mr. Plantagenet, such a hideous old thing, old enough to be his mother. No wonder he does not talk about her, and hides her photograph like poison."

She frightened me so with the description of Mrs. Nugent, that, with some flimsy excuse, I refused his kind offer to put me up after her arrival.

Henceforth Colonel and Mrs. Moggins assumed a triumphant and jaunty air in the presence of the unsuspecting Nugent. However, it did not seem to disagree with him. Ever since the champagne day, an entire revolution had come over him. He became the life and soul of the Regiment, and from being only liked, became the idol of us all,—the Moggins, of course, excepted. Now the strain of debt was off him, he lost entirely his subdued manner and shyness, even the glitter seemed to be fading somewhat out of his eyes, which glitter no doubt shame and sighing and sorrow had a good deal to do with. We laughingly chaffed him on having snuffed his "reflectors." How he could be so free and easy with the fearful wife ordeal still to be undergone, was another of the many mysterious things about him.

Col. Moggins too was jaunty. He had apparently forgotten his fall, and the numerous times he had been foiled

in worritting Nugent. He now redoubled his efforts at petty tyranny—letters from the Adjutant to tell him to go his rounds at unearthly hours, shouting at him on parade—"the most unsteady squadron in the regiment, Sir" &c. However, Tom used to get his revenge too notably out hunting. Moggins liked a scarlet coat and elegant boots and buck skins, but not jumping, and 'a one-er' he was at searching for easy places. He dearly liked, though, the credit of being a grand huntsman, so always followed the hounds. Many a time in a dilemma, he turned to Nugent's cheery call of "Here, Sir, here Colonel, lovely place! I'll give you a lead, Sir," and invariably found it the most yawning gulf that Tom's ingenuity could pick out, who, after clearing it himself, would often rejump it marvellously close to the old gentleman to relead him, who had generally to make very sharp tracks to get out of his way.—But Mrs. Colonel wasn't going to be done out of her revenge. She hounded on her lord and master, who was her slave, to insult poor Nugent in every way. "Frightened of a young boy with a low wife!" was her elegant and dignified way of expressing herself.

We all knew a crisis was impending, and we dreaded the uneven fight between our now adored S. S. and the irascible and irritable old monster.

At last the storm broke. The European Officers looked steadily at the ground, while the Native Officers cowered in their seats, and their changed faces assumed a chameleon-like aspect, from yellow to a greenish tint, and *vice versa*.

It happened to be an unusually large Durbar, and Nugent was delayed outside with some long-winded intricate case he had to get to the bottom of, and, without any fault of his, he was a good deal behind the other officers. On his appearance, the respect and liking for him was so great that the native officers rose simultaneously. Their rising was so sudden and simultaneous that the infection spread to the cross-legged squatting Moonshes, who rose too, (a most unheard-of proceeding,) even the European Officers slightly moved in their chairs. This last straw broke the camel's back, and almost robbed the fiery Moggins

of his reason. The fiery flood of his oratory now burst forth in an impetuous torrent ; talk about Niagra ! Niagra wouldn't take the dark blood out of those swarthy faces, as did our Colonel's savage words and gestures on that day.

"Late for Durbar, Sir!" he said, "always late! You are the worst officer I ever had in my regiment, Sir. Neither officers, white or black, have the least respect for you. I openly tell you in Durbar, Sir, I'll have you turned out of my Regiment, Sir."—During this part of the speech he was gradually rising and as gradually getting the oratorical arm into its wonted up-raised position. Having accomplished the desired object, he went on—"you think you can beard me, Sir—Who are you, I would like to know—a cantankerous good—for—noth'."—Here he suddenly stopped as if shot. Nugent's light-house and now lightning-like "reflectors" had fixed him. "Astakful Allah!" he said, and then hissed out rather than spoke—"stand there!"—and then rather more mildly—"shall we look at the horses, Sir?" Taking his leave for granted, Officers, Native officers and all, were glad to make their way out of the now stifling atmosphere—as the unerring instinct of the native had almost divined a row, and crowded the room from all sides. When we returned, the old Colonel was still standing in the same attitude, save that a few extra electrical looking gray hairs had risen. A melancholy and awful sight it was, the old man—our stern and savage master, now standing so weirdly still and silent, with outstretched arm and clenched fist in the attitude of command, yet more helpless than an infant ! We ourselves were awed, and stared silently into each other's eyes as men only stare in the dire extremity of shipwreck, or when waiting signal for the deadly onslaught. A few words, this time in Sanskrit gibberish from Nugent, and almost a command of "Sit down, Sir!" and the old man, with a long deep-drawn sigh, sat down, and let the next senior officer proceed with the business of the day. Profoundly relieved we all felt ourselves when the Durbar was over. Nugent proceeded home more grave than usual, heedless of the many hands stretched out to rub his clothes or grasp his feet.

From this day the Colonel quietly gave in, and settled with somewhat less of his usual vigour on his original victim, Mrs. Moggins' threats and entreaties notwithstanding. She, poor woman! knew how much of her comfort depended upon doing as she liked in the Regiment; and, now after all, to be beaten by the boy with the low wife, did seem certainly hard. She kept on kicking him on to action. Between the wife's command and rebukes on the one hand, and the prospect of an encounter with the dread Subaltern, the male animal was in a sad predicament.

We would gladly end here this first Episode, as the prominence here given to the Squadron Subaltern may have an injurious effect on the army in general.

Rattle his bones over the stones,

He is only a pauper as no body owns—

might apply to the hitherto badly paid and neglected S. Ss. However, with their present emoluments and hard work, they never can wax fat and kick, so we fearlessly proceed.

Mrs. Nugent was expected. In kindness to her husband, we determined, no matter how plain she was, if only moderately amiable, to try to shield and protect her from the triumphant Mrs. Moggins, who, being the Burra mem or Senior lady of the station, enjoyed the exclusive right of bullying and snubbing her humbler and poorer sisters, and little recked she of "a Squadron Subaltern's wife." "Nasty little chits," she delighted to call them if at all pretty.

Innumerable packages now made their appearance at Nugent's house. Straw-packed carriages, splendid nags, and remarkably fine, clean-looking servants. Mrs. Moggins began to prophesy. She knew what was coming. Many a time had she seen it, she said, and perhaps she enjoyed it. "Mind you, Moggins," she said, "when an official application for a Court of Requests comes against that extravagant boy with the low wife, you let me see all the papers. I shall know then what is in those boxes, how much he paid for the horses and carriages, and what wages and travelling expenses are due to those poor bamboozled servants."

In the mean time, Nugent's house and grounds underwent a thorough renovation. The fame thereof reached Mrs. Moggins. Again taking advantage of his absence, she inspected the house. Numberless boxes were still unopened; however, their size, number, and trade marks were quite enough for this intelligent and prying woman, who was up to every twist and turn of Indian life. Did she see the least sign of delicacy on the fevered cheek of gentleman or lady, her anxious thoughts were ever towards the person. "His wife must go home, some of her new dresses will just suit my complexion"—which was a sort of saffron. "Then of course some of my old dresses will suit her on boardship. I know she is hard up—I'll get 'em cheap. Now there's that travelling bag she never could part with, because the little chit said, her dear—dear husband had given it her. I'll get that—fancy my not selling anything, because old Moggins gave it me, what nonsense!" Verily the lady in her own eyes was wise in her generation! She never forgave want of rank and poverty—a striving husband with a young wife and children was one of her horrors. Having no children of her own and reigning supreme—undisturbed by wife or child in her own Regiment,—she fancied she could make it hot for any intruder of that sort that came into her Regiment. This was the character of the lady who now surveyed every corner of Nugent's room and open boxes, remarking:—"What an object she will look amongst all these gimcracks!" Mrs. Moggins prided herself, too, on her travelling arrangements—"Bundobusths"—as she called them.—What Regimental carriage would be available when she went on leave, or when the Regiment was relieved, &c. Woe to the intelligent Sowars or even native officers, whose co-operation at all suited her at these critical periods of her existence! No leave for them, though their turn had come, till after her leave or relief.

And now the day arrived on which Mrs. Nugent was expected. The white element of the Regiment was on the *qui vive*,—all save Nugent, who, through the Coloneless's instrumentality, had been put on duty, as she could then go

out some distance, with the greater grace, to have the first peep. She was, however, disappointed. Two closely shut *doolies* were all the panorama in store for her. There was no what of perseverance on her part. She even cantered up to the avenue of the house for a good view as the lady or ladies got out. Of course she had spied, and cogitated over the fact of there being, two *doolies*. One of the boxes contained Mrs. Nugent, and she knew precious well Tom was not in the other. No! she had, with gloating eyes, watched him settle down to his work on the parade ground, the Colonel having promised to detain the parade half an hour longer than usual. But the fates were against her. The *doolies* went round to the back of the house, and there was no time to gallop up the long avenue,—or the infatuated woman would have done so.

After the lady had been left a few days to settle down, we determined to call, and a most trying ordeal it was for the first two of us, myself being one of the two. Mrs. Moggins had worked us up to such an insane pitch about the photo she had seen, that we dreaded the rising laugh at the poor lady, and after the laugh, Nugent's savage wrath: he was one of those rare men whose just wrath, fairly roused, reck'd not of consequence, even if the rope, the stake, or the sword were staring him in the face. It must be told, fear overcame me on the threshold. It was only by a vigorous push from my companion that I entered the drawing-room. Times out of mind had I passed in that very room, nevertheless I knew it not. The tastefully papered walls, the spotlessly white curtains, the air of luxury and the fragrance that pervaded that transmogrified abode of mine, took away my senses, till a voice like the sound of a magic flute roused me. "I am so glad to meet any of my husband's friends."—My sight and senses were immediately restored to some purpose indeed.

Oh bright vision of perfect beauty !

That poetry is my own, good as it is, though it does not nearly come up to the reality. Bring me Tommy Moore,

(more power to him,) Tennyson, Byron, and Longfellow, or any other chaps that have written poetry like the first line here quoted. Let me cull their noblest and most long-winded passages and even then, dear brethren or sweet sisters, I can't give you an idea of this bright vision of perfect beauty. You think, fair sister or hideous brother! who may read this, I am getting sentimental—so I was, so I am, so I ever shall be from that day forth, yea, for evermore. If I ever forget the first time I saw that fair face in that fairy room, you may dub me a Hollander. My companion, (the second Squadron Subaltern) for the first time in his young life perhaps, condescended to hold his tongue for five minutes without cramming it into the side of his mouth. And this was the 'rum un'—yea, verily unique. How shall we describe her, the golden hair, the blue eyes, the musical voice, the cherry mouth, from which now proceeded—

"I am so glad to see any of my husband's friends. You need'nt tell me, I know you are Captain Plantagenet. I really have been very anxious to see you, and thank you in person for all you have done for us. I am afraid you must have found dear Tom hard to manage occasionally, but all the more thanks to you for not getting cross with him, and leaving him in this big house all alone, where, I am sure, he would have been as miserable as he seems from his letters to have been happy with you."

A few flatteries of this sort, when a slightly peevish voice sounded from the inner room "I say, Lillian, come and help me with this confounded collar!" Oh women, so fierce, so kind, so bumptious, so resigned! She bounded off with agile grace eagerly to help her mate, the 2nd Squadron remarking, "my eye! what posterns! Talk about a quart pot, you might put her mouth into a thimble. I bet any money she is thoroughbred."

She returned again less nimbly, looking amused at the 2nd Squadron, whom perhaps she had overheard.

She handed me a silver paper parcel which she begged me to accept for her husband's sake, and ran off to fetch her peevish lord and master, while I opened the parcel, and beheld a splendid gold-watch on the face of

which was written, "from Lillian and Tom Nugent to S. P." Inspecting the face with wonder and surprise, an exclamation from my companion, who wonderingly pointed out a large ruby set in the back thereof, still more astonished me, while the happy couple walked in, and Tom proudly whispered, "I told you she was a rum un." Sherry was ordered for us, handed round by the Contents of the 2nd *Dooly*. My companion's eyes brightened. As he confessed to me afterwards, the only thing that made him feel sentimental in India was sherry handed round by an English servant maid, "but Planny," he said, "she is only a hack, by Jove, by the side of that thoroughbred. No Handicapping, old fellow, could bring them together."

We tore ourselves away as the Nugents were going to call on Mrs. Moggins.

Mrs. Moggins was on the look out for us. We saw her telescope fixed on us as we left the house, and we agreed to tell the whole truth. Ah, who could lie fresh from such a heavenly presence! No wonder it seemed *now*, why a mystery ever seemed to cling around Nugent. Many a time had we curiously watched that handsome, earnest, sparkling face, and wondered at the strange light that ever burnt in those wondrous eyes. How often must the fairy vision we had just seen have almost stung him to madness by its absence, as he scraped and saved, bearing bravely insult and poverty for her sweet sake.

But let us leave fairy land, and proceed to the stern reality Mrs. Moggins. She cordially welcomed us, saying in her most bewitching goggle-eyed simper,—“And what do you think of our new arrival, Captain Plantagenet? Very like her Photograph like most people, I suppose.” As I hesitated for a truthful answer, my impish companion broke out—“So like, dear Mrs. Moggins, do let us see the photo;” and while the deluded lady went to fetch it, he said, “I say, Planny, we’ll stop till they come, and then we’ll watch old mother Moggins.”

They arrived. If Mrs. Lillian had been beautiful before, what was she now with her bonnet on. I must again refer to the horsey but confidential simile of my companion for an answer:—

"As a sleek coat is to a highly bred mare in the depth of the hot-weather, so is a pretty bonnet to a fair woman in the height of the cold season."

Ladies say, the best bonnets are pinned, but this one entirely sewed up Mrs. Moggins, all except her mouth, which opened so suddenly, that her fair false teeth were nearly on the point of deserting her for ever. A hyena-like snap at a judicious moment brought everything into its place! "My God! they all but bolted"—whispered my companion.

Mrs. Moggins pluckily recovered her teeth and presence of mind, at the same time. She tried hard to find out Mrs. Nugent's maiden name and all about her, but was snubbed and foiled in an exquisitely polite manner; but succeeded, however, in finding out that the wonderful picture she prized was a photograph of Nugent's mother's nurse—a subject never forgotten by the 2nd Squad. Sub., who always alluded to it when worried more than usual by the Colonel. Mrs. Moggins perceiving this soon made life somewhat less burdensome for the young imp, by letting Moggins to shut up.

It was not long after this that our station became dreadfully excited. The greatest man in all India, the ruler of many millions, was to pay us a visit. His approach was heralded months before. Great were the preparations on all sides. Mrs. Moggins was the senior lady. She would trip it first in bower and hall. His Grace A B C, D.E.F., G.H.I., &c., must be astonished by the brilliance of her presence. She telegraphed home for clothing for the occasion. Lucky and curious omen—it arrived the same day as His Grace. Festivities were the order of the day, commencing with a grand dinner. The trumpets flourish, the bands play, and the mighty ruler walks proudly into the assembly, watched by Mrs. Moggins from an obscure corner. Proud as was the ruler, prouder was Mrs. Moggins. Walk he ever so proudly, he or one of his Aides would have to find out Mrs. Moggins (the senior lady,) sit she ever so obscurely. Indeed it was to observe with grim humour the hunting powers of His Grace, that she now sat so obscurely, finding herself in close proximity to the

junior lady of the station, the Squadron Subaltern's wife. But for the first time in their lives the Senior Ladies almost envied the Junior of all. Bounteous Nature with a bounteous hand, had given the dear young Lady the richest store of face and figure. But Nature and Art had now combined, as it were, vastly to increase that store. A little more, and Mrs. Moggins' corner would have been less obscure, as the fame thereof being spread abroad, people began to flock together to watch that wonder of Nature and Art, talking so pleasantly to "dear Tom's friend," as she called me.

But where was Tom? In close and laughing converse with one of the great man's Aides; they seemed between them to be relishing some very great joke.

Soon the Aide whispered confidentially to His Grace on the raised Dais. The effect seemed to be electric. "Good God!" said His Grace, "you don't mean it? take me to her immediately, who told you?" "The smartest man in the service, Your Grace, her husband." Down almost ran His Grace. Now had come Mrs. Moggins' hour of triumph. She had rehearsed her part before with the old Colonel, and now she thought with contempt of his slow movements compared with those of His graceful Grace.

As he approached, she held out her arm with that ineffable smile, half hauteur and half condescension, with just a dash of flirtation in it, she had so often practised before the glass. For the first time in my life I pitied Mrs. Moggins. As His powerful and graceful Grace held unheeding on his way, Mrs. Moggins' somewhat fleshy arm was swung round her face putting both nose and teeth (this time) in jeopardy if not in Chancery.

Nature will assert its sway. With a few endearing, murmuring words, the ruler of many millions bowed his lordly head, and unhesitatingly but unblushingly kissed the fairy cheek of fairy Lillian, who as blushing and unhesitatingly returned it.

By the time Mrs. Moggins had set her curious *dentatus* in order, she heard His Grace say, "Where's Tom? What's Tom?" *Where* was easily answered. *What* decidedly puzzled His Grace. "A Squadron Subaltern," he slowly

repeated to himself, "something very fine, my lady," he laughing said, looking at the splendour of Mrs. Nugent's dress, "or I should say he was a Squandering Subaltern."

"Dont you know, Uncle dear," said the laughing Lillian to His Grace, "Lady Rivers left me all her money. Fancy, Tom's pay buying all this." It must be said that seeing the confidential tone of conversation, most of the hosts and hostesses kept somewhat aloof. Not so Mrs. Moggins. His Grace was her destined prey, in the end. It was close on dinner time. The man and precious near the hour had arrived.....She suddenly heard the ominous words "Let me have the pleasure" addressed by His Grace to one who was not herself, as she said afterwards.

"Lady Lillian, let me have the pleasure" &c, said His Grace. "No, Uncle dear," she remonstrated. "The second Squadron Subaltern is not married, therefore I am the Junior Lady in the room, Mrs. Moggins is the Senior." "Junior fiddlesticks," responded the mighty ruler evidently having been hounded on this subject before. "Senior and Junior fiddlesticks! you are a lady in your own right, so allow me the pleasure."

Poor Mrs. Moggins! It is needless to say, after all these violent shocks she was fit for anything, her faculties were so benumbed. If asked at that moment, she would have given her arm to a Sergeant Major of Cavalry. It was but for a moment, her eye caught the second Senior Gentleman to His Grace escorting into dinner a Junior to her.

Her mind was made up. With a loud voice she refused to go into dinner at all as a Junior Lady. It was evident by the sway of the crowd that something was wrong, and His Grace perceived it. "Uncle dear, I am sure it is Mrs. Moggins, who expected to take you into dinner," she said. His good-natured Grace returned, and gave his vacant arm to Mrs. Moggins. The triumph of life was depicted in her countenance, as she exultingly strode into the dinner room with the ruler of millions.

His Grace, taken up entirely talking and laughing to his lovely and favourite niece, had hardly time to vouchsafe a word with Mrs. Moggins. Was she unhappy? Quite the contrary. She was busy when she was not eating, casting

glances of scorn at less-favoured individuals. If a friend caught her haughty eye, with a supercilious stare at the individual, she would turn round and pretend to be addressing His Grace's shoulders. Oh yes! she was happy.

Lady Lillian and her husband did not stop long in the Regiment after this. With many an aching heart, of white and black, sighing after him, he left us.

The next thing we heard of him was, he had gone to England, and some say had become a Member of Parliament and a man of influence. One day, hearing a shouting in the Lines, we went down, expecting a fire had broken out. The men were swarming round two huge boxes. On opening one, it was found to contain 1000 costly puggeries for the Native Officers, men, and syces of the Regiment, with 1000 photos of our eccentric Subaltern; the next contained 1000 Rampore chudders or shawls for the Begums of the above, as also 1000 photos of Lady Lillian.

Our Colonel, I am sorry to say, almost fell into his old habits of bullying all around him. Knowing Nugent's home influence, he had the meanness to write to him for preferment. Many years after, Nugent showed me a copy of the answer, which may amuse the readers of this wonderful tale.

"A toad squirted his poison on a bran new pair of trousers of mine. Did I advance him to serve others the same? did he even advance himself? No, he couldn't, because he had been crushed, venom and all.

"The few men that are below the contempt of honest men can never be advanced or advance themselves. *Vide* the toad.

Your obedient &c."

K.

THE *ENGLISHMAN'S* ADDRESS TO HIS READERS
ON MEARES' CASE.

RISE, Britons, rise ! The hour is come
To battle for the right divine
Of Whites to lash and thrash all Blacks,
 Whene'er the spirit moves or wine !
The hour is come ! The hour is come !
 Unfurl the flag of License, boys ;
Shout " England and St. George " aloud,
 And rouse old CHAOS with the noise !

With our good sword we hold this land,
 No law we own save that of Might ;
Zoolum, Zoolum, where'er he goes,
 Is Japheth's MISSION—Japheth's RIGHT.
The Indies are our hunting ground,
 The Indians, red or black, our game ;
To hunt them down like vermin vile,
 Be still a Briton's boast and fame !

But yonder band of maudlin fools,
 Unworthy of their rank and place,
For this have doom'd to dungeon dark
 A brother of the Saxon race.
The Boanerges of the West—
 Shall we submit to their decree ?
Speed to the rescue ! Britons, speed !
 Burst his pris'n bars and set him free !

Ye shades of Hampden and of Pym,
 Rattle your bones against your grave !
Was it for this ye nobly fought,
 And Charley to the hangman gave ?
Ye Barons stout of Runnymede,
 And ye the Bill of Rights who won,
Weep bitter tears of grief and woe
 To see your glorious work undone !

Undone ! It cannot—shall not be !
 See Furrell thunders through the press
The Gospel truth, that Britons may,
 Without offence or guilt, transgress !
Then down with Couch and Phear and Smith,
 Who basely do their trust betray !
But let's have honest hearts and true
 Like Harris and Morris for aye !

RAM SHARMA.



BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.

Chapter XXI.

AN EXPLANATION.—APPEARANCES NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

PREO NATH continued his story :—" An indescribable fear seized Bhooboneshoree as she observed the preparations made by Chunder to receive her.* This increased tenfold as she heard the receding steps of the ladies, who seemed to leave her entirely at his mercy. If any thing was wanting to complete her misfortune, it was furnished by the looks of Chunder, who fixed his eyes upon her person as if he wished to devour her. Calling all her presence of mind to her aid she cried— 'Down on your knees before your Goddess!' Apalled by her majestic voice and attitude, Chunder sank his knees on the bare floor, and raised his eyes to her face, with mingled feelings of awe and admiration. Taking advantage of this opportunity, she tried to continue the jest, though internally trembling, as it were, from head to foot, as she glanced at his frantic looks. 'Well, devotee!' said she, you must have now satisfied yourself of my presence. So let me know the object of your invocation of me at this time of night.'

"'No, Goddess!' cried Chunder, 'I have not yet done with my contemplation of your person. The more I gaze

* See Chapter XIX. ni Nos. XVI. and XVII. for February, 1874.

at your divine face, the more anxious I grow to behold it longer. If you will grant me my prayers, convert me into a bee that I may fly around your cheeks and——'

"'Know your own degree,' said she. 'Do not presume to fly around my face when my foot is an object of your adoration.'

"'Then,' said Chunder, 'make me go round your lotus feet for ages and ages, and be at last trampled under it. For if you would not allow me to touch you when alive, I may at least touch you when dying'—and he made a motion to lay hold of her feet.

"She receded terrified, and then affecting a gaiety which she did not feel, replied, 'if you are prepared to lay down your life in order to prove your love for me, you can not refuse to oblige me by an act which will cost you no sacrifice. Let me know why you have brought that unsheathed sword into the room'—and she pointed her finger to a corner whence in his haste to receive her, he had forgotten to remove the weapon. Then perceiving him to start, she continued:—'All your Goddess's favors shall be withdrawn unless you make full confession. Nay, do not hesitate, for she knows it all. You brought that sword to murder your innocent wife. Your Goddess assures you that your wife is as chaste as ice, all your suspicions of her illicit connection with a boy—who loves her as his mother—being perfectly unfounded. Her unchastity is only a creation of your fevered imagination.'

"Chunder looked bewildered, not knowing how Bhooboneshoree could divine his secret thoughts. If she was aware of the contemplated murder, she must be aware of the contemplated violence against her own person, the one being as much confined in the inmost recesses of his soul as the other. But if she was aware of both, she must have come fully prepared to meet an attack on her own person. As these thoughts crossed his mind, his tongue involuntarily gave utterance to what he knew about his wife's unchastity. Bhooboneshoree did not find much difficulty in explaining the most suspicious circumstances, and disabusing his mind of the wrong impressions it had derived from them.

As you are probably in doubt, Doctor, whether Kusam was really innocent, I must briefly recapitulate the preceding incidents in the order in which they occurred, and shew you that, while appearances were so much against her, she had not been to blame for any part of her behaviour.

“While Chunder was tormenting himself near the door of his wife’s room, on the memorable night, his wife was no less a prey to every woe. She was revolving in her mind his passion for Bhooboneshoree. She was almost sure it could lead to no evil, her cousin being immaculate. But she still could not bear to see Bhooboneshoree command so much love and admiration from her husband. Indeed what faithful wife could be patient under the infliction of seeing her husband love another, even though with a hopeless passion. These contending emotions in her breast gave rise to sighs and mutterings which her jealous husband construed into undoubted proofs of her incontinence.

“Unware of the storm that was gathering over her head, Kusam was resolved to punish her husband as a heroine of old, or as Radha is said to have punished Krishna for his peccadilloes. These heroines took a vow not to speak to a faithless lover; and though the offender wept and fell at their feet and tried various expedients and artifices to open their lips, their vow remained unbroken to the last. The Hindoo religion inculcating chastity and implicit obedience to husband as the perfection of female character, and the only way to woman’s salvation, is fruitful in the development of such a state of the mind. Unable to have any other revenge on a faithless husband whom they still consider it their duty to love, they have recourse to unbroken silence as the only penalty for his transgressions.

“But though Kusam wished to punish her husband’s misconduct in this way, she was uneasily turning her bed, unable to lie quiet while her husband stood out, exposed to the nightly dews. At the commencement, however, while Chunder was knocking at this door, pushing at that, muttering something to himself, and running from one place to another, Kusam was glad to think that her husband was being deservedly punished for his misconduct. But

when he stood still for the purpose of taking a review of all the servants in order to find out the fortunate one who had possession of his wife's heart, Kusam thought that, despairing to get admission into her room, Chunder had gone away. She therefore opened the door to see if this was the case. As her husband furiously rushed to the place to prevent the supposed paramour's escape, Kusam hastily shut the door, thinking that her husband had not yet been sufficiently punished. But after a few minutes, the tender heart of a loving wife was touched. She softly rose from bed, and placing her ear near the door, tried to perceive his movements. He was still standing near the door, its sudden opening and closing having electrified him on the spot. Though her heart was touched to see him still there, she did not like to show that she was at all pacified, so she noiselessly undid the bolt, and quietly returned to her bed in the hope that the next time he pushed the door, he would find it open.

"When he commenced to search the room for the supposed lover, the wretched woman raised her head to observe what he was doing, but on meeting his eyes, she buried her head in her pillow that she might not have to speak to him. As he came to search her bed and person, Kusam thought that he had suspected her of stealing the flower trampled under Bhooboneshoree's feet. This conjecture, confirmed by his strict search of the room, almost prostrated her faculties and gave rise to the nervous shivering which her husband mistook for proof of guilt. The poor woman had not from grief, taken any prepared betel (*pan*) that day, and her veil was wet with her tears; though the absence of the one, and the presence of the other were construed to her disadvantage. When he asked his wife, 'who unloosened the bar of the window?' Kusam would not break her vow of silence, but struck her head, thinking that love for Bhooboneshoree had rendered her husband mad enough to believe that a burglar had entered the room to steal the rose bearing that lady's foot marks on it. Between envy, jealousy and woman's pride a fearful struggle raged in her breast, and at her husband's cruel threat, she wept and invoked the lightning on her own head.

"Now for the whispering conversation which Chunder had heard that night. I have already told you, Doctor, that Shosheemukhee and Monomohinee had been engaged in overhearing the conversation of the two married couples. As stated before, they kept continually moving from behind one room to the other. But Dwarik and Kadumbinee's conversation having grown every moment more and more interesting, while Chunder and Kusam only exhibited dumb shows, the listeners paid more attention to the former couple than the latter. When there was any pause in Kadumbinee's eloquence, they ran behind the next room to observe the progress of the battle that raged there. In one of these intervals, they spoke in whispers about the door near which Chunder had posted himself. Their innocent conversation appeared to his jealous mind to come from the supposed guilty lovers within, who, he thought, were consulting with each other as to the door by which the paramour might escape. It was also the sound of their receding steps that reached Chunder's ear as he approached the door where they originally stood. When he was searching the room, the listeners came stealthily behind the window to see what was going on. As he came to try his strength with the window bars, Monomohinee quickly retreated from the place, but her fat companion could not retire beyond sight till one of the bars had been wrenched from its sockets. Mistaking Shosheemukhee for the boy, he thought the latter had been waiting to see the treatment which his beloved mistress would experience from her husband.

"Thus while the ladies were, in the usual way and after their ideas, innocently amusing themselves with overhearing the married couples, they were unknowingly contributing towards a fearful tragedy.

"Under the circumstances already stated, it is no wonder that the husband and wife never exchanged a word with each other. They were angry, but the one was not aware why the other was so. The whole quarrel had arisen from a misconception of the motives of their mutual conduct. Had they once exchanged as many words as the number of days they had been tormenting

themselves with imaginary woes, all doubts would have been cleared, and they would have probably become greater friends than ever. But there was no opportunity of a mutual explanation. Each was burning with intense jealousy on account of the other. It is such trivial causes that produce a breach between many bosom friends. Unions that have withstood the severest trials of this life, are broken asunder by imaginary slights and needless jealousies.

“ You have seen how Chunder was at last driven by jealousy to the dishonorable occupation of secretly watching his wife’s conduct towards her supposed lover. In all good Hindoo families, you know, Doctor, the domestic servant is treated like a child. He calls his mistress by the endearing name of mother, and often loves her as such. If the servant is an old one, he enjoys all the privileges of a member of the family. He is a master over his master’s children; reproves and beats the younger ones at pleasure; makes them bring *Pân* or tobacco for him; resents slights; refuses to touch his food when angry, and is affectionately pressed by the ladies to take it; is his master’s counsellor in all household matters; and manages the house during his absence. Kusam’s obnoxious boy having been brought up by her from his infancy, felt a child’s affection for her, and was very kindly treated by her in return. But their mutual attentions which formerly passed unheeded, were now cited by the wretched husband as proofs of their guilty connection.

“ Viewed in this light, the conduct of Kusam towards the boy, had in it nothing suspicious. But in the jealous vision of her husband, every appearance was distorted to feed the ‘green-eyed monster’ in his breast. Whenever any thing was wanting to complete the chain of evidence, he supplied it from his imagination. In pouring the fruits at Kusam’s feet, the boy whispered to her how he had cheated the other servants in the garden and brought the best and choicest fruits for his own mistress. As for the suspicious position in which he found the supposed lovers, and which, in his estimation, was a convincing proof of their guilt, it is capable of the simplest explanation. Poor

Kusam was trembling at the time in a paroxysm of fever brought on by her intense anxieties and agony of mind, and the boy was carefully spreading a quilt over her, when the jealous husband reached his post. Thus a scene that ought to have excited his commiseration, served only to arouse the worst passions of his nature, which could not be appeased except by her blood."

THE SONG OF THE TIRHOOT PLANTERS.

THE Famine's o'er,—our task is done,
 Let us back to our vats again!
 The season for our dye is come— ●
 For sweating toil in sun and rain.

The Famine was a jolly thing,
 A jolly thing and nice and dear;
 The nicest, dearest Famine, lads,
 In India known for many a year!

A God-send, friends, it was to us;
 While millions starv'd all through Tirhoot,
 We fatten'd on the stricken land,
 And—bless Sir Richard!—had our *loot*!

Some people say, it was a myth,
 A humbug, and that sort of thing;
 But mock or real, take our word,
 It gave most freely like a king!

Let's drink its health in well-fill'd cups,
 In well-fill'd cups of ruddy wine;
 O crown its brow with loving hands,
 Crown it with myrtle wreaths and vine!

But dearest friends are doom'd to part:
 Heigh ho! It breaks our heart to bid
 Adieu to one that well has prov'd
 A saving Angel in our need!

RAM SHARMA.

THE GAME OF THE GAZETTE.

WE HAVE often enough in these pages alternately rebuked and ridiculed the present rage for what, in the absence of a recognized word, may be called the *Game of the Gazette*. No candid man who cares for principle or decency and has watched the temper of the times but must acknowledge that the rebuke was vastly well merited, and that the ridicule did not come a day too soon. We now even fear that the day of passing allusion or delicate innuendo thrown into foot-note—understood only by those whom it concerns—or tenderly remark, is past; that a more business-like and rough handling is required to meet the case. The evil has attained monstrous proportions, and demands treatment by the strong arm, or rather the unhesitating tongue, of indignation and the unpleasant voice of reason. Society seems rotten to the core, and the least that patriots ought to do is to expose the mischief doing, before it is too late. What can be a sadder spectacle than that presented by so many of our countrymen! All of the upper and even many of the middle classes seem to be infected with a virulent passion for titles and distinction, and notoriety in general. This is the object of their perseverance by day and the subject of their dreams by night. It would be wonderful if many of them did not succeed in their pursuit. Such perseverance as many of them display day and night and night and day, might almost bring the gods down to reward it with the fulfilment of their long cherished ambitions, whatever they were. Such perseverance in the service of humanity, which is the cause of God, would assuredly meet with its reward in a far more worthy object of human wishes than any earthly vanities—Salvation. Alas! that any rational being should give up his body and soul to the worship of such bagatelles,

so much to the sacrifice of his eternal future! However it be, the *efficiency* of their perseverance, *misdirected* as it is, is unquestioned. It is the proverbial perseverance which, we have been assured from our childhood on very high authority, removes mountains. Common experience leads one to expect that it will, at all events, remove the usual obstacles to the acquisition—even the proper obstacles to the improper acquisition—of titles and distinction. In point of fact, it vastly facilitates—often ensures—that acquisition. The “public” seem only too ready to be gulled, and officials delight to assume no character so much as that of the fountain of honor. And between the “public” gullibility and weakness, and the official love of soft-sawder and *khoda-wandism*, any but an Administration presided over by a strong ruler is soon brought down.

Indeed the Government seems bent on acquiring a cheap fame for liberality by rewarding merit with empty honors. Already we begin to perceive the effects of such easiness of disposition. Of late years the objects of public laudation and state distinction have not always been carefully selected. Besides, we have had thrust on us too many of them. We have of course depreciation as a natural economic consequence of the indiscriminate and superabundant supply. There had been a very considerable reduction in the social consequence attaching to all distinctions of the kind since the viceregal progress through the empire after the mutinies. In so much that the people make a distinction between titles conferred or enjoyed before, and titles conferred after, those events. But it is within the last few years that all the worst effects of at once debasement and over-circulation of coin have reached their height. We remember the time when Raja Radhakanta considered it an honour to serve as a Justice of the Peace, and the late Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy was regarded as pre-eminently fortunate to have the prefix “Sir” to his name. And no wonder, as in those days the Raja was about the only non-official native Justice of the Peace in Bengal, and the great Parsee the only Indian Knight. Both were men of world-wide fame whom no titles could make more honorable, who, on the contrary, ennobled any Order to which they

belonged. The Raja was the great Sanskrit encyclopædist of the age whom Princes and sages, academies and universities delighted to welcome. The Parsee millionaire was the most munificent man of all his contemporaries. The one died the first Bengali Knight—the other died the only native Baronet. Amid the subsequent indiscriminate bestowal of titles, the latter's son is still the only possessor of the distinction. Once the father became knighted, the passage to the hereditary rank lay easy, and, to a man of his intrinsic worth, certain. If there has not been another baronet, we have since had knights in shoals, native and Anglo-Indian. But the Star of India is a provincial, not an imperial Order. Englishmen who understand this distinction put small value on it. To them it is a Star almost of courtesy, very dim indeed. A *parvenu* Anglo-Indian dame might hug it to her bosom for the social rank of ladyship it conferred on her, but any sensible Indian officer would, we presume, nearly prefer any other European Order, however insignificant, would almost rate a Companionship of the Bath and a Knighthood of India at par. But the latter need not have been quite so contemptible as it is. It is the Government that has brought it to this pass.

There was a great state reason which led Lord Canning to bestow estates and honors on all sides with an imperial hand. He was the first to clearly realize the fact that the Governor-General of India occupied the throne of the Great Mogul. If he depreciated in one day all wealth, territorial possessions and titles, that was the only way he could establish a new *régime*. Once the *régime* established, there was no reason for continuing, *per force*, what was, at the beginning, a necessary evil. There was indeed every reason for guarding the distinctions from degradation. If the Government is indiscriminate and lavish on purpose, it will by and by find its purpose defeated. Ruling with pieces of ribbon is an old trick of European princes—it drew the notice of Goldsmith's "Intelligent Foreigner"—but you may overplay the trick. It may be cheap to pay for services in empty titles, but you may have too much of a good thing. Lord Canning, by liberally rewarding, during the British trial

of 1857-58, every instance of active loyalty, however slight, has made a similar crisis nearly impossible. Come what may, the British at least will meet the next crisis under different, more favourable, conditions than they ever did before. Unless from the greivous systematic provocation of a long series of years, it will not again be anything like a war of extermination. English men, women and children will not again be hunted down from village to village, swamp to jungle. So long as the memory of the gifts of 1859 lasts, so long there will be many people to vie with one another in affording protection to European fugitives or remain firm to the British cause at much sacrifice and hazard.

What does the Government gain by wasting empty honors at random at a time of peace? Bunnias who can hardly sign their own names—nay whether they can or not—are not likely to raise a finger in defence of any rule, however propitious to them; and they are not of much more value as civilians. To expect that an artificial stimulus will make them bring out their treasures for the benefit of society on all occasions, is a grave delusion. They may be liberal for the nonce, nay extravagant in expectation of honors, but no British strategy can so easily change the characteristics of a race for thousands of years. We have no objection to rewards for manufactural pioneering or commercial enterprize, but we decidedly question the policy of bribing rich or vain men to spend at times on purpose, and make far more noise than they yield wool. It is a policy of universal alienation. It dissatisfies the hereditary families and the recipients of the rewards for loyalty and eminent services. It introduces confusion in a society governed by caste. It is a mistake in a country which does not recognize primogeniture and entail. Most of the titles given away are no doubt limited to single lives, yet it is well-known that these have a tendency to be, if not officially recognized as such, socially hereditary. Hence the multiplication, however unintended, of titled beggars, a phrase convertible into 'beggars on horse back.' We hope we shall not be understood to insinuate. Our reflections are general, and our

remarks embrace the whole of India. They apply with peculiar force to the elevation of small officials—out of Bengal. Those who should have handles to their names should at least be above want, themselves and their children, as they should be decently cultured. Without legal restrictions to division of property and with the neglect of education among the rich in this country, we are already, from of old, weighted with the incubus of needy and rude nobles. Let Government spare a wanton increase of the evil. Noblemen should be, if not noble, at least respectable. They should be able and willing to keep up the position that may be thrust on them or to which they may be vain of aspiring. Does Government take care to enquire into these particulars? What is its machinery for such enquiries?

The matter is not so unimportant as some might deem it. Noblemen fulfill a necessary function in all societies. They have in their keep the preservation of the tone of the community. They impart it dignity or they debase it. Whether they deserve it or not, whether you will or no, they are the inevitable exemplars to the country at large. The national models of character and conduct ought not to be lightly chosen. There is no surer road to national deterioration and decay than for the nation to set up, and have set up before it, false heroes and prophets—than to contemplate and admire wrong standards—than to teach itself and its youth to imitate bad examples. Public Opinion fixes the models, and a lax Public Opinion fixes evil models—so injurious to national character. The distribution of public praise and censure is perhaps the most powerful instrument for ensuring good behaviour and stimulating men to deeds of high emprise, in the largest sense of the word, in both private and public life. It is an instrument more potent, we believe, with the generality of mankind, than religion or abstract morals. In fact the approbation of their fellowmen is most men's morality and religion. Formerly, when there was no press and not much other means of communication between different parts of a country, people could know and be guided by the judgment of only their more immediate neighbours. Such local judgment is apt to be a cliquety, narrow, one-sided one,

liable to fluctuations from petty causes. At the best, formed without the advantage of consultation with opinion in other districts, that local judgment was a doubly unsafe guide to those subject to its influence who had no opportunity of checking it by the light from other quarters. Now-a-days, the extensive and rapid diffusion of information and ideas by means of the press and the post and the telegraph, and the habit of travel called forth by canals, roads and railways, tend to make opinion more even, dispassionate, liberal, and, on the whole, more normal and just: local opinion becomes generally identical with national—nay, with the universal opinion of the civilized world. In all free countries the state is merely the formal official organ of public opinion. In a country like India, governed by foreigners, it is, of course, the organ of the opinion of the governing class: only by the kindness of that body or under the moral pressure of the ruled does the state ever obey public opinion. Here, therefore, in India, the Government has undoubtedly the power of weakening the force of the genuine public opinion of the country, of detracting much from its moral weight, by setting up a contrary opinion of its own—as it can also certainly add to its own dignity as well as enhance its own moral influence by following the public opinion, or leading it, which is only following it by anticipation as it were. Whatever the case in other matters, we are not prepared to say that, in regard to the country's deliberately chosen Worthies, the Indian Government—at least the chief central authority—habitually puts itself in *deliberate* opposition to public sentiment. It is often wilful, but not often in *this*. In *this* it often commits mistakes—occasionally blunders—as what government or individual does not, in many a matter?—but not of *malice prepense*. Such mistakes and blunders are the offspring of the disadvantages of its position as an alien rule. It finds the task of putting itself *en rapport* with the people, difficult, almost impossible. It is not ubiquitous nor omniscient. It can, for the most part, depend for information on its officers only and the press. Its officers, unfortunately, from causes before-mentioned, are not always trust-worthy. The press—so

much of it as has any share in influencing the Government—is, for the most part, in the hands of a small body of stiff-necked foreigners, who, as such foreigners, are as liable to be deceived as the Government, if not more, and, who, as a small body, are liable to be interested. The Native Press is yet in its infancy; the faults of a novice disable it from commanding its legitimate weight. Its extreme numerical weakness leaves it as much open to secret influences as the same disadvantage of its Anglo-Indian counterpart leaves the latter; while the absence of appreciation yet of journalism among our countrymen leaves it a more defenceless prey to the patronage of individuals than the Anglo-Indian press—enjoying a more intelligent constituency, Britons who have imbibed their sense of the value of a free press with their mothers' milk—need be, except at small stations; and besides, being principally published in the vernaculars, it is all but entirely a sealed book to the European public, official and non-official, and the Government. What wonder if, under such disqualifying circumstances, the Government should occasionally be led to accept Mokanna as the real Simon Pure. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Who is to be believed when district official, Native editors and European editors disagree? When Native vernacular Press and Native English Press disagree? Above all, alas! who shall tell, and who is to be believed, what genuine national public opinion is!

All this, while it proves the difficulty of successful British rule in the East, points to the necessity, toward such governing, of the Government paying not simply more attention to the Native Press, nor even studying thoroughly the entire native press, vernacular and English, but particularly studying it with reference to the position and constituency and staff of each paper, its independence, the influences to which it is subject, &c.; how far it has an individual or a representative character, &c. Such a study as herein proposed may appear a hopeless one, but though difficult, like all earnest study, it is by no means a hopeless one; besides, a limited Press like that of India has no secrets, and the Indian Government is one of the

most powerful and far reaching of despotisms, whose enquiries are often as searching as any recommended by us in this article, and may be made as successful as need be. A government which has taken a census of a continent of a thousand races and countless tribes, which has imposed a tax on every separate holding throughout an extensive empire large tracts of which seem hardly yet explored, which has drawn an Income Tax from among unknown millions, may attempt almost anything, and, with the exercise of tact and judgment, has no reason to be daunted by the prospect of even a delicate social enquiry.

Whatever the character of the Indian Press, Native or European, and whatever the deference paid to it or any part of it by the Indian Government, those who form Indian public opinion are bound to be careful. This is the more obligatory as that Press, even where it is not representative, has a strong indirect influence on public opinion. When the Government, not unoften as we know, accepts that opinion, if only in regard to the sages and heroes, the great and the good, of public admiration, the obligation is all the greater. We fear it is not so strictly and uniformly obeyed as it ought to be. It is vain, and even silly, to accuse the Government when the leaders of public opinion abuse their own privilege—ill perform their own functions. It is theirs to see, so far as lies in them—and a great deal depends on them—that the nation elect the proper objects of respect and veneration. Nay, it is theirs to see that both the righteous and the wicked get their respective dues. As a rule, we fear, these do not. As a rule, obtrusive worthlessness is feted at the expense of unpretending merit. As a rule, modesty is virtually condemned as weakness, and mere impertinence is elevated to the best places. As a rule, cunning is allowed to get the better of unobstreperous nobility. It is, we repeat, the duty of the formers of public opinion to expose humbug in right earnest, to give the devil his due, and merit its meed of public applause. Are they satisfied that this is done? Do they not, on the contrary, wilfully or negligently or lightly condone the apotheosis of too many humbugs? Is not guilty ambition quietly

permitted to have its own way? Is not fraud not only allowed but applauded to fatten itself at others' expense, under the sacred colors of Social Reform, Temperance, Female Improvement, and Religious Progress? We fear this recklessness has done great harm. It is fostering ideals of life far from encouragement-worthy. It is teaching the community hypocrisy in all things. The wonderful success of Sham, not only in plundering society out of its cash but also coercing it to bestow on the plunderer its admiration, is discrediting the noble old Festivals in the Calendar and preparing the people to deify Luck as the sole new idol, in a variety of Incarnations. A complete *boulversement* of our ethical notions is imminent. We are fast coming to consider cleverness as far more valuable than principle. Already too many think a gig more respectable than honest rags; too few scruple to make money at the expense of honor. Already we prefer a hideous gown to learning and sense,—the doubtful distinction of a seat on the municipal board to honorable retirement or quiet work,—the smile of an official to duty,—a vain title to a worthy life. It is time enough the evil were checked. Those who have really the good of their country at heart ought to ponder on the fact, and see whether they cannot discourage an example which is fast sapping the foundations of morals.

The fact itself is beyond question. Nor are its consequences doubtful. What can be a worse sign for a nation than for its principal men to vie with one another to catch the ear or eye of officials and the Government. How few are those who have the impudence to withhold their "ditto" from a Joint Magistrate, not to say the impertinence to speaking to an official, of their own instance, an unpleasant truth—even in the interest of millions? It is this want of manliness which, in part, accounts for the failure of *such* municipal institutions as Government makes a show of conferring on us—with mixed boards of European officials and natives. The native magnates are quite prepared to vote away their best interests at the beck of the British *Huzoor*. It is true that as a nation we have always been distinguished

by a shrinking delicacy which cannot say "nay." There is no word for it in the English language, as the quality is absent in Englishmen. Among us we express it by the phrase *eye-shame*. We have too much *eye-shame*—we cannot refuse in the refusee's presence. It is a noble characteristic if not abused, and may we never be totally devoid of it ! But all extremes are bad, and we have got to the extreme of eye-shame, till we have virtually lost all courage and firmness. A distinguished native lady explained with sorrow to her expostulators that she could not possibly return the true affirmative answer when the Head of the Local Government on a visit to her—with screens of course intervening between hostess and guest—asked her whether the income tax was felt by the people to be oppressive. Another feature of this age of electroplate is what Goldsmith would have called the practice of generosity in the absense of justice—the cultivation of attractive active virtues, to the neglect of the more homely but essential negative qualities. Thus, people, who notoriously fail in their common duties of private life, are ambitious of the glory of models of conduct, exemplars of piety and benevolence ; men who can not satisfy their neighbours of their common honesty stump the country, and even lands across seas, to regenerate mankind. And the worst of it is that, with perseverance and stolidity and power of face, the cooperation of some Europeans, ready—either from self interest or in their zeal ungoverned by discretion—to be deceived, and the help of a newspaper, they succeed in achieving the character they strive for, and thus, for all time, falsifying history. Perhaps the very worst of the evil is the strange apathy, moral no less than physical, of the country which enables the charlatans, even with these aids, to attain success, which shuts the mouth of so many men of character who might in a trice expose the humbug. In the same way, how many go in for philanthropy, who have, so far from patriotism, never exercised the commonest charity at home ! How many waste hoards on showy acts, who are really the greatest screws ! How many subscribe thousands to projects which they do not in the least comprehend, merely to please a Hakim (an

official,) who would not pay ten shillings a month to save a starving mother ! How many patronize with their purse schemes about the *bonâ-fides* of which they entertain a profound distrust ! We have personally known the populations of recently annexed territory consider the British administration of justice a method of filching the pockets of the subjects. We have every reason to believe that the majority of natives regard public subscriptions a method of indirect taxation of the "clever Feringhi." We could doubtless point out hundreds who have subscribed liberally towards the memorial for Lord Mayo who hated the man and the administration, many of them for the very sufficient reason that they suffered personally from these. Of course they felt themselves directly or indirectly coerced. The Hindus elected to bleed for fear of official displeasure. The Mahomedans for fear of being suspected of sympathising with the murderer of the late Viceroy. We pity the helpless victims of political feeling or official tyranny, but there are other forms of the spending demoralization. We have nothing but contempt for the weaklings who take the name of charity in vain, and indignation for those who, knowing better, abet and encourage them. We know a Mahomedan Peabody who does not easily pay his small trade bills. Many Indian princes and noblemen are noted for close-fistedness, yet the same are ready to be liberal provided their liberality is duly blazoned forth in the papers. It is thus that the vicious custom has grown up of presents of silver medals or donations of a few rupees to village schools or libraries, being immediately brought to the notice of the public by the secretaries of the institutions. These poor men are not to blame who see in their promptitude to make each trifle given known to the world the only trap to ensure a supply of such mean and unholy charity—from people who would not, we fear, lose their reward of public notice by neglect of the poor secretaries, but would send the news to the press themselves !

If any thing were wanting to make such charity utterly and without the slightest qualification contemptible, it is supplied by the *ulterior* design with which the

expenditure is made. The *immediate object* seems to be public notice by means of the papers, but it is not to be confounded with the *ulterior design*. Love of applause, though not the highest principle of action, is a respectable one enough, and, within limits, a very proper one among the motives to work. But it may degenerate into a vice—into even a crime, and it is criminal in the case of such people as we are denouncing. It were indeed to be wished that their crime ended with an extreme unwarranted love of applause to the neglect of all nobler aspirations. It appears that most of them would not part with their cash even for the mere praise of their kind. They want something more—something which their unhealthy mind deems substantial. They never cared for the recognition of God. Their consciousness of their conscience is faint. They are supposed to catch the eye of their fellows. In truth they are striving to catch the ear of Government. They want titles and salutes and Durbar rank and private entrée. They are clever accountants. Money they pay for applause, which itself is the stepping-stone to Government favour. The notices and recommendations of the papers are all necessary, but only to sound the public and prepare the Government for the recommendation of some loving, perhaps not over-scrupulous, civil officer. They are to be certificates in support of the wishes of their heart, more or less openly expressed. It would be a pity if they succeeded. Every case of success is a national misfortune.

We have watched with regret the Government, from the close of the Orissa Famine, doing its worst to call forth the spirit of spurious charity. It has gone on steadily, pandering to the most contemptible of passions, sapping the foundations of all elements of healthy independence which had lain dormant in the people and which were being roused by the progress of education, till the country is head and ears in degradation. We have not perused a more melancholy state-paper than the Return of Works of public utility constructed by private individuals during the late Famine (made to order) and the Resolution of the Government of Bengal thereon. The melancholy is not diminished by the reflection that the publication will increase

the popularity of the particular Administration. In consequence of the drought there was a great want of drinking water in the country to the right bank of the Hoogly. Numbers of house holders, who could afford, repaired their family and garden tanks or constructed new ones in eligible sites for their and their neighbours' convenience. We believe a fraction of these cases came to the notice of Government. If the country had not undergone so long a course of demoralization, scarce one of these would have so come. The construction of tanks and *ghats* is the most common every day feature of Bengali life, and Bengalis habitually share the water of their tanks with their neighbours. We believe few Bengalis even now consider such act of sufficient importance for public notice not to say the notice of Government. It is a mercy that the people of India, the English-educated classes included, do not read the official publications except in occasional extracts in the newspapers. As for the Calcutta Gazette, Sir George Campbell effectually contrived to scarce away even professed politicians from it by its weekly volume and his hourly vagaries. The Gazette, we are glad to observe, is fast recovering under the successor's moderation, but it must naturally take some time before the news gets sufficiently abroad and people resume their old habit. Had the Gazette been a popular journal, the publication for three successive weeks of the same Return and Resolution, which is taking place, would have completed the national demoralization. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom, the humility of Government is beyond question or rather its comprehensiveness. It embraces giants, and is thankful for small merices. It has stomach for the princely works of Baboo Soorjya Kant Acharjee of Mymensing and Khaja Abdool Gunny of Dacca, as well as a relish for Rs. 70 spent, not apparently for a public purpose, between two of its humblest subjects in Bogra. It duly chronicles the expenditure of Rs. 5472 by Baboo Nobin Kristo Palit of Akna, Zilla Hoogly, on a tank and ghats and of Rs. 7050 for a like purpose by the Zemindars of Searsole near Ranee-gunge, as well as that of Rs. 32 by Krishna Chunder Sircar and of Rs. 31 by Torap Mundul both of Bogra.

Indeed this obscure Zilla seems to have lain under a cloud of unmerited inappreciation. For the number if not the extent of its improvements—we can hardly say charities—it is quite a little paradise. Much Government stationery, funds and energy have been disbursed and yet more are threatened to be disbursed in recording facts beneath the veriest village tittle tattle. What shall we say of the condescension of our rulers who glorify such works of private convenience in Gazettes, and are not content till they have tendered their thanks to each of the persons aforesaid and their like. We beg the latter's pardon—we should have called them gentlemen—they have been raised to the rank by an Anglo-Saxon race of rulers who know not pride or recognize no distinction between man and man. "The thanks of the Government are tendered to each of the gentlemen named in the appended list." "Copy of this Resolution and of the appended statement will be published in the Calcutta and Bengali Gazettes, and copies with translations should be forwarded by the Divisional Commissioners to each of the gentlemen," &c. We hope the Commissioners will be able to find out the addresses of all the munificent gentlemen gazetted.

So Rs. 31 is the fee for a Government *Sunnud* of gentility. What are the respective prices for a Honorary Magistracy, a Roy Bahadoorship, a Membership of Council? In England a gig was once held to constitute its possessor a gentleman.

In mercy to our redears let us conclude our desultory and somewhat lugubrious discourse with a parable from life.

Within a hundred miles of Calcutta lies a district inhabited, from a very early period, by a large Marwari colony. The Marwaris are not the most remarkably liberal race on earth. In fact beyond occasional instances of princely gifts to their idols and shrines, and a case or two of passion for villa-architecture and gardening, their only passion for ages has been hoarding. About ten years ago, however, among this community and in the district in question, a Dátá Karna and a Hátem suddenly sprung up. The genesis is characteristic. The principal of a College wanted funds for the erection of a College

House and assembling all the native magnates, skilfully played them against one another and raised a large sum. He particularly swelled it by taking advantage of the jealousy of two brothers, the wealthiest among the Marwaries. If the one first subscribed a thousand, it was easy to make the other subscribe two thousand. Then the first had only to be informed of his brother's amount, to double his original sum, while the other, hearing that he had been beaten, at once made his contribution five thousand and so on, till each had put his name down for a good round sum, their relations and neighbours hardly able to believe their eyes and ears! The spectacle was not lost on the officials of the Division, and they reckoned on the brothers a brace of geese with golden eggs, to be utilized on every needful occasion. Meanwhile, one of the brothers, who lived in more style than the other, conceived the ambition of giving the finishing stroke to his vast wealth by ennobling his family and distancing his otherwise equal brother by becoming Raja. With this view, he paid court to a neighbouring Chief, who, he thought, might make him so. He had been nearly wearied out by delay, when the Orissa Famine came. Under encouragement from zealous officials the event was regarded as the signal for people to distinguish themselves by charity to the sufferers as a means of earning titles. Our millionaire was not slow to take the hint and opened his money bags to the poor—feeding large numbers of the sufferers of his district and besides subscribing handsomely to the Central Fund opened at Calcutta. His brother, who watched his movements narrowly, soon smelled out the game and followed his example. But he did not get enough opportunity, being disappointed at the rather sudden subsidence of the distress. To add to his disappointment, he heard that the Commissioner had promised to recommend his brother for a title—Rajaship he concluded. "Was ever horror like to this?" But he was not the man to be disheartened. His family had ultimately, after endless trouble, acquired many estates which no one fancied would ever be theirs. So he set to work like a man, a brother-hater, and a genuine title-hunter. If the Famine

was no more, there were other fields which he might manure with his filthy lucre. He sought advice, and established a school and a dispensary, and enquired for public subscriptions that might then remain open and sought after district official schemes involving expenditure, and judiciously expended. To make assurance doubly sure, he appointed the brother of the assistant and right-hand man of the biggest Huzoor in the suddur station, his Dewan. He invited journalists to visit his charities and employed a clever unscrupulous native at Calcutta to ply the metropolitan press, who plied it and drew on him for large sums in its name and those of several high officials. He did not miscalculate. In due time the Commissioner kept his word to his brother, recommending him for a suitable distinction, but at the same time he, heartless man! spoiled the taste of the man's cup of felicity by coupling with his name as worthy of the same distinction that of the prudent man who had so wisely, if without a tittle of benevolence, employed his money, and in addition had the genius, which alone is entitled to the highest of the world's rewards, to give a desirable employment to the aforesaid biggest Huzoor's right-hand man's brother.

September, 1874.

EDITOR.

ERRATA OF THE COMMERCE ARTICLE.

- Page 308 line 9 *for* France who *read* France which.
 " 310 " 5 & 12 *for* with the Commodities *read* for the Commodities.
 " 320 " 36 *for* importances *read* importance.
 " 350 " 26 *for* any thing than *read* any thing more than.
 " 354 " 30 *for* urged maintenance *read* urged the maintenance.
 " 356 " 1 *for* 1801 *read* 1814.
 " 371 " 5 *for* that cut *read* that was cut.
 " — " 13 *for* wags *read* wages.
 " 372 " 12 *for* later *read* late.
 " 373 " 5 *for* occupy secondary *read* occupy a secondary.
 " 375 " 9 put commas after (over-) ride *and* right.

MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

September, 1874.

A RUN TO SUMERU.

AFTER a hard day's work I was taking my *siesta* at the foot of my favorite citron tree, having liberated my mind to divert itself for a while by a sentimental ramble over the vanities of existence. A slight rustling of leaves betrayed an intruder, and turning myself in that direction I saw, peering through the leaves, the mischievous face and leering eyes of that little rogue, Flibbertigibbet, who tried to hide himself the moment he was seen.

"Come out from the copse, you little devil. What are you doing there now?"

"A cowrie for your thoughts, nuncle!" said he, grinning. "You are moping over the vanities of life, and would like to have a run to Sumeru."

"To Sumeru, you stupid? What for there?"

"Why, to see how the gods dispose of themselves, to be sure."

"Well, yes: Here it is nothing but envy, jealousy, the open smile, the secret stab. I should indeed like to see if the gods fare better than ourselves!" said I with a sigh. "But how is it possible to be there?"

"Possible! Why, where is the difficulty?"

"Why, you imp of Satan, is not Sumeru many millions of miles distant from us according to our Shastras? and even the accursed *m'lecchas*, who place it in Central Asia, place it very far from us; don't they?"

"But, nuncle dear, I know a short cut to it, and if you will only trust your neck with me I shall land you there within an hour."

"A truce with your impertinence, jackanapes, or I will break your head."

"But that wont cure you of the mulligrubs, nuncle. Trust my wisdom once for all, and believe with old Will that there are nfore things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"Well, really, this passes all bounds. You Flib, have you the audacity to quote Will?"

"Audacity be hanged. I dined with him three hours ago in the groves of Chitraratha; and were not we boon companions, both of us?"

"Now take care, Flib, or I shall break your head in earnest. You have been snarling over a bone with some dog, I suppose, named after the immortal bard of Avon."

"I have been drinking nectar (*amrita*) with the whole club of them, man; with Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, Vyasa, and Valmiki. Just trust your precious self with me for sixty minutes, and see if I don't get you in better company."

"Better company, you devil; it is sacrilege to say so."

"As good company then," said the urchin; "just get up from that vile mattress of yours and run after me."

I suspected that the little devil was after some mischief, but was quite in the humour to make one of his party; so I got up from the mattress and caught hold of him.

"Now tell me, grandson of Satan, what mischief you are plotting."

"No mischief at all, honor bright. Our wiser forefathers knew short cuts better than their children of the present day, barring some wise ones like myself. Trust me, and I take you to Sumeru in half an hour."

"Very good; but I will twist your neck if you play pranks with me; and now I am ready."

"All right, old horse; then give your legs full play."

Saying this the little devil ran before me as fast as an

Arab of the desert, and my long shanks had very hard exercise to keep pace with him. The hour was just before nightfall; a full moon was on the sky. Well, I ran as I had never run before, and as I never hope to run again—unless it be before the Russians, should they ever come to us. Flib ran between men's legs and they did not know of it; but I knocked over two old women at the crossings, and outran three Paharawallahs who pursued me. After about half an hour's hard exercise, we entered an ugly lane behind some wine-shops in Radha Bazaar, and I began to suspect the game that Flib was driving at.

"Well, you unhanged imp of darkness; what's your business here?"

"Come along quietly, old codger, or you will disturb the constables who are asleep."

We entered a wine-shop by a secret door, but only to pass round to a drain in a corner, besides which Flib showed me a broken stair-case leading to apartments below. I refused to follow him in the dark; but he said I must, or he would make me over to the constables as one engaged in violating the excise laws. After some further opposition I at last consented, and down we went—I thought to hell. I held by the coat of the little devil, lest he should give the slip to me in the dark. Several of the steps were broken, but Flib's foot was sure; and, after groping downwards for almost ten minutes, we came to what appeared to be the floor of a subterranean cavern, dimly lighted by one solitary *chirag*. Here Flib showed me a narrow stair-case which we were now to get up by.

"Now really, Flib, this is very naughty, asking a man of my weight and years to come down one flight of stair-case merely to get up by another."

"Just hold your jaw, old fellow, will you? and do as I tell you, or I shall leave you here in the midst of ghosts and infernal spirits who keep watch and ward over all this dreary region."

I of course kept quiet and followed, for it was useless remonstrating with the little devil; but the getting up by the

stair-case was a dreadful affair till, at last—will the reader believe me?—we were safely ushered on the top of a high mountain, enjoying the beautiful moonlight by which it was flooded, and breathing the pure air of an altitude some 20,000 feet above the level of the sea !!!

“Well, nuncle ! Are your wits all safe ? Where do you think you have landed at last ?” asked the mischievous imp, with a twinkle of his roguish eye.

“Where indeed ! Really, Flib, is this Sumeru ?”

“Really it is.”

“Then where be the gods—our Brahmās, and Vishnus, and Mahādevas ?”

“At supper, I suppose. Do you want to join them ?”

“I join the gods at supper ? Surely you are joking. The gods don’t sup with men.”

“Perhaps they do, though ; at all events let us try. Just wait a bit here, till I get hold of a waiter—Surya, Kuvera, or Varuna—to announce our arrival. They will now be in the western dome, I suppose.”

And so Flib got hold of a waiter and sent word, and the gods agreed to see us. I need not describe the dome to profane readers. One of our poets has sung that it is of “diamond splinters built, and gold,” and the description is so very faithful that I don’t wish to improve upon it. But as neither poet nor novelist has yet described the feastings on Sumeru I owe it to the Goddess of Veracity and to the venerable President of the Sanātana Dharma Rakshmi Shablā to give a faithful narration of all I saw.

The sire of gods and men, Brahmā, was the first to accost us. It is a fib that assigns to him four heads or five. He has got one head only ; and a large dunder head it is. I did however see four hands ; but they did not hold either the Veds or the *Nāmmālā*. His godship was employed in gobbling a roasted turkey, and three of his hands were busy in cutting up morsels of that dainty food. In his fourth hand he held a bottle of Anderson’s “Beehive No. 1.,” which he drank, as nectar is drunk in all parts of heaven, without the intervention of a cup.

"Well, mortals ! what do you want here ?" were his first words to us.

"Come 'to pay our respects' to your worship," said Flib. "Here's a muff who wishes to make an *astānga pranam*."

"Oh, he is welcome. Does he like turkey and tiger's milk ?"

"Not he ; he is a goose."

"Let him take care then, or Vishnu will dumpode him. The Preserver is passionately fond of goose dumpoded, pork vindaloo, and Irish whiskey."

The talk seemed to me to be somewhat indecorous and profane ; what, in fact, I did not expect in the place we had come to. So to give it a turn I asked where his godship's wife—Saraswati—was ?

"Oh ! flirting with Mahādeva, I suppose. Just pop your head over that corner there, and you will find them all together. I only, as the father of gods and men, take my meals apart."

Well, we did pop our heads as directed, and sure they all were in the place pointed out, seated around a table of topaz lined with emerald, which was spread out with dainties and delicacies of all kinds. Mahādeva had a dish of beefsteaks before him, and some souced mangoe-fish, and chicken-curry soup ; with a bottle of Cordial Old Tom of the finest quality. Saraswati, who was flirting with him desperately, was sipping shin-beef soup, and had also some *koftah* of mutton and a pint of Absinthe before her. Lakshmi was sucking stewed trotters of pork, and had already emptied a flask of Steinwein. But the best of eaters were Vishnu and Pārvati, the former of whom had already disposed of one-half of a roasted China pig, a goose dumpoded, some veal cutlets, and a bottle of Hollands Scheidam ; and was now leisurely sipping a pint of Maraschino de Zara : while the latter was giving free exercise to her beautiful teeth on a big *purrotah*, a fore-quarter of roasted mutton, and some Bologna sausages, occasionally sipping also a fine-flavored Hockheimer of the highest class.

They were all so busy with their own affairs that they did not seem disposed to take any notice of us. But Flib was determined that they should, and broke in with his own introduction.

"Look here, gods and goddesses," said he. "We have come from a very far country—India, you know, in an island appertaining to which the giant Rāvāna kept you in thralldom for so many years, on oatmeal and porridge. This here, my companion, is a devout Hindu ; he renders homage to you night and morning with flowers and *mantras*. Don't treat us therefore as strangers, pray. Shall we sit down alongside of you and help ourselves ?"

"You be d——d," replied Pārvati, who was particularly angry with us for having detected her in ogling at Vishnu. "How can your friend be a devout Hindu if he worships us only with flowers and *mantras*? He is old enough to know better than that, surely? We accept no offerings short of sirloins of beef, loin or forechine of pork, fine cock turkeys, wild ducks, poultry of all sort, and whiskey and gin of the finest brand. Does he take us for fools that he offers us *mantras* and flowers only ?"

"But, goddess dread!" said I, "fasting and prayers have in all ages been laid down as the best offerings for the gods, and even our sacred books——"

"Throw them into the sewers!" exclaimed Vishnu. "Example, old fellow, is better than precept. You have now the best example before your eyes. Do as we are doing ; and when you wish to make any offering to us make your purchases, please, from Hogg Sahib's new market and the Great Eastern Hotel. We don't receive any inferior articles."

"And what then becomes of our Sanātana Dharma Rakshini Shabhā, which the pious have established to regenerate the land ?"

"If the pious want to regenerate their country they are welcome ; but they must act as sensible men, not as big old unmentionables. Tell the venerable President that, old as he is, he has yet many things to learn. Our message to the Vice-President, the Sub-Vice-President,

and the Secretary is the same. They mean well, but the course they are following is egregiously erroneous."

"Then am I to understand that there is no salvation except through beefsteaks and alcohol?"

"None!" said Mahadeva. "Now be off, please, and let us finish our good cheer; to which you sinners have not contributed."

I was preparing to cut away; but Flib was determined to get a bellyful before retreating. The luxuries of heaven lay scattered around us on all sides, in the form of champagnes, clarets, hock, bottled porter, pale-ale, Worcester sauce, pickled salmon, *pâté de foie gras*, and what not? The greedy imp used his two little hands with steam-engine celerity. He also tried to force something into my mouth, but was detected in this by Vishnu, who muttered some spells which brought up a large almond tree before us, upon which we were forcibly mounted. The tree pierced through the air like a falcon, and on the following morning I was picked up in one of Clarke's drains in Radha Bazaar.

Poor Flib has not yet been heard of. Any one giving information that will lead to his discovery, will be suitably rewarded.

BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.



Chapter XXII.

STRANGE WAY OF EVINCING GRATITUDE.—A STRUGGLE IN THE DARK.—MIS-
TAKES AND SURPRISES—ESCAPE AND DISAPPOINTMENT—SHEWS ONCE
MORE HOW APPEARANCES DECEIVE.

THE explanations offered by Bhooboneshoree served to dispell from Chunder's mind all the suspicions he had harboured there against his wife's character. His jealousy was now succeeded by repentance. One would expect that his feeling towards Bhooboneshoree would also undergo a change, and that lust would give place to gratitude. But he forgot his obligations to his benefactress in the passion kindled by her beauty. It was not, however, easy to analyse his feelings, to separate what belonged to his ethereal from the carnal part of his nature. Her beauty inspired him with love,—her virtues filled him with admiration,—her services moved him to gratitude; but all these seemed to converge to a focus, and to give rise to a mighty flame which absorbed every other feeling. He felt a violent desire to fall at her feet,—there to assure her how greatly obliged he was to her, how he loved, how he adored her. Nay, his soul yearned to press her to his bosom that he might shew her, if possible, how her picture lay indelibly impressed on his heart, how her goodness was associated with his purest and most hallowed recollections, how her services were deeply engraven on his memory. Indeed, every thing connected with her served only to inflame his

passion, and he frantically extended his hands as if to take her a prisoner within his arms. Bhooboneshoree fell back terrified, and in doing so, overturned the lamp that lay in her way. The light was suddenly extinguished, and as if meeting no longer with her eyes, which had hitherto held him in check, Chunder appeared to rush forward in the direction she had taken.

A furious struggle now ensued. Vessels were overturned ; water was spilt ; hubble-bubble rolled on the ground ; cups were kicked up from below ; quilts were thrown from above ; head struck against head ; feet came in violent contact with feet ; hands dealt and warded off blows ; tears of endearment were followed by curses ; kisses were succeeded by kicks ; cheers could not be distinguished from screams, cries of triumph were mingled with groans. The ladies, who, under the direction of Mukhoda, had retired to a considerable distance, now returned near the door of the room to learn the cause of the commotion within. They called Chunder, Kusam and Bhooboneshoree by name, but could elicit no response. They knocked against the door, but it would not open. Suspecting something wrong, they wanted to call for immediate assistance. But Mukhoda comforted them with the assurance that every thing was going on in strict accordance with the plan laid down by her, the particulars of which she said would soon be revealed. When, however, the nature of the struggle going on within, could no longer be mistaken, Mukhoda shook her head with the most knowing air, and said that if a lady, after having made advances to a young man, thought it proper just to enhance the value of her favors, to resent any small liberties he might have taken, the best thing *they* could do was to hold their tongue. Had any thing serious been going on, either Bhooboneshoree or Kusam must have cried aloud for help ; at any rate, one of them would have responded to their call, when aid had been announced to be at hand. But even supposing that she had been threatened with personal violence, it became a question how far they

were justified in calling for help. The other ladies might, if they chose, awake the house, and expose a widow whose character had hitherto been above suspicion, but *she* (Mukhoda) set too great a value on a lady's reputation to do anything that might endanger it.

In the midst of these discussions, the ladies were startled by a voice crying aloud—"Hands off! I am not the person whom you take me for. My kicks and cuffs have failed to cure you of your passion, and served only to intensify the hallucination with which you are seized. If I have suffered from your infernal attentions, I am cheered by the consolation that the lady for whom they were intended is safe."

The voice could not be mistaken. But how could Dwarik, to whom it belonged, manage to find admittance into the room, for the purpose, as it appeared, of protecting Bhooboneshoree from outrage, was a mystery to the ladies. The fact was, Mukhoda had taken Dwarik into her confidence, and had been considerably assisted by him in laying out her plans. For she had been led to believe that Dwarik was equally interested with herself in compassing Bhooboneshoree's ruin. She was not apparently aware that Dwarik had so long been secretly paying court to Bhooboneshoree, and that his jealousy would not allow him to see his rival obtain opportunities, which, with all his professions of love and devotion, he had himself hitherto failed to secure. Naturally, Dwarik would have been averse to any arrangement that had for its object the enticing of Bhooboneshoree into Chunder's bed-room at night. But he had acquiesced in it in the hope of turning the opportunity to his own advantage. Before Chunder retired to his room that evening, Dwarik had, unknown to Mukhoda, contrived to conceal himself below his bedstead. Thence he not only overheard the conversation between Chunder and Bhooboneshoree, but minutely watched their movements. When the latter, in the course of her flight, overturned and extinguished the light it was Dwarik who, issuing out of his hiding place, rushed forth in her pursuit. But

fortunately for Bhooboneshoree, instead of overtaking her, he came in unexpected collision with Chunder ; and this led to the struggle which has already been described. At the commencement Chunder was impressed with the idea that Bhooboneshoree had voluntarily jumped into his arms, and in this impression he was confirmed by the conduct of Dwarik who at first labored under a similar delusion. The latter was, however, soon undeceived, and tried his best to disengage himself from Chunder's arms ; the more so as his soft and delicate limbs were unequally matched with the hard and strong frame of his antagonist. It was not till Dwarik had been laid prostrate on the ground, and being unable to extricate himself from his painful situation, made use of the expressions alluded to above, that Chunder became aware of his mistake.

It may be observed that even when crying aloud for mercy, Dwarik contrived to shift the blame from his shoulders to those of his antagonist. Chunder was no doubt to blame for the part which he had taken, but his offence was venial, as compared with that of his rival, who, while professing to protect Bhooboneshoree from dishonor, had carefully laid out his plans for her ruin, and who had attempted the consummation of his passion at the expense of his rival's reputation.

Chunder was so confounded at the discovery of his mistake, that Dwarik did not find it difficult to shake him off, and throwing open the door, invite the ladies to come to the rescue of Bhooboneshoree whose person, he said, he was singly unable to protect from Chunder's violence. A light was immediately struck, and a search being made, Bhooboneshoree was found lying on the floor in a state of insensibility. The ladies proceeded to throw water into her face, and blow the fan over her, while the more timid ones struck their breast, and squatting themselves, and stretching their legs, on the floor, began to weep as if she was already dead. When she was at last brought back to her senses, Mukhoda, while casting reproachful glances at Dwarik, threw her arms round her neck, and congratulated her, not as the other ladies did on

her recovery from swoon, but on her escape from dishonor, which she attributed to the perfection of her own plans. But her voice was drowned by that of Dwarik, who loudly accused his rival of every crime under the sun. Chunder of course retaliated, but Dwarik spoke with such an air of innocence and feeling, and his tale was so plausible and well contrived, that the ladies unanimously convicted the former of all the charges laid against him, and thanked the latter for saving Bhooboneshoree. Indeed, appearances were so much against Chunder, and circumstantial evidence so strong in Dwarik's favor, that even Chunder himself felt the justice of the verdict, though he would not acknowledge so much in words.

The ladies now became anxious to know what the matter was with Kusam who had not answered to their loud and repeated calls, and who did not even seem to be aware what had transpired in a room contiguous to her own. They unfastened the door, and on entering her room, was surprised to observe that she still lay buried in profound slumber from which it was difficult to arouse her. It was clear that she had been drugged with opium, but by whom and why? The ladies, led by Dwarik and Mukhoda, were unanimous in attributing the act to Chunder in spite of his protestations to the contrary. No one else, they thought, had any object to answer by it. Of course they could not know that it was a part of Dwarik and Mukhoda's plan to make it impossible for Kusam to render any assistance to Bhooboneshoree after she had been enticed into her husband's room.

Chapter XXIII.

REPENTANCE AND SELF-ACCUSATION.

BEFORE the ladies dispersed for the night, they swore by each other's head to keep the preceding accidents a secret from the elder members of the family.

But scarcely had the sun arisen above the horizon, when Shookhoda broke into Lukshmi's sleeping-room, and before she could leave her pillow, whispered the tale with the minutest details into her ear. The good lady immediately repaired to Bhooboneshoree's chamber. Finding the door shut, she looked through the window, and perceived her wallowing on the bare floor in the greatest distress imaginable. Lukshmi knocked at the door, and demanded instant admittance.

"Honored aunt," said Bhooboneshoree, "excuse me, I am very ill." "No, child! you must open it. I cannot bear to see you so unhappy," and the good aunt's eyes filled with tears, and her voice became hoarse. Bhooboneshoree dragged herself near the door, and throwing it open, fell over the threshold. Lukshmi carried her in her arms, and though desiring her not to weep, mingled her own tears with her's.

"Don't you weep, my sweet child!" said she, as she kissed her eyes, kissed her lips, kissed her cheeks, and to prevent her sobs which shook her whole frame, she pressed her to her breast, and stroked her back, but still the sweet child went on shedding unsweet tears. "My darling! You need not be so much grieved. Your delicacy is shocked at the treatment you have received, and well it might be. But still no harm has been done, while you have very good reasons to congratulate yourself on your success in saving the life of a cousin, and your own person from dishonor."

"But honored aunt," said Bhooboneshoree, "I ought not to have placed myself in the power of a man so as to render an attempt on my honor possible. Had my beloved husband been living, he would have expelled me from his house for such imprudent conduct. Appearances are so much against me that I could not have convinced him of the purity of my motives."

"I quite agree with you," replied Lukshmi, "that you should have avoided a night interview in Chunder's bed-chamber, unaccompanied by any other lady. But you were taken unawares, and could not foresee what would

happen. Besides, a charming girl like yourself is liable to be involved in contingencies which it is often difficult to guard against. The merit you have gained by saving Kusam's life outweighs the venial fault you may be guilty of, and your offence, if you have committed one, is not grave enough to alienate the affection of your husband if he were alive, but as he is dead, nothing need be said about it."

"O dear aunt! what do you say?" exclaimed Bhooboneshoree, surprised. "My beloved husband's spirit must be hovering round me day and night. There is hardly a moment I do not think of him. Could his spirit desert a wife who considers that hour ill spent in which her thoughts do not dwell on him?"

Lukshmi thought her niece was cracked, as in her opinion, her husband's soul must have long ago transmigrated into another body. But as she was foolishly fond of her in spite of her foibles, she thought it better to humour her. "Yes, child, his spirit could not have deserted so chaste and devoted a wife. But as his heart must have been refined after death, he is not so jealous now as he was when alive. He can now see your heart and is not deceived by appearances."

Bhooboneshoree seemed much relieved, but she added, "Dear aunt! do not say my husband was jealous. He had no jealousy, no imperfection whatever. If he *seemed* on one or two occasions to be jealous, the fault lay entirely on my side, my weak understanding and infirm purpose being, as in the present instance, the root of all evil."

WHAT WILT THOU WORSHIP, OH MY SOUL ?

I

WHAT wilt thou worship, Oh my soul ?
Look on the world around,
With wonders fraught the oceans roll,
And smile the hills with wonder crown'd !
But wilt thou to the raging main,
Or to the hill, or to the plain,
Thy votive homage pay ?
A mightier power there reigns supreme ;
Oh turn my soul, Oh turn to Him
Whom waves and hills obey.

II

How vast, stupendous is His might
Let burning thunders tell,
And the lightning's livid light
When bursting o'er the dell !
O'er the wide sea the wild tornado raves,
Lashing to foam the angry waves
And heaving mountains to the sky ;
But back unto the ocean's breast
Those self-same waves retreat to rest
When done His purpose high.

III

Darkness and light to Him belong,
He bids the sun arise,
At His command the bright stars throng
To light the murky skies ;
And when He draws the pall again
'Tis darkness over land and main,
And wild, primeval night,
Nor may one transient beam illumine
The deepness of that dreary gloom
Until He calls for light !

IV

Through desert sands, o'er frozen sod,
The heathen plods his rayless way,
In distant lands to seek for God,
O'er the sainted Himalay.
But thou, my soul, thy God is nigh
In peril's darkest hour ;
No cavern dark, no mountain high
Can veil His awful power :
Then turn, my soul, Oh turn to Him,
The lord of lords, that God supreme
Whom Heaven and Earth obey.

THE MILITARY TRAVELLER.

PREFACE.

POOR Jim Cruikshank, the active athlete, the daring rider, the racy story-teller—little thought I ever to see him in charge of a Sergeant and three full privates being escorted to his native land ! Yet now I remember it, there was occasionally in his stories and actions a weird look and gleam of eccentricity that occasioned a laugh, but that now having more fully developed itself was the cause of the present fostering care of the Sergeant and three privates. I went down to the Railway Station to see him. I first saw the Sergeant, rather dreading the interview with my poor lunatic friend.

“ Well, Sergeant, how's Captain Cruikshank ? ”

“ Well, he is very well, Sir, and I have no doubt will be 'appy to see you, Sir.”

“ Is he very bad and troublesome ? ”

“ Lor' bless you, Sir ! He is one of the very nicest gentlemen I ever had charge on, Sir, or had charge of me either. He stands us liquor without giving us too much, which is more than most gentlemen in their senses do. I shouldn't have thought there was anything at all wrong with him, Sir, but once to try him I said in joke—I might have to take the silver paper parcel that he so carefully keeps about 'im. Lor' ! Sir, you should have seen his eyes. When the men were away he comes up to me, Sir, with that awful look I see in many a man's eyes, Sir, when he volunteers for desperate service, or when he has made up his mind to shoot his officer or comrade, Sir. I knows it well, Sir, but with it all, Sir, this 'ere gentleman was so polite, Sir, he frightened me ; it sounded so like to the Colonel saying of—‘Drummer, do your duty !’

“ ‘Sergeant,’ says he, ‘I would be obliged by your letting me know if you really meant what you said about this little parcel,’ and I saw the tears come into his eyes, Sir, as he looked at it, poor gentleman ! And now, Sir, I saw him shiver a bit when he saw that 'ere black woman with the bunch of hair on the back of her head and the half-naked back and arms that's now going along the platform.”

“ Why, Sergeant, that's only a Madras Ayah,” I said.

"Well, whatever it is, Sir, it frightened the poor gentleman, but he's all right now, but gave orders he won't leave the carriage till she is away. They say too, Sir, that 'ere silver parcel is only a pair of silk stockings that belonged to the poor gentleman's dead wife, so I am afraid your friend, Sir, is a little" (and here the Sergeant significantly pointed to his forehead).

As the train made a long stay, I asked poor Jim to a *tête à tête* dinner, and I can't say I perceived any aberration of intellect. He only once alluded to his journey, and I give his own words.—"Yes, it is very melancholy to have a Sergeant and three men told off for one's comfort, with rail and passage free, lots to eat and drink and nothing to do except what one likes, and encouraged even to do that." "And look after silk stockings," I added, as I felt a little indignant. And now it was my turn to look small, as he rose and advanced towards me with the terrible glare in his eyes the Sergeant spoke of, and his hand suspiciously extended towards the knife-laden table.

"Be kind enough to repeat that last sentence, if you please," he said very deliberately. I simply said, "Jim, old boy, I am a brute. Forgive me." My friend turned and walked to the door, and methought I heard the sound of a suppressed sob as he walked away, never to return. Next morning I went down to the Station to see him off, when he presented me with the manuscript of the following story—

THE DAK BUNGALOW.

A TRUE STORY.

I SAT in a Dak Bungalow, surrounded by livid and struggling corpses, the bloody instrument of their destruction raised aloft. I had satisfactorily settled the following dilemma. Being in a Dak Bungalow against your will, yet having your choice, *which* is preferable—Girded with your father's sword that has waved a thousand years in the battle and the breeze,—or, armed with a fly flapper, bang another livid struggling corpse.

Happily
The flies fly,
Serenely
They die, die.

But to proceed.

In a Dak Bungalow, from flies to sparrows—is by no means an illegitimate bound for the lively imagination. There they are—

Building each other's nests,
Tickling each other's chests,
Carrying out reciprocal behests,
Lover like to all outsiders pests !

And now we'll fly
to
matrimony,

or something very like it—

Oh ! madness is a merry, merry thing !
Past hates and joys around us ring,
The glare of hate or tuneful string,
Each, each its share of joys does bring.

Others joy in a merry merry mood,
And ghastly gaze at roaring flood,
Or quaking watch the madman brood
O'r witching thoughts, the whirl of blood.

Happy were the days when wife and I
Joined in song or shared in sigh,
Oh ! happy was the day that she did die,
For, to be sure, soon on her breast I'll lie !

I sat right in the centre of the Bungalow. So extremely absorbed was I in the antics of two dusty, but affectionate sparrows that I utterly forgot to take a room. Suddenly and unexpectedly, the usual Dak Gari of the period drove up, in a most Jchu-like fashion. The driver looked somewhat scared and frightened, and occasionally looked sharply round as if an enemy of ants or wasps had turned both flanks and were preparing to launch the main Army against his rear. Almost before the Gari stopped, he had jumped off the box. His triumphant air, evidently with difficulty suppressed, betokened his having outmanœuvred the enemy. A hoarse summons and fierce knocking from

inside summoned him to the back of the Gari. The door being opened, an extremely beefy ankle and leg gradually descended, as gradually and simultaneously ascended a by no means proverbially white wedding-garment. In the course of time the fellow ankle and leg were deposited. There was an irritability connected with the advent and arrival of leg No. 2 on the ground, showing that something was wrong.

The lady's irritable and irascible voice now growled out. "Where's my husband? Where's the Khansamah? Where's the Bheestie? the Bhungy? the butcher? and the rest of the Black beggars? Where's the coachman?" Where indeed, was the last! He was very near,—but yet so far. He moved in his orbit around the stout moon-faced lady, and a very extensive orbit he contrived to make it. Right skilfully he performed the manœuvre, with an earnestness, an energy and an industriousness that deserved, and met, its reward. For, in the hand of this moon-faced, moon-ankled woman was a sorry but gampy-looking umbrella, the point whereof had evidently been borrowed, or stolen, from a Lancer Regiment, and which could be warranted to turn the flanks or rear of an elephant or rhinoceros, hide he ever so wisely.

This instrument immediately accounted for the all-pervading gaze, motions and scared looks of the coachman.

"Where's my husband? Yack, Yack, Yack," yelled and stamped the moon-ankled in a fury of rage, "Yack, Yack."

Has the fierce reader with his fierce dogs ever been so wicked or so cruel as to drive a Pariah dog into a corner, while the poor brute, somewhat tired and frightened, and hastening towards his devouring end, snaps with a savage and foaming "yack, yack," from side to side?

Well, then, I say, that fierce reader has a feeble notion of the way the moon-ankled called her lord and master.

At the last word "Yack," from among the boxes on the roof, a good-looking head, with a somewhat feeble body attached to it, was raised.

The foaming mouth growled out—

"Yer lazy good for nothing feller, comfortably asleep on

the roof, and I, yer lawful, wedded wife, a standing in the cold blast ! You come down, Sir ?”

Terrible the voice, awful the umbrella, but the little man began to come down with a joyous alacrity. What pluck ! I thought. And sure enough, during the descent, I espied the V. C. on his small, but manly chest.

The fierce woman seemed somewhat subdued, and almost ceased her poking at the coachman.

The little man coolly stroked his moustache, and looked somewhat nonchalantly at his stout and strong helpmate. Perhaps this vexed her, perhaps it was her destiny, but there is no doubt she did slightly transfix the little man. He hardly moved, but looked stern and pale, as, with a fine and manly word of command, the memorable word, “Ayahs !” rung out on the morning breeze.

Immediately a huge, black and forbidding form sprung out from the interior of the Gari, while a light but wiry, young but hideous, little black woman sprung from the coachbox and sprung to the side of her bigger and blacker companion.

Another word of command. “Samson and Dellilah ! the usual fee. Do your duty.”

The two women instantly seized the lawful wife. She seemed at first inclined to make a fight but the bigger blackwoman, who was energetically chewing and getting rid of the disgusting betel-leaf, and the who, I remarked, had two hideous black spots, blacker than rest of her face on her cheeks, now said to the lawful—“What for give trouble, Ma’am. Plenty trouble give, plenty punishment get,” and they walked off with their victim, and soon from an inner room resounded the sound of weeping, wailing and switching.

I roused myself from my stupid amazement. I rushed towards the husband to remonstrate. He was evidently accustomed to such. His calm voice replied, “No use,” my dear Sir. I dearly love my wife, she as dearly loves me. My size but still more the wounds received in the service of my country forbid my personal interference in

the occasional exuberance of temper shown by one of the best and most lovable of women."

As he spoke, the stout and strong, awful but lawful affectionately waddled towards him, threw her arms round him, and said, "Oh Jackey dear, I am so sorry, forgive me, but never forget me."

The two hideous betel-chewing, red-mouthed and grinning women soon followed. Ten rupees ("the usual fee") was handed to them. It appeared the Ayahs turn now for a present in return—"Please Missis," like some real Madras pepper water Delilah, "and I make plenty good." They proceeded to make it.

Query. What's Pepper Water? Ask Madras.

I felt undecided as to my future course. The awful and most lovable said, with a look that spoke of the British Museum Library.

"Jacky dear, is he a bullying of ye'r?"

I managed to make up my mind, and retired into the verandah.

Should the gentle reader be astonished at this awful tale here unfolded, what, dear and gentle one, must have been *my* feelings—I, who beheld all this, and fainted not,—as is the manner of women!

I stood transfixed in the Verandah of Astonishment, and gazed somnambulistically bewildered through the *Chick* of Surprise.

I reviewed my past life, and the life that I once fondly hoped was to come, but now, alas!—

Oh never for me
Was 't ever to be,
Oh never, never more,
As hoped for heretofore,
Lovely woman can poss'bly be
Wife, or widow, or thorn, to me.

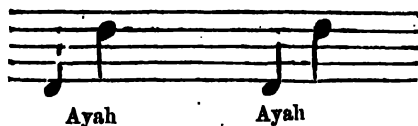
At this imbecile period, I remember savagely stamping my foot. I turned to depart, but first with raised arm and clenched fist, I almost, as it were, Judge Advocately swore myself in. I well remember it indeed, as they

were almost the last words I was destined to make on this then hideous earth. I stamped and said—"I would not be married for the whole world!"

Snakes, centipedes and scorpions! Oh! Wasps! No?—the bigger Indian hornet. Stingo Gigantico? Oh, what then? I turned round to kill my small but agonising tormentor. Pain and trial and torture—it was all accounted for. There stood the awful lawful, grinning and champing her bloody umbrella tipped with gore, my gore. Fortunately I was in arrears and had the muster rolls and pay abstracts of two months in my pocket. This saved my life, but the hole in the papers gave me a lot of trouble.

Resistance to the death was my first thought. O for a heavy boot on my stalwart legs! instead of the beautifully worked slipper of my first and only mother. As I am in the habit of remarking, in days of doubt and danger our past lives rise up in review before us—the days of my melancholy childhood now passed before me. I yelled out as in the days of old when I wanted to summon the cook-room adoring Ayah, and at the same time to rouse and show my dear mamma—the Ayah was nowhere near me.

I generally shook with fervent passion an hour on the upper D, before I could be quieted.



Instantly the hideous vision vanished. Another instant two visions seven times more hideous made their appearance.

"Wherefore master call? Master want anything, give 20 Rupees then I do."

"10, Ayah," I said.

"No, Sir, my own good master, give 10 and the wages."

"15, Ayah," I said.

"All right. When master go out, then Delilah and me do," said Samson.

My conscience, it pricked me. A lawful though awful

woman to be beaten. I hesitated and sat down to think. I as quickly rose ; my agonising doubts were dispelled. The demon of hate and pain got possession of me.

I looked abroad. The young husband was taking his walks in the distance.

"All right, Ayah." Even then I hesitated. My conscience, it pricked me again. I stifled it by adding, "Do your duty."

Every body expects every one else and the rest to do their duty. Weeping and wailing and smiting were again heard from one of the more inner rooms—this time, evidently so as not to disturb the little husband.

The two betel-chewing blood-thirsty-looking women again stood before me.

"15 Rupee give. My Missus all the black and the blues master like, and no believe can see."

In the Arabian Nights and in that book of books (I allude to the Bagh O bahar) I had read of hideous black devils having the form of women.

This time I fondly hoped peradventure I was dreaming, but the stern reality of a bank-note and five shining white dibs dispelled my doubts. Samson and Delilah departed, chewing harder, grinning broader, and looking redder than ever about the gills.

I tried to fall into an oblivious reverie, as, surely, "'Tis but a vision." The hoarse and well-known voice of the full-moon-ankled woman shouted at an open door—"Yer shall rue this 'ere business !" I felt now as it were past feeling. I ruminated as one without reason and chewed the cud of rising thoughts. The sounds and sights I had lately gone through assumed a dreamy appearance. I must have been as usual on the verge of lunacy. "How do you do ? Oh you shall rue, do, do, do, and rue, rue, rue," I feebly repeated.

Again the rattle of a Gari was heard. It set down at the opposite door of the staging bungalow, putting me as it were between two fires. I wearily watched the Gari step. My helpless, hopeless, ruminating brain wandered on, thinking—two black betel-leaf-eating Ayahs—the usual

thing I suppose—a Gari step—feet of beef—globe-like ankles—dust-soiled garments—the weary round—the daily task—sticking fat feet on a broad step—yells and smittings—wails that are wafted. A silver buckle rivetted and anchored my attention. A silver buckle, an iron step, a high instep, a step of iron, a high ivory iron instep, an instep of high ivory, iron-alloyed, a high ivory instep without any particle of alloy—Oh! dear, I am going mad. Silk stocking! Ah! that is something tangible. I can concentrate my thoughts,—they are fully concentrated,—the stockings have saved me. I am sane. Can I be too grateful? Blessed be stockings of silk. Let us sing—

Silk stockings, silk stockings!

Thy name shall be

A household word, a memory,

Like distant wailings

Of the sunlit sea,

Like a gladsome, joyous melody,

A harbour of refuge on stormy sea,

A light to guide poor wandering me!

Silk stockings, silk stockings!

Thrice blessed be thee!

And now another shining buckle with the usual accompaniments, if possible, more perfect and perforated.

Another shining buckle!

A buckler to me,

Oh wandering brain!

A shield shall be,

A shiny silk stocking a buckle for thee,

Pearly and priceless, gained without fee,

Hooked and unhooking a shield for aye,

A memory dear to thy dying day!

The two shining buckles tinkled, twinkled to the ground, with the beautiful feet in shoes—so bright—most adorable, like beauty unadorned yet most adorned—perfect yet perforated, covering yet exposing!

But why rehearse the turning point of my ebbing life? The beautiful poetry above in all its fulness, freshness and foolishness, fully exposes my sentimental sentiments on the subject.

A voice as melodious as the stockings—I mean stockings as melodious as the voice. Alas! I wander. To the point. A melodious voice with a very base accompaniment, (so I thought at the time) duetted, answered and re-answered from the interior of the Gari.

Lady from outside—"Are you sure, darling Harry, I have not been crushing you?"

Refrain in base from interior—"Grandmother."

"Come out dear, I'll make you comfortable in five minutes," and she grasped a Bologna sausage.

A bewhiskered and knickerbockered form now descended. My romance was ended. My heart sank within me. The woman was possessed, appropriated, already apportioned. The buckles grew dim. A cataractic film rushed to my brimming eyes. I got angry.

No shield, no buckle, Oh nothing for me!

Drown yer wailing yer distant sea.

I had had no time for breakfast. I hungrily watched the jolly couple. Another Bologna sausage! French asparagus—cherry brandy—beer of Murree! Too much! too much by half!—I thought. The days of my childhood again rose up. Give me some, I was about to demand, but the love of good breeding conquered the love of good feeding. I mournfully looked through the *Chick* of Hunger, while the Hydropult of Famine nearly burst my manly cheeks.

I turned to flee. I raised my stalwart arm, now slightly wasted by famine. I stamped and thought and spoke aloud—"I would give the world to be married!"

A laugh startled me—"Ha! Ha! Well, take him at his word, Blanchy!—a devilish good-looking fellow."

"Be quiet, Harry. He'll hear you."

"Don't care if he does. Devilish good-looking fellow—intelligent face—must have passed Higher Standard—eminently suited to make a wife happy."

"Are you sure you didn't forget the asparagus, Blanche? Domestic happiness without asparagus is vain and fleeting!"

"Be quiet, Harry, a *chick* only divides us. Look, he is looking."

I returned to flee. A voice arrested me. "Blow this *chick*!" I stepped forward to help, saying, "*chicks* are a nuisance." "Right you are," he said, "especially at breakfast. Talking about breakfast, we shall be happy to share pot lucky with you, if you will give us the pleasure of your company, Mr.—I mean Captain—easy to see you are a military man—hum.... ha..., what name may I give to my little wife?"

"Cruickshank," I said. "Ah, Captain Cruickshanks—very happy to make your acquaintance." I started. Why will men plural me? My name is short, and I never thought it sweet. Why lengthen it then, and embitter my existence? He introduced himself "Captain Brandon," a gallant fellow and a gallant name. "Captain Brandons," I said. He twigged at once. It was dangerous to call me Cruickshanks. In fact, the reader will see further on, whether dangerous or no to any body else, it would have been dangerous for myself—extremely so. I breakfasted. It was the first happy moment, I had had for a long time. The sausage of Bologna fled too fast before us, and the asparagus made itself wings. Mrs. Brandon evidently thought me handsome, and said, she knew she had seen my photograph in some album. I was as certain I had seen hers. A goodly portion of the above dainties were laid aside for Rosy, who was coming on with the children.

Rosy indeed, no wonder, takes after, the sausage, round and rosy, like all these nursemaids, or long and yellow like all these asparagus. Perhaps she is like the latter, and called Rosy in derision.

I loved the Bologna too much to like Rosy, as they called her, and when I looked towards the asparagus tops, the green-eyed monster got possession of me.

(To be continued.)

AUTUMN.

AND has the year then circled round ?

Is golden Autumn come again ?

Is that the rustling, lulling sound

Of falling leaves and fitful rain ?

Is that the Autumn moon so bright,—

The matchless Kohinoor of sky ?

Is that the glorious gem of light,

Which poets sing in raptures high ?

The river runs with swelling tide,

To meet her mighty love,—the sea ;

Like an impatient, love-sick bride,

Old Ocean, how she runs to thee !

The birds their annual plumes have shed,

And put on glories rich and new,

Glad of the feast about them'spread

Of fruit and grain of tempting hue.

The lotus bright,—the water-queen,

Majestic lifts her glorious face ;

While round and round the Bhromore's seen

In humming flights admire her grace.

Their best of green the meadows wear,

And earth with richest blooms is gay ;

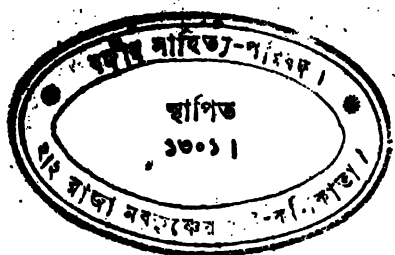
And Nature looks so bright and fair,

As if it were her bridal-day.

See how, beneath the spreading shade,
Yon merry prattlers play around ;
Like flow'rets dropt from boughs o'erhead
They seem, or *champacs* sprung from ground !
See, friend meets friend on native sod,
And hands fast locked in hands remain,
As old familiar scenes are trod
By kindred spirits joined again.

Prepare the way ! prepare the way !
Great Uma comes to bless the earth !
Let swelling music stream away,
And be this world a scene of mirth !
Let all the charities of life
Now rule the universal heart ;
Cease, brethren, cease your angry strife,
And act to all a brother's part !

RAM SHARMA.



THE FAVORITES OF THE HINDU POETS.

AMONG the nations of antiquity the Hindus have been honorably distinguished for their appreciation of external nature. The intense love of *our* poets for landscape—their admiration for different forms of animal and vegetable life—is well noticed by Humboldt, Goethe and other master spirits of Europe, who have studied deeply into the mental workings and manners of our forefathers. Perhaps, the poets of ancient India had a greater share of this love, because their *janma-bhumi* (father-land) is blessed with a greater share of loveliness and variety in its natural objects, than are to be found in most parts of the globe. Foreigners, with only a fair share of observation in them, are in raptures at the nobleness of its streams, the grandeur of its mountains, the profusion and richness of its trees and foliage, the beauty and delicacy of its sweet-scented flowers, and the music and variegated colours of its birds. They are almost unanimous in acknowledging that India is the country where Providence has showered with a prodigal hand, upon things animate and inanimate alike, the most exquisite of sounds, hues and odours.

The purpose of the present Paper is to present the readers of the Magazine with a series of extracts and observations, identifying some of these beautiful objects, as depicted in the Poesy of ancient and mediæval India. The writer may here take the liberty to say, that it is a well-known fact, that many household words, with Hindus of the present age, are, as regards their signification, but so much Greek to them. They scarcely

know the objects meant by such words, though they constantly use them for comparisons in their writings and conversation.

With this short preface, allow me, Mr. Editor, to commence my task, and perform it to the best of my leisure and ability. The first part of the paper will consist of a description of the birds loved by our poets.

I.—KHANJANA.

THE Khanjana is the spotted wag-tail. The following is the description given by Jerdon :—" Broad frontal band, white, the rest of the upper plumage black with white spots ; secondaries and tail black without spots ; rump white ; the greater wing-coverts white ; forming a large oblique white band, and the secondaries and tertials also white at the base, and tipped white, primary dusky brown, lateral tail feathers, and the tip of the central one, white ; neck and breast black ; abdomen and under-tail coverts white." This beautiful wag-tail migrates in Bengal as soon as the cold season sets in. They pick up insects by the waysides and grassy fields, wagging their tails, and fly or run rapidly as you approach them.

The large sparkling ever-moving eyes of handsome women are often compared by our poets with this very pretty bird.

There was a romantic belief that the man would become a king who saw one of these birds perch upon a lotus (*helumbium specum*). Whatever may have been the origin of this belief, true it is, as noticed by modern ornithologists, that this wagtail is never seen to perch on anything. The following epigram of one of our elder Poets will, I hope, be acceptable to the reader :—

एकौ हि खज्जनवरो नखिनीदलस्थो हटः करोति चतरङ्गवाधपत्नं । किंवा
करिष्यति भयद्वन्द्वारविन्दं जानासि नो नयनखज्जनयुग्ममेतत् ।

'Tis said whoever sees in some lucky hour,
 A wagtail perched upon a lotus-flower,
 Becomes a mighty lord of legions* sure ;
 But lady ! in thy lotus-face so pure,
 I see a pair of glancing wagtails fine,
 Yet marvel much what fortune will be mine !

The word *Khanjana* is derived from the root *खजि* to go lamely, as the movements of the wagtail are never steady.

II.—CHAKORA.

THIS beautiful bird is found throughout the Western Himalayas. It belongs to the genus *Perdix* or Partridge, and is the "Chukor Partridge" of modern Indian sportsmen. The following description is taken from Jerdon's *Birds of India* :—

"Plumage above pale bluish, or olive ashy, withed with a rufous tinge ; lores black, and a white band behind, ear-coverts rufous ; wings reddish ashy, the coverts tipped with buff, and the primaries narrowly edged with the same ; tail ashy on the central feathers, the laterals tinged with rufous, face, chin, and throat fulvous or rufous, surrounded by a black band which begins at the eye, and forms a sort of necklace round the throat, below this the neck and breast are ashy, changing to buff—on the abdomen and undertail coverts, flanks of the breast and belly beautifully banded, each feather being ashy at the base, with two large black bands, the terminal one tipped with fine marrow, and the space between the bands creamy white. Bill red ; irides yellowish white ; legs and feet red. Length 15 to 16 inches ; extent 24 ; wing $6\frac{3}{4}$, tail $3\frac{1}{2}$; tarsus 13-4 ; bill at front 1 ; weight 18oz. to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb."

Our poets often descant on the fond love of the Chakora for the moon. Some even go so far as to assert

* In the original, the word is "Chaturanga," which means an entire army composed of the four adjuncts, elephants, horses, chariots and men.

that it is the moon's beam only that cools the bird's thirst.

चकोर्यश्च चतुरास्त्रिंशपानकर्मणि । विनावक्त्रोर् नितुषाः सुखो
रतिगन्धर्वि ।

The Chokore revels in bright Phæbe's ray,
As Avanti's* maids in love's wanton play !

“The male,” says Major Browne, “is very bold and is tamed for the purpose of fighting.” In a domesticated state, says another writer in the *Bengal Sporting Magazine*, the Chakora is peculiarly bold, fearless, and entertaining. That the Chakora was domesticated in ancient India, particularly by ladies of high rank, is proved by the following extract from the *Naishadha*—a poem attributed to the great progenitor of the editor of this Magazine :—

अथ नमैव चकोरशिर्षुर्भनेर्द्रजति सिन्धुपवनस्य नशिष्यतां । अशितुमश्विभधी-
नवतोऽस्य वा शशिकराः पिवतः कतिः शीकराः ।

Would that this young Chakora of mine were a disciple of the sage that drank off the ocean ; for such a pupil it were an easy task to consume the beams of the moon.

The above is from the lament of Princess Damayanti for the absence of king Nala. Such objects as the moon, the sweet south breeze laden with perfume, the cuckoo's mellow notes, &c., which are all pleasing to lovers at their meetings, have a contrary effect on them in their separation ; hence this tirade against the moon-beams. The sentiment is peculiarly Indian.

Whatever be the meaning of the imaginative language of the Poet, we know for certain, by a study of modern ornithology, that the Chakora breaks silence towards evening and seems to rejoice in welcoming the first appearance of the moon in the horizon.

It feeds on grain, roots, seeds and berries.

It is a curious fact that while the mild Hindu called this bird, “the drinker of moon-beams”, the fiery Afghan has given it the name of “the fire-cater.” The Cashmerians call it *kan-kan* from its cry. Wilson derives

* Ujjayini, the modern Ujein, the Paris of ancient India.

the word from चक, to be satisfied; चोपादिकं चोरन् प्रसन्नः ; what is satisfied with the moon-beam. This derivation, it is presumed, is far-fetched and fanciful. As the call of the bird resembles kak-kak or chak-chak, we would rather suppose—that this must have been the origin of the name.

III.—CHAKRAVAKA.

THIS bird is the Braminey duck of English sportsmen, otherwise called the ruddy sheldrake. Its call is peculiar and goose-like (like a clarionet, says Gallas) sounding something like *a-oang*, and hence the name of Aungir is given to this bird among the Mongols, by whom it is held sacred.

This bird is so very common in the Ganges and other rivers that a description of it is superfluous.

There is a legend “that two lovers for some indiscretion were transformed into Braminy ducks, and they are condemned to pass the night apart from each other on opposite banks of rivers, and that all night long each, in its turn, asks its mate if it shall come across, but the question is always met by a negative, ‘Chakwa, Aengi’—‘no, Chakwi.’ ‘Chakwi, Owenga,’ ‘no, Chakwa.’” The writer of this paper has personally ascertained the truth of this nocturnal separation of the Chakravaka from its mate. This piteous call from the opposite bank of a river, during the live long night, is very plaintive. Almost all our elder and modern poets have dwelt on the separation of the lovers. The following is a sample from Kálidása—the great High Priest of Nature :—

दृष्टाभरसकेशरत्नजोः क्रन्दतोवपरिहृत्तकण्ठ योः । भिन्नयोः सरसि चक्रवा-
कयोरेकमनरकृत्यतां गतम् ।

Here lo! separation enchances (doubles) the distance between the wailing pair of Chakravaka, destined (by Nature) to be separate ; the stem of lotus is left half-eaten ; their necks askant to have a sight of each other,

The following Bengali verses are taken from a foot-note in my translation of the Kumára Sambhava :—

চক্রবাক চক্রবাকী একই পিঞ্জরে ।

নিশাযোগে নিষাদ আনিল নিজ ঘরে ॥

চকী বলে চকা প্রিয় এ বড় কোঁতুক ।

বিধি হতো ব্যাধ ভাল এত দুঃখে সুখ ॥

A pair of sheldrakes once at close of day
A fowler brought home from the wood away.
The gallant male said to his mate—My dear,
How happy are we, tho' imprisoned here !
For while Fate parts us both at sundown, sweet,
To-night the fowler gives us here to meet !

For the rest, the ruddy sheldrake is found in pairs. Vast numbers of them are to be seen in the Chilka lake, particularly during the hot months.

IV.—CHATAKA.

THERE are some controversial points in regard to the identification of this favorite of the Poets. It is well-known that in Bengal, we call by this name a small bird of the *Hirundo* species, whose notes sound something like "Phatik jal", meaning (get me) crystal (drops) of water, whence it is also called "Phatik Jal." This shrill but sweet note is heard among copses of bamboo or furze during the summer months, as if the poor bird is dying for sheer thirst, begging the clouds for their liquid crystal drops. On the other hand, the people of Upper India have named both the common hawk cuckoo and pied-crested cuckoo, Chátak or Popiya,—by which latter name we in the Lower Provinces designate the same bird as the "Chok Gelo." Again, Professor Wilson identifies the Chátaka with *Cuculus melanobucus*, but I do not find a description of this species of the cuckoo in Blyth, Horsfield, Sykes or Jerdon.

If my humble opinion is worth anything, I think there is reason to believe that the Popiya of the Hindustanis is the Chátaka of our Poets,—for these latter all belong to the Upper-Provinces, and the word must have

descended from them to the present generation. Its notes are particularly heard before the setting in of the rains, during the hours of daydawn and dusk.

"It frequents gardens, groves, avenues, and jungles, and its loud, crescendo notes are to be heard in the breeding season, from chiefly April to July in the South of India, but beginning earlier in Bengal, according to Blyth in every garden or avenue. It sounds something like Pipechā, Pipeeha, repeated several times, each time in a higher note than the last, till they become exceedingly loud and shrill."

The modern Poets of Northern India often allude in their love-songs, to the plaintive notes of this bird on the approach of the clouds in the rainy season. The one commencing with "Ghuné amarya Śiri lechy, bāgowā boli, papi pāpihā piu piu ruté aré e ma!"—must be well known to our music-loving readers.

The word Chātaka is derived from चृत् to beg, the affix चृत् begging water from the clouds, the supposed sole source of the fluid which this bird drinks.

The Sanskrit poets have developed the above idea in two minor poems. They are called the Purva Chātakash-taka, and the Uttara Chātakashtaka. These two poems, though literally plaintive addresses of the Chātaka to the cloud for water, are evidently the solicitation of some poor poet for pecuniary assistance from some potentate or other, for poverty and poetry are almost synonymous terms in all climes and times.

(To be continued.)

HODGEPODGE.

THE subject of this article being a dish peculiar to this season, we make no hesitation in offering it to our readers. The Anglicised Babu, more beef-eating than vegetarian, may not, probably does not, like it ; but to every orthodox Hindu, it is as much welcome as those glorious non-descripts, which under the name of cakes, delight the heart and disorder the stomach of orthodoxy in the cold month of December. We present it, therefore, to our readers in right Bramanical style, with our *Ashis* as a matter of course. Sit down to it, ye who will ; but you, Mr. and Mrs. Dash, who have a great predilection for all kinds of forbidden food, may retire, for mine host of Maga is determined to have a select company. Paul Mohashay, you are welcome ; Rajah Bahadoor, your humble servant ; I am glad to see you, Quicktosh. Why are you skulking there, Bunkum ? Let me introduce you to my friends.

Now, boys, let us go to the Poojah Dalan, if you please. There's our idol mounted on a majestic lion. She is Britannia, and is accompanied by our Queen that is and our Queen to be, and spearing the monster, Famine. How hideous he looks ! Well may men's hearts quiver at the sight ! But see, he is quite overpowered. Well done ! Lord Northbrook ! Served him right, Sir Richard ! Both of you deserve to be apotheosized* There, my Lord, we present you to the world as Gunnesha* the Wise, and your Lieutenant as Kartika the chivalrous. Is not that a noble spectacle ? Yes, infinitely nobler than that of so-called heroes letting loose the blood-hounds of war on their weaker brethren. Yours is the glorious triumph of Peace—the rich reward of a satisfied conscience—the

* But where are the mice—the planters who had the loot of the famine ?

guerdon of Duty unflinchingly performed ! But we must stop our Pegasus. Our modesty is well-known, and we are afraid such a flight might bring down on us thunders of applause from our contemporaries. There is St. Paul, who knows but he may yet pronounce this article as "by far the most interesting and ablest in the Doorga Poojah Number, &c.," without, perhaps, reading it through.

Talking of St. Paul, reminds us of the gratification he expressed the other day at a remark of the *Friend of India*, that we are all in the same boat. Have a care, old boy ; it is the old story of Shiboo and Nidoo. Whenever Shiboo needed Nidoo's help, the former would say—"Are not we brothers ? Can our interests be other than identical ?" But if, perchance, the case was reversed, he would sharply declare—"Go to ; our ways lie in different directions !" And what if your comrade, expert swimmer as he is, should choose to *scuttle* the boat in mid-stream ? You would sink like lead into the water, poor fellow, while *he* would ride the waves like a buoy and gain the shore in a trice !

Do you need an illustration ? There is the Meares' case for you. Crowdom cawed itself hoarse, (all but Jim Crow, and the more honor to him !) because one of the number was taken in a trap. Was ever so much cawing and flapping of wings heard before for any other member of the feathered kingdom ? There they are—the honest unselfish birds ! still wheeling over-head and keeping up a continual scream from the plains to the hills, cawing curses on the fowlers and their snares, and threatening, Oh dear ! a flight beyond the sea. Oh don't ! How can the country get on without you ? The doves and pigeons and sparrows would give themselves such airs ! And then you are so useful in your own way ! Who can better scent a feast from afar than you ? Who so clever at snatching a morsel from a child as you ? Is any thing half so watchful as a rookery ? Bang goes the morning gun, and with it we hear an endless reverberation of caw—caw—caw, till it is taken up, in Bengal at least, by

the *rising* generation just in their alphabet. Shade of *Prehlad!* Is there not thought enough for tears in the eternal π of these black-coated birds? "Now, Mr. Crow"—we are addressing the noisiest of them—"now, Mr. Crow, here's a compact, an it please your crowship; take back yon Assamese for your Jessorean pet, and hold that rattling tongue of yours in your silly head." Now the deed is signed and sealed. Will you, dear and honored Sir, register it? If so, we are coming presently in force.

In the same boat indeed! Poor Habeeram is foully murdered in cold blood, a British Jury make no bones. (God save the mark!) to pronounce the astounding doctrine that killing is no murder, and crowdom goes to roost, well stuffed with the law of evidence,—pleased with itself and with the legal vultures around, without raising even the ghost of a caw at such a monstrous failure of justice. But what does it matter? Habeeram was only a cooly, although made after the image of his maker! Is *color* a mere idea? O Berkeley! Here in India it is something more! It was abundantly proved that the man was murdered. The evidence on this point was astonishingly consistent for ignorant native testimony. But, by a beautiful arrangement, the bones became the bones of contention, and the real point to which attention should have been directed, *viz.*, the perpetration of the murder, was shamefully overlooked. Will the murderer, whoever he is, escape scotfree? Will he go abroad with the brand of Cain burning, burning, burning on his loathsome brow? Will society hug the incarnate pollution to its bosom, and not make one effort to cast it off? Enquirer, cease; the farce of a trial has been gone through. What more satisfaction need the ghost of Habeeram?

The truth of the matter is, incessant cawing is the result of a distemper, called by certain physicians *seolf-lûv*. As we 'keeps' a doctor who would, if he could, have polished off his thousands per diem, we are in a position to prescribe a cure for it. We don't insist on a lac for disclosing our secret. We are above all sordid considerations of

filthy lucre. Filthy ! Who calls it filthy ? Look at these Rupees fresh from the Mint. Do thy look at all filthy ? We are sure the best of us would like to have a grab at them. Ah, Mr. philosopher, grapes *are* sour when we can't get them. It is not money, but the want of it, that is the root of all evil. Well, as we were going to say, we are prepared to divulge the grand secret for NOTHING, which we hope even you, Babu K—, will not consider high price for so invaluable a specific. Here it is :—

Tinct. Nux. Vom.²².

Six drops in six ounces of water. Take half an ounce twice a day in an empty stomach. And BLEED FREELY ! The last part of the prescription to be specially observed at this season of the year.

From bleeding to blood-shedding, the transition is easy, and this the British Indian Government is about to accomplish. Having bled profusely during the Famine, it must needs draw blood from somebody by way of compensation. The Dufflas have been troublesome of late, so they are to be subjected to the operation. The British Lion is a most noble animal ; he will simply go to their territory, treat them to a roar or two, and having sucked ever so small a quantity of the enemy's blood, will return to his own *darah*, shaking his mane and tossing up his tail, in right leonine style. We wonder what kind of honors will be awarded to the officer commanding the expedition. We bet you a hundred to one his arms will be crowned with victory. Nay more. We are sure he will make such short work of it, that Caesar's celebrated message will bear repetition on the coming occasion. *Veni, Vidi, Veci*. Will he be Baron Thingumbob of Duffla ? Oh for a Napier to write the history of this frontier war !

"Who goes there ?"

"F. R. S. C., the poet of the *Observer*."

"Do you accompany the expedition ?"

"Yes."

"In what capacity ?"

"Arms and the man I sing !"

"We understand you. Pass on."

But Pegasus is rather a restive animal, viciously given to rearing and kicking, and we are afraid dear F. R. S. C. may get a fall. But they are all birds of a feather. Every pigmy would draw Ulysses' bow; every bully would perform the twelve labors of Hercules and more; every fool would rush in where angels fear to tread. Dear me! what fantastic tricks they play before high heaven! Hodge sits in Aristotle's chair; Mr. Snip flourishes a Field Marshal's baton; and Mr. Briefless—why it is a sight to make angels weep to see *you* discoursing every week on law and jurisprudence of which, between ourselves, you are as innocent as Wordsworth's Peter Bell! Blow—blow your trumpets. There is marvellous virtue in brass.

N. B.—A certain contemporary will please note the "philosophic tone" of the remark just made. Yes, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio!

But what of the other thing? asked jesting Ram, but did not receive a reply. You are incapable of it, poppy and mandagora, my friend, have done their sad work with you.

Excuse us, gentlemen, for a minute. Some friends are dropping in, we must go and receive them. Mr. Planatgenet, this is very kind. How is that horrid fright Mrs. Moggins? Is the oratorical arms till exercised as of yore? Heard from dear Tom? How we should like to possess that charm of Lall Pundit's! It would be such fun to bring the whole tribe of honor-hunting Babus to our feet. We wish, also, we could have Tom's "Reflectors" to fix the stiff-necked Snobs and Mogginses of society. Mr. Dutt, we are delighted to see you. How is the dear wanderer? This way, Mitranus, this way, if you please. We have not had this pleasure for a long time. We missed you much at the opening of the new hospital the other day. It was such a jolly affair. The tales of, or rather about, a grandfather were recited with great gusto by the speakers. You should have been there to do justice to the female gender!

Surely, the age of chivalry is gone. There were gallant knights and ladies gay, but not a soul spoke of his or her grandmother, on that memorable day. Is it possible none of them ever had a grandmother to speak about? Grieve not, dear old creatures; we shall supply the omission.

Well, then, we had a grandmother—the very queen of grandmothers. Do you doubt our statement? Ah, simpleton, we should not be if we had not one, nor would the world enjoy this delectable dish to-day. Our grandmother understood this very well, nay, knew it by intuition, and so went about her business like a good girl as she was. Like most of her sex, she was exceedingly fond of pecking her lord, so that in course of time she managed to peck off every feather of manhood from him. Yet the poor man had one weakness, viz: love of company which remained wife-proof to the last. He would come home late every night, and every night cry peccavi and promise better behaviour, only to break his promise on the morrow. What could he do, poor man, Ram had asked him to supper; Sham had a puppet show at his place; Rajendra's wife celebrated her *boto* that evening; Rangalal read a capital new poem of his; there was such fine music at the Rajah Bahadoor's! His pleas were as plausible as her tongue was sharp. One night she swore by the ten arms of Durga she would never share the same bed with him if he kept late hours again. The morning sun saw him strongly resolved not to stir out of door for a month. The midday sun saw him ditto, and his own heart applauded him. Toward evening however, his resolution began to give way. There was a nautch that night at the Dutts', at which all the city notabilities would be present. Jogee had asked his company. Would it be right to decline the *invite*? What would all his friends think of him if he kept away? Even Girinauth, with his two wives, had occasionally more liberty of action. Why not slip away like him just for half an hour, and come back unnoticed?

Ah, unhappy man! we are afraid thou art doomed. Stay, old fellow, stay where you are! Think how fear-

fully Girinauth is scratched and pulled about between his two wives whenever he is caught playing the truant ! Reason is man's proud privilege—reasoning, not unoften his bane. Adam reasoned about the apple, and he fell. Was not he the first and greatest of the henpecked order ?

But our grandfather fancied it was a happy thought:—one of those happy thoughts which land the thinker in a hobble. He stood up—went towards the gate—paused—listened—sat down in Ram Singh's charpoy. Here, Sado, bring a *Chillum* of tobacco. He took a few pulls at the hookah—stood up once more—looked towards the zenana—stepped into the street—and off he hastened to the Dutts', determined to be back in half an hour. On arriving at his destination, he observed that the nautch had not yet commenced. Guests were still pouring in, and there was much hustling and hurrying to and fro on the part of that busy body Harirkhoora, who seemed to know everybody, and talked to everybody, and looked for all the world as if he were Harirkhoora the Great. In a short time, the courtyard, which was converted into a gigantic ball-room for the occasion, was filled to overflowing. There was Lord Brown, the *Burra Lat's Summundy*, and Sir Tadpole Jones, the *Chota Lat's Ditto*, and the Hon'ble Pennylove Robinson, the *Padree Lat's Kookrodung*. There was Shem—not the Hebrew gentleman of traditional notoriety—but Babu Shem—dapper Shem—Shem of the rotund proportions—that “diner out of the first water,” who never gave a treat in all his life, but lived through life, like a human orchid, upon his friends, taking his morning tea at Omook's, and his dinner at Bishma Mitter's. There was Hurrund, a mighty hunter of big men, a famous lickspittle or rather capacious spittoon, who attempted to fly to Olympus on the wings of a dead tomtit. There was Bistoo, the bag-pipe man, who was ever lustily bowing his pipe at rich men's houses. There was Kalla Chunder, the notorious screw,

who fancied that that little instrument and his Bramini ——— would alone work his salvation. There were also, to be sure, a great many members of the Fuss-ociation—"a whole galaxy", to use the figurative language of a highly imaginative contemporary, "of bright stars who illumined the social firmament of those days," Only the aforesaid stars were drest in the most fantastic costumes with head-gears representing all the colors of the rainbow, and talked more than twinkled in their spheres. But hush ! she comes, Janki the Bulbul of the East. She bows to the audience as gracefully as only a Mussulmanee signora can, and all at once bursts into "Taj ba taj no ba no !"

Meanwhile, our grandmother performed her evening poojah, and told her beads in right orthodox style; that is, Krishnajeew was mixed up with the orders given to the servants, with the gup that went round, and with the scandal that formed the stock-in-trade of the gossips who had gathered round her. How Rammoney's husband was a naughty man, and was seen talking to their young servant girl late one night ; how Nobokissen was too attentive to his *Bahans*. And Roma Nauth too familiar with that strapping wench of a cook ; how Brojo Nauth was governed by his wife, and hung on to the skirts of her *unchul* ; how Degumber was found out ogling and making love to the barber's *bohoo* ; how Mohinee was a silly creature in letting Kristanund eat roast fowl and mutton-chops with the Doctor who lived hard by ; how the whole neighbourhood was scandalized at Denoo's wife putting on a gown and driving *a la Bebee Shaheb* in a carriage ; these were the matters discussed and commented on at the evening conversazione.

The clock struck ten. The visitors departed. Our Grandmother prepared to retire for the night.

"Where is the *Kurta*, Kanchonee ?"

"Gone out, lady-mother."

"Gone out ! I will never see his face again—the wretch !"

She then entered the bed-room, slammed the door violently after her, drew the bolt, and flung herself in bed. "I am sure," she said to herself, "those, wicked men, Ram and Sham, have enticed him away. If they cross my threshold again, I will give them a bit of my mind—I will. The idle scamps! Is there no law against spoiling honest, simple folks—against kidnapping husbands! Before he knew them, he was most attentive to his business, and perfectly submissive to my will. My boys and girls were then the best drest children in the neighbourhood, and I had no end of jewellery given to me. But now—why the other day he actually refused to give me more than a hundred and fifty Rupees, when I wanted two hundred to buy a few things for the girls. My Kisto has been crying ever so much for a young rhinoceros since he saw one at the Park, and up to this day the wretch has not got the child one."

Thus she soliloquised about her wrongs, when a gentle knock was heard at the door. Another and yet another.

"Who is there?" she demanded.

"Its m-m-m-e!" a tremulous voice replied.

"Begone, you wretch! go back to your vagabond companions, nor dare thus to disturb an honest woman's rest!"

"B-u-t I a-m s-s-s-o fa-a-int—f-o-r G-G-o-d's s-a-k-e op-en the do-oo-r I h-a-ve h-ad six mo—"

It was then the height of the cholera season. Visions of the fearful malady flashed across her agitated mind. In a moment she sprang from her bed, undid the bolt, and let the trembling suppliant in. Faintly, as if with an effort, he tumbled in, and groaned in great agony.

"What ails you, my dear? What is the matter with my good man? Have you had six——?"

"Nothing, love; only I have had six mo-mo-mo derate-sized rhinoceroses given me by a friend. Here they are," and he handed her half a dozen engravings of that beautiful animal for "my Kisto!"

And what shape would the Fawcett testimonial now take, my dear St. Paul? We would suggest a bronze statue to APATHY, or an additional wing to the British Indian Association Rooms.

The feast is over. The guests are gone. *Ko hye*, let fall the curtain—shut the door.

Y. C. D.

INDIAN SONGS IN ENGLISH VERSE.

IV.—THE DAWN.

রাগিণী ললিত । তাল আড়াঠেকা ।

অগ্নি সুখময়ি উষে ! কে তোমায়ে নিরমিল ?
বালার্ক সিন্দুর ফোঁটা, কে তোমার শিরে দিল ?
হাসিতেছ মৃদু মৃদু, আনন্দে ভাসিছে সবে,
কে শিখালে এই হাসি, কেবাসে যে হাসাইল ?
ভুবন মোহিত করি, গাইছ বিপিনে কারে ?
বল কে সে পুষ্পাঞ্জলি, অর্পণ করিছ বারে ?
কমল নয়ন মেলি, কার পানে চেয়ে আছ ?
কার তরে বসিতেছে, প্রেম অক্ষ নিরমল ?
এই ছিল জীবগণ, মৃত প্রায় অচেতন,
তব দরশন মাত্র, পাইল নব জীবন,
বারেক আমায়ে তুমি, দেখাও দেখাও দেখি তারে,
হেন সঞ্জীবনী শক্তি, যে তোমায়ে প্রদানিল ?

OH say, Aurora ever blest,
By whom created thou ?
Whose hand that vermil tint has placed
Upon thy lovely brow ?
Thy smiling, winning look the while
Does joy on all bestow ;
Ah ! who has taught that charming smile ?
At whom thou smilest now ?
To whom thou singest all alone
Within that lonely grove ?
For whom those flowers freshly blown ?
For whom those tears of love ?
The world stirs, but scarce past the hour
In death-like sleep 'twas laid ;
Oh might I see who gave thee pow'r
Thus to revive the dead !

R. S.

MOOKERJEE'S MAGAZINE

December, 1874.

JUPITER'S DAUGHTERS.

WE borrow the name of one of Mrs. Jenkin's novels, not to review it, but to brush up our classics. The Greek fables are very rich, though unfortunately at the same time very obscene. They have, however, an undercurrent of wisdom and instruction which makes their study not unprofitable. The form of conveying instruction by fables was apparently the earliest in use, and despite extravagancies and obscenities—both common defects of the olden times—we think it also the best, because the impression left by it is the most lasting. We forget the maxims of Plato and Bacon ; but who has ever forgotten the fables—Greek, Hindu, or English—that he learnt in his youth ?

Jupiter, according to the Greek fables, was the most powerful of the gods. He bore a great resemblance to our oriental princes of modern times—at least in the chapter of wives and concubines. The Koran gives the Faithful four wives, and as many mistresses as he may choose to support. The Hindu Rajahs also have, at all times, delighted in a large number of both, whom they called their own so long as they could keep them confined within their palace walls. Similarly, Jupiter had some eight wives, namely, Metis, Themis, Eurynome, Ceres, Mnemosyne, Dione, Latona, and Juno ; while the number of his mistresses was legion, including

Maia, Semele, Io, Danaë, Antiope, Leda, Ægina, Europa, Callisto, Alcmena, and Electra. Some accounts make out Juno only to be his lawful wife, all the rest being regarded as left-handed connections, like the *Nikâs* of the Mahomedans ; but this was not the general belief. The progeny of Jupiter were of course very numerous. We propose to notice the goddesses first, as we are warm advocates of female rights.

The most powerful of Jupiter's daughters was Minerva or Pallas Athenæ, the goddess of wisdom, war, and chastity ; whose authority and consequence in Heaven are represented as having been equal to those of her father. The account of Sanchoniatho, the Phœnician, recognizes an Athena the daughter of Cronus, who accompanied him in his travels over the earth, during which he came to Attica and bestowed it upon her. The Egyptian account makes Minerva and Isis to be the same. The Greek account, which is dissimilar to both, says that Minerva was conceived in the womb of Metis (Prudence,) the first wife of Jupiter, who was devoured by her husband ~~boa~~-constrictor fashion, because Heaven and Earth had foretold that the child that would be born of her—the blue-eyed Tritogenia—would be equal to her father in strength and counsel. The birth, however, could not be prevented, possibly because the god had not masticated his fare ; his brain became the seat of the unborn babe ; a severe neuralgic headache followed ; and, depletion being the medical treatment in fashion in those ages, the opening of an artery gave Minerva passage to come out armed. The surgeon, according to some authorities, was Vulcan, according to others, Prometheus, both of whom appear to have held M. D. degrees of the old school. From this time the child of his head became Jupiter's greatest favorite. Lord Bacon reads the fable as explaining how kings, *after sucking their counsellors dry*, give birth to the counsel in the form of a decree or order emanating from themselves. Our reading is that the ancient Greeks understood his lordship's aphorism that " Knowledge

is Power" as well as he did, though none of them had asserted it as bluntly; and that Minerva in the fables represented the former, while Jupiter represented the latter.

We need not repeat from Lempriere what all the attributes of the goddess were, for they are well known. Her pretensions to beauty were considerable, for she contended with Venus and Juno for the golden apple thrown by Discord into the feast of the Immortals, with the inscription "To the fairest." We do not read, however, that she was much prized in Heaven, which would seem to indicate that wisdom there—whether allied with beauty or not—was, as in most of our Calcutta councils, rather at a discount. The only admirers of the goddess in the aerial regions were her father, who consulted her on all occasions, power being of little use without the guidance of wisdom; and her brother Vulcan, the artist, who wanted to marry her, that is, to unite art with wisdom for ever, to which the lady would not agree, well knowing that most artists are but fools. The admirers of Minerva on the earth were numerous, which is very complimentary to our common sense; and her kindnesses in return were very endearing, and were shared in by every prudent chief we read of. Homer represents her as constant in her attentions to all his great heroes. She stands by Achilles during his altercation with Agamemnon, when

"Half unsheath'd appear'd the shining blade."

The hot-headed fool was rushing upon certain destruction, since any act of violence to the chief of the Greeks in the midst of them was sure to be promptly answered by a stab. Wisdom pulls him by the hair; even Achilles discovers that discretion is the better part of valor, and his wrath is controlled though not appeased. He receives her assistance on other occasions also, especially when in his thirst for conquest he finds himself surrounded by the waves of the Xanthus, from which only Neptune (his nautical skill) and Minerva (prudence) could rescue him. More frequently still she is seen at

the side of Ulysses, her especial favourite, as Nestor forcibly describes him in the *Odyssey* :

“Never on man did heavenly favors shine
With rays so strong, distinguish'd, and divine.”

When the Greeks in a body accept the proposal of Agamemnon to re-embark for home, wisdom (Pallas) descends to the wise (Ulysses) to prevent such a disgraceful retreat, upon which he represents eloquently to his brother chiefs how unsatisfactory it would be

“So long to remain, then bootless to return.”

In the *Odyssey* she directs him to the palace of Alcinous in the form of a girl carrying a pitcher,

“————— in which low disguise
Lay hid the goddess of the azure eyes.”

But nowhere does she appear in better light than when receiving him on his own island of Ithaca after he had been left there by the Phæacians, when, after having listened patiently to the story he invents to account for his presence there,

“O! still the same Ulysses! she rejoined,
In useful craft successfully refined!

* * * *

Know'st thou not me who made thy life my care
Through ten years' wandering and through ten years' war?”

She appears to Diomedes, the next great hero of the Greeks, when rashness hesitates to rush pell-mell against the gods, and incites him on first against Venus and next against Mars, inculcating that Imbecility and Ungovernable Fury even in high quarters are not enemies that wisdom need shrink from. She is at hand even to arrest the arrow of Pandarus from piercing Menelaus to the quick. But she never appears besides Ajax—“Mars' idiot, who has not so much wit as would stop the eye of Helen's needle”—which would seem to imply that, in the poet's opinion, bulk and strength were

rarely refined by judgment and discretion. In earlier times Hercules, Theseus, and Perseus were particularly favored by her; and also Jason, the chief of the Argonautic expedition. She superintended the building of the Argo, and by her care crowned the efforts of those embarked in it with success, which implies the necessity of enterprise being guided by prudence. Similarly, she superintended the building of the Wooden Horse that took Troy, - the entire enterprise being based on sagacity and wisdom. But of all her partialities the most marked was her motherly fondness for Telemachus, which imparts a particular charm on his youthful and hesitating discretion. She advises him in the form of Mentos to go in quest of his father, and when, on parting, her divinity is made manifest, "heroic thoughts his heart dilate" and wisdom and common sense take the place of inanity and youth. She again assumes the human form to guide and direct him during his wanderings, which fills even old Nestor's heart with envy, and makes him sing out—

"Pallas herself, the war-triumphant maid,
Confessed is thine, as once thy father's aid.
So guide me, goddess! so propitious shine
On me, my consort, and my royal line!"

The only flagrant instance of unkindness recorded of Minerva was the punishment she inflicted on Tiresias, for an act of juvenile heedlessness. Minerva loved his mother Chariclo, and on one occasion both together went to bathe in Helicon. Tiresias, coming in quest of his mother, saw what was not permitted to mortal eyes, upon which he was struck blind. This naturally enraged Chariclo, who upbraided the goddess for her severity, upon which Minerva explained that the infliction followed a law of Jupiter which it was not in her power to set aside; but that she would do all she could to alleviate its misery. To this end she conferred on Tiresias the gift of prophecy, gave him a magic staff to guide his footsteps, extended his age greatly, and allowed him the retention of all his mental powers through life.

The next daughter of Jupiter in point of importance was Diana, the offspring of Latona, and goddess of hunting and celibacy. The active predilections of the age made her a favorite deity ; but otherwise there is nothing particular about her to be noted. She turned Callisto into a bear for breach of chastity, and changed Actæon into a stag for having beheld her naked at the bath. But, for all that, her chastity, unlike that of Minerva, was not above suspicion ; since she is represented as having granted very familiar favors to Endymion, Pan, and Orion, while Minerva is represented as having successfully resisted even the violence of Vulcan. Dryden is of course right when he says :

“ Better to hunt in fields ‘a health unbought,
Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.”

But it is not the less true that this health-finding on the part of females in company with their male friends, often leads to the finding of other things which were not particularly or very urgently required, and all our *Die Vernons* may as well take a note of this. Lord Bacon explains Endymion to have been some court favorite, and Diana a sovereign who quitted his throne to unbosom himself to him. We have of course the highest respect for his lordship's learning and ingenuity, but a caveat, it appears to us, was not the best place for such conference, and if the sovereign was of the female sex, his lordship's conceit does not mend matters in the least.

The third daughter of Jupiter in the order of precedence was Venus, begot of Dione, and believed to be the same as Astarte, though others hold Astarte and Diana to be the same. Jupiter had sworn by the Styx to give to Vulcan whatever he desired, upon which he first wished to have Minerva for his bedfellow, against which Wisdom protested, and with success. Vulcan next asked for Beauty and Love, a pardonable request in an artist who expected that his wife would read his visage in his mind, but which, being granted, caused him no end of troubles. The olden nations seem all to have entertained a very indifferent opinion of the female sex, and

beauty, whether among goddesses or women, is almost always represented as very frail. Venus yielded her person to Mars, Mercury, Bacchus, and Neptune among the gods, and to Adonis and Anchises among mortals. By the last she had Æneas, whom

“ ————mindful of the love

She bore Anchises in the Idæan grove,”

she rescued from the fury of Diomed on the field of Troy, being herself wounded on the occasion by her mortal antagonist. She was the patroness, not only of chaste love, but also of wantonness and incestuous enjoyments, nay, even of beastliness, as is testified by the adoration of *Venus fricatrix*. We find her quite in her element when, acting as a go-between, she brings Helen to her paramour's bed :

“ Haste happy nymph ! for thee thy Paris calls,

Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls ;

Fair as a god ! with odours round him spread

He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed.”

Her worship was universal ; gods and men alike paid homage to her power. Juno herself borrowed her girdle to regain the heart of her truant husband ; and Vulcan, who knew all the intrigues of his wife, always forgave her when she appeared before him in her loveliness, an example which husbands in all ages have eagerly followed.

Proserpine, the queen of Hades, may be allowed the fourth rank. She was so beautiful that first her own father, and then her uncle Pluto, became enamoured of her. Incest was a favorite crime among the Greeks, and the gods were particularly addicted to it. Jupiter made love to Proserpine in the form of a serpent. Is the story of Eve and the serpent borrowed from this fable ? Pluto, who did not think worse of the beauty for Jupiter's love, forcibly carried her off to Hades while she

was gathering flowers. This was the most celebrated event in her life. Ceres searched for her all over the earth for several days, till at last Proserpine was got back from the lower regions by the intervention of Jupiter, and was allowed to remain with her mother for two-thirds of each year. The fable is understood to signify the cultivation of corn, Proserpine being the seed that lies concealed under the ground, the time that intervenes between the sowing of the seed and the appearance of the ear being four months, during which period she is of the earth, earthy. The Eleusinian mysteries were celebrated in honor of Proserpine and Ceres. They were *not* indecent, as some fathers of the Church represented them to be. Pausanias says that Pindar, when grown old, was visited by Proserpine in a dream, when she complained that she alone of all the deities was not celebrated in his hymns, but that when he came to her he would make a hymn to her praise. Ten days after the poet died ; and an old woman of Thebes in a dream heard him sing a hymn to Proserpine which, on awaking, she committed to writing.

Hebe was the daughter of Jupiter and Juno, though some authorities make her the daughter of Juno alone, she having conceived her after eating lettuces. This mystery of the lettuces should be more largely enquired into by our homœopaths, for the barren ladies of Bengal are always yearning for children, and it would make the fortune of the practitioner who should discover what lettuces will lead to conception, and how they are to be administered. Juno made Hebe the cup-bearer of Heaven, but she once chanced to fall down in an indelicate position, and after that Jupiter would not have her in that office, an awkward position on the part of a young maiden being justly held objectionable by the father of gods and men, at a place where the cup that inebriates was constantly going round. She afterwards became the wife of Hercules when he was taken up to dwell with the gods, and it was he who first

struck up the song—"None but the brave deserve the fair." The fable says that Hebe had the power of restoring both gods and men to the vigor of youth. It is doubtful however if this was peculiar to herself. Many wise men, from the time of David downwards, have held that all young girls have this virtue in greater or less degree.

Juno also gave birth to Lucinia or Ilthya, the goddess of midwifery, which science was likewise well understood by Diana and by Juno herself. Lady-doctors is, therefore, not an original Yankee institution after all. Nothing is new under the sun, and the Americans seem only to have revived what was long practised among the gods.

The other daughters of Jupiter were the Seasons, the Fates, the Muses, and the Graces. The first were three in number only, and we in Bengal have virtually not more, *i. e.* nothing beyond our winter, summer, and the rains. Homer calls the seasons "gold-filleted;" and in the Orphean hymns they are called "flower-ful" and "odour-ful"—all very pretty descriptions surely. The Fates (*Parcæ*) were also three, one of whom spun the thread of life, which another measured out by lot, while on the third devolved the inexorable duty of cutting it without regard to age, sex, or quality. The Muses were nine in number, all begotten of Mnemosyne or Memory; and their birth place was Pieria, in Macedon. They were generally represented as young and beautiful, but diffident also; so that learning in all ages has always been clothed with modesty, of which our pushing B. As. and M. As. may take note. Sometimes the ladies were represented as dancing in a chorus, intimating the near connection that exists between the different branches of education. The daughters of Pierus challenged them to music, and on being defeated were turned into magpies. We have plenty of magpies in our colleges and schools, and out of them also; but have we had any muses anywhere since the days of Tytler and Richardson? The Graces were born of Eurynome, one of the Oceanides. Hesiod describes them as distilling "care dispelling love".

from their eyes, and looking "lovely from beneath their eye-brows." Every reader of course knows some one living to whom the description will apply, so that the number from three at the outset must have vastly multiplied. The name of Thalia occurs both among the Muses and the Graces possibly because she was both a Muse and a Grace, as they all deserved to be. She presided over festivals and pastoral poetry, and was distinguished from her sisters by a shepherd's crook—very graceful surely, and meant perhaps as a bait for hermits. This conjecture is confirmed when we find that they dressed her in short petticoats. We trust that our Entrance-wallahs and L. As. will not come in her way.

Of Jupiter's illegitimate daughters we shall say nothing. The Greek husbands took credit to themselves if the gods shared their beds, and illegitimacy of birth was not held by them as a reproach. But the times are now changed, and readers have become so fastidious that no one would care to read even the tale of Helen "the divine" if he only knew that she was not begotten by her mother's husband.

INDIAN MELODIES.

III.

OH GRIEVE NOT, MY FRIEND.

OH grieve not, my friend, if thy mistress is coy—
 If her warm, sunny looks sudden coldness betray;
 Let the transient change never thy bosom annoy,
 'Tis the spring-cloud that quickly will vanish away.

Like a stream that meandering runs to the sea,
 The heart of the fair to her lover doth move;
 Though in mazes she stray, though she wander from thee,
 She will bring thee at last the gold flood of her love!

IV.

OH FORGIVE THE SAD FEELING.

OH forgive the sad feeling that never can sleep,
And the tears that in silence the bondsman must weep,
For glory departed and Liberty gone†
The stars may appear,
The moon-beams may cheer,
But still pants the heart for the light of the sun.

The cage may be spacious, the keeper most kind,
And joys may be pour'd out to solace the mind ;
Still the soul of the captive must sigh
For freedom to roam,
In his own forest home,
Unhinder'd by barrier, unfetter'd by tie.

RAM SHARMA.

ON THE OBSTACLES TO THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO INDIA.

By FIRINGHI JÂN, Esq.

TO all sincere Christians the introduction of their religion into our Indian possessions to supersede existing false theological systems must be a subject of the deepest interest. The doctrine that they who believe not in the redeeming power of Christ shall be condemned, is one solemn and awful to contemplate, and not much less so, apparently, is the obligation on Christians to hold forth the light of their knowledge to those who are in spiritual darkness. Indeed, there are some who justify by this obligation the occupation of India by a highly Christian people. It cannot be denied that we are now doing as much as in us lies to improve, morally, socially and intellectually, the races of the East committed to our charge. In most of our efforts we have had much success. Education is rapidly spreading; vernacular newspapers are numerous and possess a wide circulation; hundreds of thousands of natives write their mother-tongues, and some thousands our language with elegance and accuracy; the measures of the Government and passing events receive an intelligent and candid criticism; attention has been turned to the elegancies of European life; tolerable comfort begins to prevail among the people; and the worst social prejudices of Orientals are being gradually eradicated. It is to be feared, however, that the same success cannot be hoped for in the attempt to introduce Christianity into India, even when made, as at present, by the united moral efforts of most civilized Christian peoples. From the ends of the earth, from both hemispheres come missionaries, not, indeed, always as zealous as those who, in the early age of Christianity, diffused a

knowledge of the teachings and life of our Saviour, but still, for the most part, hopeful in their cause, and generally prepared to undergo a reasonable amount of toil in the discharge of their self-imposed or accidentally-acquired duties. In many a land the widow contributes her mite, the already pinched family the cost of the necessaries of life, and the wealthy their thousands, to enable missionaries to preach in India, and convert to Christianity the Hindu and the follower of the Prophet of Mecca. Yet it must be admitted, with all humiliation, that the results are not commensurate with the sacrifice of money, energies, and talents employed. In June last the Bishops of India thus described Indian missionary results:—

“In India we are dealing with millions, not with thousands, and we should mislead you, if we gave you to understand, that any deep general impression has been produced, or that the conversion of India is as yet imminent. There is nothing which can at all warrant the opinion, that the heart of the people has been largely touched, or that the conscience of the people has been affected seriously. There is no advance in the direction of faith in Christ, like that which Pliny describes, or Tertullian proclaims, as characteristic of former eras. In fact, looking at the work of missions on the broadest scale, and specially upon that of our own missions, we must confess, that, in many cases, their condition is one rather of stagnation, than of advance. There seems to be a want in them of the power to edify, and a consequent paralysis of the power to convert. The converts, too often, make such poor progress in the Christian life, that they fail to act as leaven in the lump of their countrymen. In particular, the missions do not attract to Christ many men of education, not even from among those who have been trained within their own schools. Educated natives, as a general rule, still stand apart from the truth; maintaining, at the best, a state of mental vacuity which hangs suspended, for

“a time, between an Atheism, from which they shrink,
 “and a Christianity which fails to overcome their fears
 “and constrain their allegiance.”*

In 1852 there were, out of about two hundred and forty millions of inhabitants in India and Ceylon, 112,191 native Christians; in 1862, the number increased to 153,816;† and in 1872, to 224,161.‡ To show the number* of new conversions included in the two latter items, some deduction must be made for the natural increase of the Christian population during the decades. Considering that the East India Company was established more than two centuries and a half ago, that Christian ministers were sent out in the beginning of the eighteenth century,§ and that, for at least a century, missionary enterprise has been practically uncontrolled, the result is perhaps not one on which Christians can indulge great self-complacency. Besides Protestant, distinguished Roman Catholic Missionaries have laboured in the work of evangelization. Their converts are said to be far more numerous, but, even so, they bear but a very small proportion to the teeming millions of the land's inhabitants. The name of Francis Xavier must for ever be associated with the work of propagating Christianity in India, yet even he, according to the Abbé Dubois, lost heart and turned his face further to the East, to a land richer in hope for the reception of saving truths. Xavier's successors of the Jesuitical order met with much encouragement so long as they were allowed to assimilate Christianity to Heathenism; but, when the system of being all things to all men, of becoming as heathens that they might gain the heathen, was checked by Papal Rescript, Roman Catholicism declined, and most

* “Letter from the Bishops in India to the Archbishop, the Bishops and the Clergy of the Provinces of Canterbury and York, in Convocation assembled.”

† Rev. Mr. Mullens's “Statistical Tables of Missions.”

‡ Report of Allahabad Missionary Conference.

§ Kaye's “Christianity in India,” Chapter III.

of its converts relapsed into their original faiths. It may be here remarked, that the system of the Jesuit missionaries showed what they believed to be the policy of the fathers of the early Christian Church, a policy lent authority by the high example of St. Paul among the Jews, the lawless, and the humble,* and approved by Roman Catholic Missionary success in heathendom in all ages.

Different writers assign different causes for the want of missionary success in India. The great divergence of opinion, among even the most conscientious men, seems to show that there is still room for investigation into the subject, and for a grave and judicial statement of the result by an impartial writer. It must be postulated that our Indian Government has never employed the power of the sword to enforce its religious convictions, that it has never identified itself with even peaceful missionary enterprise, never had recourse to pious fraud, or so much as shown in the selection of officials of whatever rank a natural preference for members of its own faith. And not alone towards the followers of passively indifferent, but of actively hostile creeds, has the government exhibited Christian clemency and forbearance. In this respect, and not in this alone, is our Government the mildest, the most upright, and the most tolerant that has ever been known in the East. Very different from ours has been the conduct of the Mahomedan conquerors. In all ages, they have held the theory, aye, and put it into merciless practice, that their religion must, by all means, be extended with their conquests. They have forcibly converted vanquished peoples, obliged Christians, as well as Pagans, to accept the rite of circumcision and pronounce the abhorred creed that Mahomet was the Prophet of God. They have placed hoarse muezzins in place of the sweet-toned bells of Christian temples; and shattered, with gratuitous circumstances

* First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, IX, 20, 21, 22.

of insult, as well the statues of Vishnu and Shiva, as of the Virgin mother of Christ and the Saints and Apostles of His Church.

As I shall presently show, the Christian religion has been guilty of its violence and its excesses, but not in Asia, although it is certain that, at different epochs of our conquest of India, our Government might, had it been so minded, have played strange freaks of religious bigotry. There are some who assert, that even forcible conversion was possible. Pious fraud certainly was; but it would have been inconsistent with the dignity and integrity of the English Government to follow the example of the Jesuits in India and proclaim their people high caste Brahmins; or of Buonaparte in Egypt, and declare their army Mahomedan and bent on the extirpation of the heathen Hindus. As stated, neither force, artifice, nor official pressure or favor, has been employed. The Christian religion has been allowed to make its way on its merits and the faith of its inspiration; and perhaps this is not the least considerable cause of the diminished favour with which it has been received in India.

A very common cause alleged by missionaries for their want of success is the immorality of several members of the European population in India. This argument has the merit of being handy and convenient. Being also plausible and couched in general terms, it deceives the inexperienced; but it is the argument, I will not say of disingenuousness, but of petulance or ignorance. It is admitted that the honesty of the early European settlers in India was not beyond reproach; but it may be stated once for all, that European sexual immorality, which is clearly what writers like Sir John Kaye and the Rev. Baptist Noel* allude to in their

* This writer's book, "England and India," reflects no credit on Christianity. It is throughout reeking of the intemperateness of religious fanaticism. He devotes a chapter to the punishment *à l'outrance* of the Indian Mutineers. He calls Brama "an incestuous drunkard, and "Doorga pleased with the murder of the innocent, the patroness of thieves "and gratified by obscene songs." Again, "we should not sanction Maho-

works, has tended to a minimum in India. The system of concubinage is there now almost unknown to English gentlemen. The morals of Indian officials may be pronounced superior in every way to those of men in similar positions in any country of Europe. Yet the tendency of the natives to more closely approximate to the English, socially or religiously, seems still infinitesimally small. A neighbouring⁹ oriental country presents to view more immorality on the part of Europeans and far more missionary success. But a few years ago, a newly appointed Governor* of Burmah issued a circular to his European civil officers, stating that he believed concubinage was the custom with them, and warning them that persisting in it would be visited with severe official penalties including the loss of promotion. It was currently believed that the Governor, who had been once in the subordinate ranks of the Burmah Commission himself, spoke from actual experience, and that his charge was well founded. Yet missionary reports show very great success in the conversion of the natives of that country. To quote from the "Mission Field" of February 1873:—"If we turn from Thayet Myo, where the Rev. — is working with hopeful promise of success, to Rangoon, the seat of the capital of British Burmah, we see converts thronging the gates of the way of life. It seems, indeed, that if a sufficient number of men equal to the work were to volunteer their services as Missionaries, the greater part of the population may be brought under Christ's fold." This latter statement is perhaps too sanguine, but at any rate, it is clear that Burmah is a better field than India for missionary labour.

"medanism or Brahminism, the two false religions of India, because these are ruinous to man, opposed to Christ, and insulting to God." Writing of the continuance of some immemorial money grants to native temples, he expresses his opinion, that to administer a fund for the "support of idolatry" is like administering it for the circulation of obscene songs, or for promoting murder." I will not pain the reader with further extracts from this violent and unchristian work.

* General Fytche.

Sir John Kaye states in his "History of the Sepoy War," that Sir John Lawrence, as early as the time of his administration of the Punjab, made private immorality a grave political offence. This was prior to the Great Indian Mutiny, but the strictness of morals which ensued seems to have had as little effect in inducing the voluptuous Hindu and Musalman to abandon the faith of their forefathers, as in rendering them content with their lot as a subject people. Sir Robert Montgomery and Sir Donald McLeod adopted the same policy, and maintained intact the morals of European officers to a degree, perhaps, that was never attained by ancient Roman Censorship; yet we do not hear that the Sikh has cut off his long hair, taken to smoking, or turned his studies from the Granth to the Psalms of David and the Canticles of Solomon; that the Mahomedan border fanatic is less hostile to the Christian creed or less desirous to imbrue his hands in the blood of a *Firinghi*;* or that the ordinary Punjabi of whatever status is now better disposed to tell the truth like a Christian, or love the British Government. On the contrary, besides the Great Indian Mutiny, there has arisen in the Punjab, since the days of Sir John Lawrence's administration, the fanatical sect of Kúkas who fiercely hate us, and have even endeavoured to set our authority at defiance; it has been found necessary to check fanatical outrages on Christians by special legislation; and the estrangement of the people from their rulers has proceeded to an extent not compatible with brotherly affection or admiration for European religions or social usages.

Other alleged obstacles to the spread of Christianity in India are want of zeal on the part of the missionaries, the stiff-necked character of the natives, the immurement of women who cannot be reached by religious teachers, and, lastly, the judgment of God upon the Hindus and Musulmans for their idolatrous

* A corruption of the word Frank, and a term of reproach for the white man in India.

and profane worship.* Before I consider such of these obstacles as are not too ludicrous for consideration, and others which, in my own opinion, really check the reception of the Gospel in India, it is necessary to institute a comparison of the manner in which Christianity was introduced into Europe with that in which it is now sought to propagate it in India. The character of the Indians and their religions,* and the present condition of Christianity must also pass under a brief review.

Paganism and Mahomedanism in India have much more hold on the minds of the people than idolatry had in Greece and Rome at the time of the introduction of Christianity. To use the language of the St. Simonians, paganism had entered on its critical age in the latter countries when Christianity presented itself. In India, the organic ages of Islam and Hinduism have not yet elapsed. Mahomedanism, in particular, seems to possess a dogged energy to repress the human intellect, and surmount all rational criticism.

In Greece and Rome men had attained the highest state of civilization; arts and sciences flourished; travellers to the colonies lost hold of their local superstitions, and communicated to others the progressive ideas they themselves had acquired from foreign intercourse; the wit and raillery of poets and literary men derided the human passions of the gods, and their worship ceased to awe the general multitude of the citizens. These were consequently prepared for the reception of a new, a purer, and a more spiritual religion. Christianity presented itself to them in its most attractive phases. The zeal of its teachers was unbounded, they offered divine sanction to the belief in the immortality of the soul and delights of paradise; and their religion was plastic and accommodating to surrounding superstitions. Very different is the condi-

* I am sorry to find such a generally intelligent writer as the Abbé Dubois urging this as a reason for the want of missionary success in India.

tion of things in India at the present day. Only the upper classes who study European languages have attained true enlightenment,* the literature of the country has not been distinguished by its originality, arts and sciences have long since ceased to flourish, no great poet or humorist has arisen to ridicule the worship of the cruel Shiva, the licentious Krishna, or the unnatural Durga, and the native of India slumbers in lazy, self-contented, spiritual ignorance. If a Hindu, he is not allowed to cross the ocean and thus divest himself of prejudices and enlarge his sympathies. His religion admits no member of another creed within its pale,† and thus at the outset closes its door against strangers who may introduce elements of scepticism, and speak of the many incarnations of Vishnu with a too good-humoured and sprightly familiarity. It further prohibits eating with strangers and, consequently, holding intimate relations with them. The *Sacra Mensæ* which have ever formed a bond of friendship and fellowship among men, find no place in Hinduism. It blends the rigour of caste-prejudice with solemn religious belief. It teaches its votaries to consider that they are the salt of the earth, sprung from the head and limbs of the Creator himself—*nos qui deum incedimus proles*—and that people of all other religions are but as dirt, causing defilement by their touch. The Hindu, therefore, occupies a very lofty religious eminence from which to contemptuously survey the members of all other creeds. Moreover, the Hindu religion and its divine revelations claim

* The encouragement of the study of native languages, particularly Arabic, has caused to spring up a race of fanatics in the country. I shall again refer to this.

† The Hindu religion receives, within India, casteless tribes, but in the belief that they are offshoots from Hinduism. This subject has been lately discussed in the pages of the "Fortnightly Review." Mr. Max Müller's statement, that Brahminism is not a proselytizing religion, is perfectly correct. Brahmins would not receive any one who was by birth a Christian or a Musulman, nor any one who came from beyond the limits of India, though they would, *for a consideration*, a member of an aboriginal Indian tribe, who had not previously concerned himself with Brahminism, but paid a loose deference to some form of idolatry.

for themselves a prodigious antiquity. Though some earnest Christian writers attribute them to centuries not remotely anterior to the birth of Christ, yet some eminent and, perhaps, not less intelligent critics have not feared to admit for the Hindu sacred books a far earlier epoch in the world's history. However this may be decided, it is conceded by all, that the Hindu religion was of venerable age when Christ was born in Bethlehem, that it contains a belief in incarnations and miracles more astounding than his, and that in nothing in which a creed can appeal to the senses of an uncivilized people, is it inferior even to the Roman Catholic Church.

Mahomedans admit that Christ was a prophet, but consider the divine honors paid him a most pernicious heresy of the Christians, entitling them to eternal damnation. Our believing in three persons in one God, they class with the ignorant polytheism of the Hindus, who represent Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, as the triad composing the Deity of the universe. Mahomet's original design was, no doubt, religious reform, as it was that of Luther and Wickliffe. He found idolatry rampant in Arabia, and the Christian religion, particularly among the Collyridians of his country, little removed from the most debasing worship. He concluded that Christ could not have been divine, the religion he had promised to abide with all days, even to the consummation of the world, having fallen so low. In time, however, Mahomet's ambition prompted him to rival Christ, and this he succeeded in accomplishing in the estimation of the society in which he was placed and of a sixth of the present inhabitants of the globe. His ultimate aim was to unite Christians and idolaters under one religion suitable to the country and advantageous to himself and his people. The Kurán was, consequently, compiled, as well to deny the divinity of Christ, the doctrine of the Trinity, and the worship* of the Virgin,

* This appears to be the same in Europe to-day as it was in Arabia thirteen hundred years ago. The following prayer was uttered by the infallible Pope at the Vatican on the 20th September 1874 :—

as to prohibit the vulgar and coarse idolatry of the Arabians.

The early Christian religion generally maintained one ascendant sect which was sufficiently powerful to repress others by physical or moral force; and this no doubt assisted the spread of Christianity. Now, besides numerous petty independent factions, there are the two great sects, Protestant and Roman Catholic, co-existent, co-powerful in a worldly sense, and each claiming the exclusive possession of the means of ultimate salvation. When it is explained to the Hindu, that the two sects of Christianity correspond with the two sects, Shiah and Suni, of Islam, one's hearer doubts the divine mission of Christ, as he does that of Mahomet.

The Christian religion which recommended itself to Pagan Europe, was not the religion of the Reformed Church of England by law established. It was not even the religion of Paul, of Matthew, or of Luke, nor yet of Justin, of Clemens, or of Origen. It was the Christian religion modified by time, by the requirements of society, and by deference to Pagan superstitions. In the second century of our era the doctrine of Purgatory was introduced into the Church to enlist the sympathies of the cultivated Platonists; Christian ascetics paraded public places to rival devout idolaters; images were set up in Christian temples to save the rising sect from the popular imputation of being atheistical; gorgeous ceremonies were introduced to attract an ignorant rabble and give pomp and circumstance to the bantling church; the sacrament of the Holy Supper was prescribed in lieu of the Jewish sacrifice; and anniversary festivals began to be devoutly observed. In the third century further concessions were deemed

"Oh, Blessed Virgin! I beg of thee, for myself, for those who are here, for all those who have cast their lot with me, to help us to stand firm and true to our resolve. We beg thee to help us at our last hour; and when with cold, quivering lips and feeble voice we call upon thy name, do thou with thy chaste spouse take unto thyself these souls whose only wish is to praise and bless God for evermore. *Quando Corpus morietur, fac ut animæ donetur Paradisi gloria. Amen.*"

necessary to conciliate the pagans. Then it was that celibacy of the clergy was recommended, though not enforced; the austerities of Christian devotees increased in number and intensity; fasting was more earnestly recommended, and greater sanctity attached to its observance; excommunication and penance became engines of church discipline; the bread and wine which were taught by the doctrine of transubstantiation to be Christ's body and blood, were placed in gold and silver vessels often studded with costly gems; and the incense which had filled the nostrils of Jupiter, was wafted round the idol-statue of the Virgin. In the fourth century pilgrimages to Palestine and other places of supposed sanctity were encouraged; water was blessed and proclaimed to possess miraculous powers; and the honors which had been paid to heathen gods, became the privilege of deceased saints and martyrs of the Church. Such forms and ceremonies continued to increase until Christianity completely relapsed into a semblance of Paganism.* A Church so formed, appealing to the instincts of barbarians and idolaters, and supported, too, by temporal power, could not but succeed under the then civilization. The Reformed religion of Europe has discarded ceremonies and external pomp to an extent not perhaps compatible with popular religious zeal or deep affection for the teachings of the Church. This has been felt even in our own time.† Several protestant clergymen now believe appeals to the external senses necessary to support Christ's religion in Europe. How much more will such appeals be necessary in India, where the great mass of the people are inferior in intelligence and understanding!

The Majority of the Greeks and Romans to whom Christianity was presented, had no tangible belief in

* *Vide* Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History.

† *Vide* Mr. Gladstone's lately published essay "On Ritualism and Ritual," in which he shows himself clearly in favour of the artistic accompaniments of religious service.

the immortality of the soul.* "When the promise of "eternal happiness," writes Gibbon, "was proposed to mankind on condition of adopting the faith and of observing the precepts of the Gospel, it is no wonder that so advantageous an offer should have been accepted by great numbers of every religion, of every rank, and of every province in the Roman Empire." Now the divine sanction for the belief in the immortality of the soul is nothing new in the East. It has existed there from a time anterior to any of which we possess historical records. Nay, it is certain, that the Jews received from Oriental sources, the doctrine which found no sure support in the Old Testament, and which was indignantly rejected by the influential sect of the Sadducees. Nor are there wanting delights, mental and sensual, in any paradise portrayed by the inventors of Oriental religions. The Hindu heaven of Indra is, according to the *Mahábhárata*, forty miles high, and forty thousands miles in circumference; its pillars are formed of diamonds; its palaces of gold; and it is so resplendent with gems, as to exceed in radiance the blended brightness of a dozen suns. Flowers of a delightful perfume shed their fragrance around, and whatever of female grace or physical beauty can fascinate the Oriental, is to be found in that transcendent region. The followers of Mahomet shall, among other paradisaical heritages, enjoy pleasant gardens through which rivers flow, shall be adorned with golden bracelets, and clothed in green garments woven in silk and gold. Resplendent with glory, they shall repose on nuptial couches with dark-eyed *húris* of surpassing beauty, the happy reward of the abode of delights. And the heavenly worlds of the Buddhists exceed those described by Vyasa and Mahomet, as much as do theirs this prosaic sphere on which we live.

The women of ancient Greece and Rome enjoyed comparative liberty. In India, Hindu and Mahomedan

* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Chapter XV.

women of the better classes are secluded from the eyes of strangers. They cannot be approached by male missionaries, and the efforts of female missionaries are almost always successfully opposed. In most countries, women, being more susceptible of religious influences than men, must first be impressed. In France and Italy, where the better educated among the men have ceased to concern themselves with religious truths, we find that women still cling to their traditional faith and maintain its teachers. Indeed, in those countries, it is avowedly for women and children that pastors are retained. It can easily be understood, that it would require on the part of missionaries more facilities of communication and discussion with Musulman women than can be at present reasonably hoped for, to convert them. Moreover, Musulman women are generally supposed to have no souls. Though, if put in so many words to him, an Indian Musulman would not admit it, he would certainly be puzzled to state his views, if he has any, regarding the abode or condition of women in a future state. Moslem men, as stated, are furnished in Paradise with *hūris* expressly created for the meanest believer, the duty of invoking or propitiating God by prayer is not enjoined on women, and their ultimate destination is involved in apathetic uncertainty. This produces in their minds a want of religious zeal which is a serious drawback to the success of Christian missionaries.

At its origin Christianity was essentially a democratic *culte*, and secured its adherents among the humble and the lowly. When Christ said, "Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God," and "Woe unto you who are rich, for you have received your consolation,"* he really meant that the humble proletariat of his age had the best hopes of everlasting salvation. And when, afterwards, Christianity was introduced into Europe, the Roman people were too busy in their career

* St. Luke, Chapter VI.

of conquests or pleasures, to trouble themselves to understand or oppose a creed which was only professed by the lowest and most obscure classes of the Roman Empire. While Christianity was thus introduced into Rome from below, it has been introduced into India from above. It follows the footsteps of conquerors, and is inseparably associated with the idea of their political domination and alien usages. To some Indians the very name of Christianity must be provocative of pain. It reminds them of departed wealth and authority, of lost pleasures, and of their fellow-countrymen demoralized by not the least monstrous judicial system that has been known in the world.

The Christian religion gained ground by the almost superhuman zeal or fanaticism of its professors. The faith was then fresh as the breath of morning, lovely as a smiling landscape in a newly discovered country, suffused with the fresh and pure love of the Creator Himself, and rendered dazzling to its disciples by the glorious vision of a joyous and beatific immortality. It enchained the reason of man, and led him to despise terrestrial pleasures,—the joys of life, the ties of kindred, and the charms of domestic and social intercourse. When pondering on it now, it is easy to realize the feelings to which Mr. Mathew Arnold has given such beautiful expression—

Oh, had I lived in that great day,
 How had its glory new
 Filled earth and heaven, and caught away
 My ravished spirit too!
 No cloister floor of humid stone
 Had been too cold for me;
 For me no eastern desert lone
 Had been too far to flee;
 No thoughts that to the world belong,
 Had stood against the wave
 Of love, that set so deep and strong
 From Christ's then open grave!

Accordingly, we find that the teachers of Christianity resorted to every species of toil and privation, braved

every danger, and allowed themselves to be guided by what may seem to us in this critical age the most extravagant enthusiasm. Men courted the death of martyrs, and, when they feared disappointment of their hopes, often had recourse not only to round abuse of paganism, but to revilings of its powerful followers. The epistle of Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, to the Church at Rome is not affected, and only more eloquently expresses the sentiments that actuated the myriads of martyrs who, in that age, sealed their faith with their blood.—“On my journey to Rome, I have to fight with beasts by land and sea, by night and day, being fastened to ten leopards (*i. e.* to a band of soldiers,) whom kindness only renders more cruel. I am, however, only rendered the better disciple by their wrongs. Yet I am not thereby justified. I would that the wild beasts were ready for me. I pray that they may be found speedily. I will caress them, that they may devour me the sooner, and not recoil from me through fear, as they have from others. But if they will not do it of good will, I will constrain them. Pardon me for this. I know what is profitable for me. Now do I begin to be a disciple. It is not for me to covet aught of things visible or invisible, if only I obtain Jesus Christ. The fire and the Cross, and the rush of wild beasts, and the tearing asunder of the bones, and the fracture of limbs, and the grinding to powder of the whole body, let these, the devil’s torments, come upon me, provided only I obtain Jesus Christ.” Another manifestation of the same spiritual zeal was asceticism. Enduring superhuman fasts, submitting to physical filth and uncleanness, and even having recourse to scourging the still rebellious body, became a common practice of Christian devotees.

In ancient Rome the blood of Christian martyrs was considered the seed of the Church* ; in modern India

* *Sanguis martyrum semen ecclesie.*

there is no such pabulum for the propagation of Christianity. From Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, and from the Indus to the Brahmaputra, there is scarcely a place where the missionary would run any risk even of a drenching in a neighbouring tank, however coarsely and violently he denounced the religion of the Hindus and Musulmans, and however offensively he told them that they were going the shortest way to the everlasting bonfire.* But, indeed, it cannot often be charged against the missionary that his zeal and devotion are prone to excess; and this result is, perhaps, in a great measure, due to the progress of rationalism. Aspirations such as those of the early Christian martyrs do not generally fill his breast; the lone desert, the trackless forest, the parching heat, the society of the alien and the ignorant, all possess for him their horrors; and his spirit is rarely enraptured by the absorbing contemplation of the Most High. Too often his acquaintance with any one Indian language is, even after a long residence in the East, very superficial; his thoughts are too often centred in his family and his personal comforts; he is rather bent on adding to the balance at his bankers, than to the credit account of his conversions to Christ;† he often purchases houses and squabbles with his tenants rather than visits schools which he represents he has established; he becomes lukewarm in preaching to the heathen the doctrines to disseminate which he has been liberally paid; and he often even relinquishes his mission and adopts a secular profession in India.‡

* The *Nūr ul Abshār*, a native paper, writes—"We would also warn Government against the unwarrantable liberties taken by Christian missionaries, who publish unseemly slanders against other creeds, and in their discourses in the bazaars, use indecent and insulting language against the religious institutions of the Hindus and Musalmans."

† Christ's oft repeated injunction, "Be ye good bankers," receives a very literal interpretation from the modern missionary.

‡ If this indictment be considered too severe, the reader may refer to Mr. Elliot's "Experiences of a Planter in the Jungles of Mysore," Vol I., page 313, *et seq.* I had written the passage before I made the acquaintance of his work. There are, of course, honorable exceptions to Mr. Elliot's statements and mine, but what we have both written will, I dare to assert, remind many readers of what they have witnessed themselves.

I have above remarked that the absence of force, or political or moral pressure, is not the least considerable cause of the comparative failure in the efforts to christianize India. For the causes already given, and which do not, as shown, generally operate in India, Christianity spread during the first three centuries of its existence without the active assistance of the powers of this world; but it must be admitted, that, after the conversion of the Emperor Constantine, less worthy, but not less potent elements of evangelization were introduced. It is asserted with some plausibility, that, finding the Christian converts so numerous, political considerations led him to cast in his lot with the new sect, and obtain its powerful aid to overcome his opponents or enemies, and make himself undisputed master of the Roman Empire. The devotion of Constantine had, however, long wavered. At one time, the Church felt sure of his conversion; at another, he dashed its hopes by some act of pagan levity.* The conduct of Constantine before his conversion has had numerous parallels in India since the commencement of British rule. A notable instance was the Rajah of Kapúthulla, who died a few years since on his journey to England. He frequented the English Church; ate, contrary to the Indian custom, with Christians; married a Christian wife; and gave the fullest hopes of submitting himself to baptism, when, all of a sudden, he was known to seek the spiritual assistance of Brahmins, and frequent the society of his Hindu wives and concubines. He either did not possess sufficient moral courage, or foresce sufficient temporal advantage to himself in becoming a Christian and following the example of the great Roman Emperor.

After the Conversion of Constantine, the Christian religion received the support of power in various ways. When all aspirants to the purple within the Roman

* In the year 321, A. D. Constantine issued two religious edicts, one enjoining the solemn observance of the Christian Sunday, the other proscribing the regular consultation of the Pagan Aruspices!

Empire were either assassinated or removed, Constantine by circular letters exhorted all his subjects to imitate without delay the example of their sovereign, and embrace the divine truths of Christianity.* Such letters, emanating from a despotic Roman Emperor, meant much more than similar exhortations of a civilized modern potentate. Wealth and honors were bestowed on converted countries; cities distinguished for zeal in the cause of Christianity and the destruction of their pagan temples were rewarded with municipal privileges and immunities; and the rabble who could not be persuaded by patrician example of the truths of the new religion, were convinced by robes of honor and substantial presents of money. In due time, the process of conversion was stimulated by the terrors of a military force at the beck of absolute monarchs who, even in that early age, affected to exercise jurisdiction over the Church as well as the State.

Long before the time of Constantine, missionaries had penetrated to France and England, but their religion had gained no powerful hold on the people of these countries until the conversion of their monarchs. This was effected by the following sequence of events. The adoption of Christianity by the Burgundians was a piece of whimsical utilitarianism. They were harassed by the incursions of the Huns, and thought the protection of some divinity necessary for their temporal safety. They had heard of the God of the Romans, and, knowing that the valour of Roman arms was always successful, attributed it rather to the favor of the Roman Deity, than to the bravery of the Romans and the excellence of their military discipline. They, therefore, resolved in public deliberation to become Christians, and proceeded in a body to be baptized by a bishop of Gaul. Fortified by the Church sacrament, they marched against their enemies, and, gaining a brilliant victory over them, became convinced of

* Gibbon, on the authority of Eusebius.

their judiciousness in the selection of a Deity.* Clovis, King of the Franks, in 493 A. D. espoused Clotilda, a niece of the King of the Burgundians, and is said to have become a convert to Christianity on the battle field. When his Franks were flying before the Alemanni, he, in an act of despair, as well, perhaps, as some tender memory of his beautiful wife, invoked her God to vindicate the arms of his soldiers, and vowed conversion as the condition of the fulfilment of his prayer. At that moment, the king of the Alemanni fell, his soldiers fled, and left Clovis the honors of spiritual as well as temporal victory.

In the end of the sixth century, King Ethelbert of Kent married Bertha, daughter of the Christian King of Paris. Her zeal in the cause of her religion prepared her spouse for the subsequent discourses of St. Augustine, and led to his easy conversion. The example of the monarch was followed by his subjects, and even by his brother princes of the Anglo-Saxon Heptarchy. After this period Christianity was, in a great measure, extended by the sword. Charlemagne led an army against the Saxons, and forcibly converted them. The Slavonians were converted by King Otho after his conquest of Bohemia in the middle of the tenth century. About the same period, the Duke of Poland forced his subjects to accept Christianity. Prince Vladimir of Russia, wedded to a Roman bride, accepted her religion, and proclaimed that all who should refuse the rites of Christian baptism, would be treated as the enemies of God and their prince. King Stephen, by the arm of power, overcame the Hungarian scruples to the religion of Christ. In England Christian monarchs persecuted the Hebrews. Ireland in the twelfth century was assigned by the Pope to Henry II. for conversion. The English monarch sent there a powerful, but scarcely pious or scrupulous missionary in the person of Strongbow, whose zeal embraced as well the advancement of his temporal

* Rev. G. Waddington's History of the Church.

interests, as the cause of a religion whose teachings he disregarded. "The coast of the Baltic from Holstein to the Gulf of Finland was invaded under the standard of the Cross, and the reign of idolatry was closed by the conversion of Lithuania in the fourteenth century."* It is but just to the memory of the Christian princes who extended their religion by the sword, to remind the reader that their conduct is justified by the respectable example of the Hebrew princes and priests—of Moses, of Joshua, of Gideon, and of David,—men after God's own heart, and stimulated by the visions or the miracles of the Almighty. If such eminent authorities had been followed in India, there is very little doubt that Christianity would have made more progress than it has done. But toleration, as stated before, has been the unalterable principle of the British Government. Intolerance of Paganism and Mahomedism in an Indian official, however satisfactory for his own private contemplation, would now, possibly, be more calculated to secure his advancement in another and a happier world than this. General Sir Herbert Edwardes, some years ago, at a missionary conference, proposed to have the Bible read in all Government Schools, and thus forfeited his hopes of the post of Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. The then Secretary of State for India expressed his "unwillingness to put a fanatic to rule over fanatics." The gallant officer never recovered the place he lost by the expression, uttered, it was said by his enemies, to secure the support of Exeter Hall; and soon after retired a disappointed man from an otherwise distinguished Indian career. It is not likely that his spiritual zeal will, for the future, find many avowed adherents among Anglo-Indian pro-consuls.

Christianity presents an aspect of repulsiveness to Hindus and Mahomedans, which it could not have done to the early Romans, unrestricted in the choice of their

* Gibbon, Chapter LV.

viands. With the Hindus, for a reason to be afterwards explained, great respect is paid to the cow; and when an adherent of the sect, trained from his infancy to worship this animal, is taught, even as an unessential part of our present religious faith, that bloody sacrifices were prescribed by the Mosaic law in the worship of our God; that Solomon sacrificed as a religious thanksgiving 22,000 oxen on the completion of his temple; that Abraham, on receiving the visit of the three angels under human guise, entertained his guests with the meat of his tender calf; and that the immolation of cows and bulls was a leading feature in the divine worship of the Israelites, his mind revolts against the nature of the Christian God who could have been appeased in such a revolting manner.

Mahomet found it necessary to prohibit the use of wine in the climate for which he constructed his religion. Its use in the East is highly productive of liver disease. Moreover, he found men's blood course through their veins with sufficient force and passion, and the stimulant of alcoholic drinks he deemed unnecessary and unbecoming. The Hindus of India, though not so strictly forbidden the use of wine, look on it with disapprobation, and this disapprobation is increased, in the minds of both Musulmans and Hindus, when they see Christian neophytes deprived of reason by the unwonted liquor which their recently acquired religious liberty has allowed them to too freely enjoy. The Rev. G. Trevor, in his work on the Natives and Missions of India, says, that "the use of strong liquor in any degree is highly disreputable; and drunkenness is almost confined to Europeans and those of the natives whom their example and intercourse have infected with this destructive vice." Mahomet classes wine with gambling, both abominations of the work of Satan.* A good Hindu has not a higher opinion regarding either; and when both Hindus and Musulmans find

* Al Kuran, Chapter V.

wine prescribed in the Eucharist, they ask what manner of religion can this be, which allows its followers the use of such an unholy liquid on such solemn occasions.

It is believed by the natives of India, that their conversion to Christianity would lead to an inconvenient independence of women, would destroy caste, be a bar to polygamy, and necessitate an alteration of costume. The latter objection does not possess much weight, as several missionaries now are content with baptism and profession of faith, without forcing the proselytes to adopt a costume as unsuited to the climate of the country, as obnoxious to their old friends and acquaintances.

European and American missionaries enforce the independence of women to go into public places and mingle in the society of men; and this, I have been told on the best authority, hinders several natives from attending Church after baptism. This freedom of women, however, is a matter of modern enlightenment, a custom of temperate countries, rather than an article of Christian faith. The Abbé Dubois lends his testimony to the fact, "that the seclusion of women prevails among all the Oriental Christian nations,—Armenians, Georgians, Abyssinians, Copts of Egypt, and Greeks; and it prevailed, with more or less severity, not more than fifty or sixty years ago, among the Spaniards and Portuguese." It is, however, the present European custom of the non-immurement of women that is witnessed in India, and that is associated in the minds of the natives with the Christian religion. It would, perhaps, be very difficult to assert that women in the East can ever be completely freed with safety to their honor and that of their families from surveillance. Sexual morality seems to be a matter of climate. The judicious Montesquieu writes,—*Il y a de climats, où le physique a une telle force, que la morale n'y peut presque rien. Laissez un homme avec une femme, les tentations seront des chutes, l'*

attaque sûre, la résistance nulle. Dans ces pays au lieu de préceptes, il faut des verrous. It would be hard to prove from experience that this is an erroneous statement. I should be very glad to assert that the morality of even European women in India is equal to that which prevails at home, but I fear it is not. I should also be glad to be able to state, that the morality of Christian native women is equal to that of Mahomedans and Hindus, but I cannot believe that it is. I have met numbers of native Christian women; and, though I have found some among them who were virtuous, I have generally found them the reverse. Surveillance over their morals could never have been amiss. I have visited a town on the banks of the Hooghly, one of the earliest theatres of the introduction of Christianity in the north of India. It is where men of such note as Carey, Marshman, and Ward devoted their energies, their talents, and their lives, to the evangelization of the heathen. The country is rich and fertile, favoured by nature and improved by art. There the youth of spring and the maturity of autumn bountifully shower their multiplied favors; there, in fact, every thing flourishes save man's honor and woman's virtue. These are in as sickly a state, as some of the plants and flowers of temperate regions when transplanted under the burning sun of India. They become insipid and odourless, and only retain a faint semblance to the parent species. In short, I have, in no purely native town, found morality at such a low ebb as in the Christian village of Serampore.

Apart from the objection Orientals have to uncover their wives' faces in public, they do not believe the presence of women in temples favorable to the sincere adoration of God. A Mahomedan writer censures the Christian practice as he observed it in Roman Catholic places of worship; but the same remarks he would apply to the presence of women in the reformed Churches, also, at the time of devotion. The writer's sentiments I allow to remain veiled in the drapery of the learned.

language he employed. *Ubi cunque congregantur simul viri et feminae, ibi mens non est intenta et devota; nam, inter celebrandam missam et sacrificia, feminae et viri mutuis aspectibus, signis, ac nutibus accendunt pravorum appetitum et desideriorum suorum ignes; et quando hoc non fieret, saltem humana fragilitas delectatur mutuo et reciproco aspectu; et ita non potest esse mens quieta, attenta, et devota.* Even in England, a country far removed from the torrid region of the earth, where depraved sensual appetites and the fires of mutual desires are not so intense, it would be hard for a candid writer to assert, that the presence of women in places of worship always produces in the minds of the mass of worldly men devotion suitable to the place and occasion. Some Ritualist clergymen in England, and, I believe, Roman Catholic priests elsewhere, have admitted the possibility of what I have stated, by causing men to sit at different sides of the Church from women during the time of divine worship.

On the subject of what is called caste, there is much confusion among writers on Indian subjects. The corresponding Hindustani word, *zát*, means a race or tribe. The division of Hindus is into four classes, Brahmins, Kshetriyas, Vaisyas and Sudras; but there are innumerable minor subdivisions, and indeed there seems to have arisen pretty nearly a similar gradation of Mahomedan society in India. Among the Hindus, different classes or tribes will not eat and drink, will not freely associate, and will not intermarry with, one another. But, besides these distinctions, there are certain meats and drinks, certain articles of dress, and certain acts which are forbidden as well to Musulmans as Hindus. It is the observance of such a system of abstinence, which is very often loosely denominated caste-prejudice. A Hindu worships the cow, and will not eat her flesh. A Musulman does not worship the swine, but will not eat its flesh. As above stated; Hindus of the first three great classes are not allowed to drink wine, and its use is forbidden in the Kurán. Rising

before the sun and the use of the bath before prayer are religious observances amongst most sects in the East. Men of most classes shave the top of the head; and, with the exception of some classes of Hindus of Lower Bengal, all wear turbans. Jains and Brahmins abstain from meat, and will not even eat eggs, as containing the germ of life, which in all cases they are religiously bound to respect. Some classes will only eat fish and never flesh. Tobacco is smoked or chewed by all classes, men and women, except Sikhs and Kúkas. Most classes abstain from contact with corpses of persons not of their own tribe. It is a religious duty of Hindu parents, and one which has been adopted by Musulmans, to marry their sons in every case, and their daughters when they first menstruate. Such usages and observances, in most, if not all cases, supported by religious sanction, are innumerable. So far as the members of certain tribes do not eat or drink, associate or intermarry with those of other tribes, there seems very little difference—substituting the word classes for tribes—between the Asiatic and European practice. This is too obvious a fact to require any proof or arguments to support it. Mr. Elliott, whose work I have above referred to, shows that class prejudices protect the morality of the poor in India from the lust of the rich, and protect the upper classes themselves by making them more moral, than, judging from our experience of similar classes in other parts of the globe, they would be. If the other observances I have enumerated be carefully considered, it will be found, that they all contain some foundation in reason and common sense. The worship of the cow can easily be understood, if any one considers the climate and the physical character of India. Droughts are very frequent, cattle are very subject to murrain in consequence, and every year die in large numbers. If to their death from this cause were added their destruction to supply food to a hungry people, the whole country would, it was feared, soon be denuded of horned cattle. When it is considered that

oxen are the principal beasts of burden in India, and the animals employed throughout the country to work wells for irrigation, it will be understood how dangerous it would be to lose their services. Added to this, the wholesome milk given by the kind cow is regarded in the midst of arid plains, and in the dearth of water, as something divine,—what manna was to the Israelites in the desert. In short, the advantages conferred on numbers by the milk of cows and their labour very much exceed the value of their flesh as an edible. The Musulmans abstain from the flesh of swine for a quite different reason. The swine in the East is the village scavenger. It is lank, meagre, and squalid in appearance. A religious ban is not necessary to proclaim its flesh impure and ranking with that of the Pariah dog, the raven, and the vulture. Its flesh, when eaten, is generally unwholesome, and it has been also said to check the natural perspiration of the body. Reference has been made above to the advantages of prohibition of wine, and nothing further need be said on the subject. Early rising is indispensable for health in India. It is in the morning exercise is best taken in that country. Then it is the luscious fruit of the tropics is most wholesome for the body; then it is that a soft, tranquil, and dreamy stillness and freshness fill all nature, and induce holy prayer and contemplation. In the East, the evening has no charms compared with the morning. The morning is the hour of joy and gladness, of the awakening of nature, and of the appearance of the many charms of the goddess of the dawn.* No one will deny the efficacy of the ablutions prescribed by the Hindu and Musulman religions. In the East languor would often overcome the desire for cleanliness, as it would that for early rising; and mere social rules would not be found sufficiently powerful to maintain, among a listless and ignorant population, practices so calculated to maintain a healthy state

* *Vide* the beautiful hymns to Usha in the Rig Veda.

of the human frame. Washing, at least the hands and feet, before prayer, seems to the Hindu and Musulman as natural as it does to an English peasant to wear a clean shirt and collar at Church on Sundays. A country clergyman of ours would prescribe such an observance as a Christian duty. In the case of the Christians of Europe, however, cleanliness is maintained by custom and fashion ; and among those people who are heedless of such obligations, a temperate climate has not an equal tendency to produce impurities of the skin or to breed the human parasites so freely called into life by a torrid sun. Shaving of the head is entirely a matter of health. In Europe much hair is found inconvenient in the hot weather. It is heating and produces a heaviness and bluntness of the intellect. These evils become intensified in India. Hindus and Musulmans attach great importance to the shape of their head-dresses. Difference of opinion between Europeans and Asiatics on the subject has created at least one Indian mutiny and massacre.* Both sects connect the shape of the head-dress, like other usages which seem to us equally unimportant, with their honor in this life and their happiness in the next. The turban is the ordinary oriental covering for the head. Skullcaps are sometimes worn, but the hat of Europeans is altogether forbidden. This, like other customs, is now a matter of religion, and is altogether a very sensible regulation. European hats attract the sun and gall the head, are furnished with no fringes, and are infinitely less adopted for a tropical climate than the soft folds of a silk or muslin turban which fully protects the head and forehead, and is a light and graceful head-dress.

It is true, the use of a hat is not forbidden in the Kuran, but it is said to be by the Hadis or traditional sayings of Mahomet, which now have the force of law. By them it is forbidden to adopt the dress of other religionists ; and, though the turban is generally in

* The reader will remember the mutiny at Vellore.

use among the Hindus, the Musulmans, while they find it inconvenient to change such an article of dress, satisfy their consciences by adopting a different style of folding and fastening it. The abstinence from eggs as well as all other animal food is, perhaps, an excess which it is not necessary to justify, though we have an influential sect of vegetarians in our own country. The prohibition of tobacco by the founder of a new sect, which arose long after its introduction into Asia, and its evil effects had been understood, is very natural and sensible. The avoidance of dead bodies is only natural in a climate where cholera prevails, and where putrefaction speedily succeeds dissolution. Famines, wars, pestilences, have periodically thinned the populations of the East, and it has been found necessary to enforce by religious sanction the propagation of the species, and check waste of the materials of increase. There are many proofs that our present European civilization is an overstrained and unnatural one. To fulfil the conditions of nature men must marry younger than they generally do in Europe: but youthful marriages unquestionably often affect men's worldly prospects and hinder high intellectual culture. Indeed, it may be admitted that the system of early marriages is one of the principal causes of the absence of ripe mental development among the natives of the East. Yet consider what the lives of what are called cultivated men are in Europe. Their bodily growth and development are often checked by severe mental labors in their youth; they often become unfitted for the struggle of the world and filled with painful and ungainly pedantry. In many cases, their nervous system is so overtasked, that, in their old age, they become lunatics or contract such moroseness of character, that their lives are a burden to their friends, their wives, if they have any, and themselves. Though society is indebted to men of profound culture for civilization, yet it is often at the expense of the happiness and physical welfare of the individual.

There is no doubt that the darling object of the Christian missionaries is to destroy such—what shall I call them?—social and sanitary regulations among Hindus and Musulmans. Some missionaries, in their reception of high caste converts into the Christian fold, make it indispensable for them to sit down to table and partake of a meal with low caste persons. What good can be gained by imposing this painful and humiliating necessity on men who have, from their infancy, been trained to keep aloof from those of lower social position? What would be thought—and the analogy is not a remote one—if an English nobleman were asked to dine with his butler or even his tailor? Do Christian clergymen themselves possess minds superior to class prejudice? I certainly have never known one who did. On the contrary, I have generally found them make more searching enquiries than laymen regarding the family status of acquaintances before these were admitted to a position of intimacy or friendship with them.

The only reason for destroying the social and sanitary regulations referred to apparently is, that they are enforced by religious sanction. But surely these form most unessential parts of religion, though a most valuable system of policy; and why destroy them until something better can be substituted? Now Christianity contains no such powerful restraints; and directly the people at large are freed from those they possess and revere, men best informed on the subject apprehend, that confusion, immorality, and social decay must ensue. With the good and intelligent portion of those regulations, there are, I admit, mixed up certain evil prejudices which I should wish to see eradicated. I should hail the dissolution of the system by which men cannot attain a higher social position than that to which they were born; I should like to see Hindus and Mahomedans (for in India the feeling prevails amongst the latter too) taught that an European does not pollute their food by touching it or by his shadow.

passing over it; and I would have them learn, however strong and venerable their belief may be to the contrary, that religion is not intended to prolong hate in the world or contempt for human beings.

A most powerful element of opposition to Christianity is a portion of our system of education in India. Among Indian officials there have arisen two great factions, one contending that only occidental science ought to be communicated to the native mind; the other, that the literature of the cultivated languages of Asia should form the only staple of learning. Both sets of opinion have prevailed. Those who are in favor of oriental learning contend, that Western science is unacceptable to the Musulman population, and that it is the duty of the Government to provide instruction congenial to the prejudices of its subjects. I will cite the history of one institution conducted on these principles, and from it the tendency of the system can easily be ascertained. In 1781 Warren Hastings, as well through a love of the new Oriental literature which he had himself cultivated with some success, as through a regard for the interests of the Musulman population, founded the Musulman *Madrasah* or College in Calcutta. The College was divided into two departments, one of which was devoted exclusively to Arabic. The results of the system are thus described by a contemporary writer.* "The students hate the sight of an English-man. During more than ninety years, the Chapters "on Holy War against the Infidel have been the "favorite studies of the place; and up to 1868 or 1869, "examination questions were regularly given in this "Doctrine of Rebellion.

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"The very nothingness of the students' acquirements "makes them more conceited. They know, as an absolute truth, that the Arabic Grammar, law, rhetoric, "and logic, comprise all that is worth knowing upon "earth. They have learned that the most extensive

* Dr. W. W. Hunter, of the Bengal Civil Service.

“kingdoms in the world are, first Arabia, then England, France, and Russia; and that the largest town next to Mecca, Medina, and Cairo, is London. *An reste*, the English are Infidels, and will find themselves in a very hot place in the next world. To this vast accumulation of wisdom what more could be added? When a late Principal tried to introduce profane science, even through the medium of their own Urdu, were they not amply justified in pelting him with brickbats and rotten mangoes?” The same encouragement is given to pernicious literature in several parts of India, and has caused to spring up a race of fanatical propagandists bitterly hostile to our creed as well as to our race. But for the support lent by the Government to such educational establishments, men whose mental development has been thus distorted, would live and die harmless and tolerant subjects in their native villages.

I can have no wish to advocate the theories of the philosopher of Clarens, and doubt whether learning is salutary to mankind; but I will venture to assert, that a man who has no education whatever, but possesses a wholesome dread of transgressing positive laws, is a better man politically, socially, and morally, than one who, neglecting other learning and possessing Eastern prejudice, can recite the Kuran from memory and is familiar with its various commentaries. The Kuran does not inculcate the charities of religion, nor are its injunctions in any way calculated to advance human enlightenment. Islam has had its day. It reclaimed the idolatrous wanderers of the Arabian desert, and turned their attention to the worship of one God. In its eastward progress through Asia, it for many years retained a faint glimmer of the enlightenment of the nobler Gospel on which it had been based, but now all around it is darkness and ignorance. It has become an incubus on the earth, that scares away all benevolent and intelligent genii; and the sooner the monster retires into its infernal den, the better will it be for the welfare of nations.

To revive the influence and teachings of the old Musulman priests of the country would possibly be a very noble and praiseworthy deed in a Musulman potentate, and in Christian rulers it shows a tender desire to yield to and flatter the prejudices of their subjects; but I think it will scarcely be denied, that the direct maintenance of bigotry and error ought not to be one of our serious objects in the administration of India. Let me take one or two illustrations from history, by which, perhaps, we ought to be guided. Suppose King Alfred of England at a time when, according to the historian, the seeds of learning had been totally destroyed, and the people had relapsed into their original barbarism, had, in order to please a certain section of his subjects, revived the ancient Druids and the ancient Druidical worship, instead of inviting teachers and scholars from across the British Channel, and himself translating valuable Latin works into Anglo-saxon, what would a Christian people now think of the proceeding? Charlemagne after his victories over the Saxons established enlightened schools in Germany; but what should we now think, if he had taken a contrary course, and entrusted the education of the young strong-headed Teutons to the native priests of Thor and Wodin? Posterity would certainly have reason to regret such an act, considering what an important rôle Germany has played in modern civilization. The fanatics who believed that they would quaff nectar in paradise out of the skulls of their victims, might again have overrun the great seats of civilization with all the fury of the myrmidons of Attila. The high destinies of Europe might have been changed, and ignorance be now brooding over some of the most enlightened countries in the world.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF ALCESTIS.

I.

OH woman's love! Her own young life
Alcestis to Admetus gave,
When parents old refused to die,
And by their death their son to save!

II.

Alcestis, mindful of her husband's worth,
Gave up her life without a sigh,
While groan'd the king, and wept their babes,
And not a servant's eye was dry.

III.

" Oh husband! loved, revered, hear!
" A willing death I die for thee;
" But take not to thy bridal bed
" Another wife in place of me.

IV.

" I leave my children to thy care;
" For them no second mother bring;
" With them none ere can me replace;
" A stepdame has a viper's sting.

V.

" No other boon I ask of thee;
" Be happy all the days you live;
Let them be happy too, my love,
" And then my spirit will not grieve.

VI.

"Farewell! one look, one sigh, farewell!"
Admetus' wife is now no more;
But who knocks at the palace gate?
The son of Jove is at the door.

VII.

Great Hercules admittance craves;
A guest must ne'er be sent away;
Well housed, he learnt the cause of woe
And hasten'd where the warm corse lay.

VIII.

"List, Pluto, list! that corse is mine;
"Give back the life you've ta'en away;
"I seize thee else:" great Pluto starts;
He gives Alcestis back to day!

IX.

A shrouded woman's to Admetus brought—
"I've won this prize, Oh king, for thee;
"Receive her to thy house and heart,
"And let her like Alcestis be."

X.

Oh joyous was Admetus' heart
That precious present to retain;
Beyond the hopes of mortal man
He saw his own revived again.

S.

THE DAK BUNGALOW.

A TRUE STORY.

(Concluded from page 453 No. XXIII.)

I DEPARTED well satisfied, having got the best of everything for nothing, and this suited my naturally economical temperament. We are poor creatures at the best—in the midst of our happiness, sorrow and cankering care, with grim strides, suddenly but silently stalk amongst us. So it was with me.

I found on counting my hard-earned gains from a paternal Government, that during the harassed part of my existence I had given a 100 instead of a 10 Rupee Note to the betel-chewers. Here was indeed agony. Agony seemed to surround me. As the Vet said of the horse, he is wrong in his Hinnards and his Houtards. I looked up, the grinning brutes stood in front of me, they thought their smiles were enticing, especially Delilah the spokeswoman, and very like she looked to that same article. "Please, master, give the very littles, and we give much the blacks and the blues to Missus. Master come, look and see for hisself. No humbug, no bobbery, Madras Ayahs always the true Christian woman, never tell lie. Samson know too I tell the very true words. Master no give perhaps we pick the pockets,"—and they advanced towards me, especially Samson.

I was always brave, but there's a limit to all things. I reverted to Diplomacy, as is the manner of my country. "Well, give me that dirty ugly Note, and I give beautiful small plenty clean plenty valuable." "He very small, but he very good, big money get for little diamond,"—whereupon I handed into their willing hands a beautifully new crisp 5 Rupee Note in exchange for the greasy 100

Rupee Note. They left with smiles and a brand new double extra charge of betel-leaf with chunam piled up upon it, sufficient to build a house.

What with a good breakfast and an excellent diplomacy, I felt extremely pleased and exuberant.

Notwithstanding the betel-chewers, I launched into a dream of fair women as is my wont in happy hours.

A triumphant burst of laughter from the full-mooned ankles' room disturbed me slightly—"You born donkey" was the only part of an animated conversation that I overheard as no particle of that could apply to me. I little heeded it, as in a Dak Bungalow one sees everything and hears almost everything.

A sound of rushing feet and chewing chops, and the three she devils advanced towards me,—the awful lawful armed with the fierce umbrella and the other two seemingly content with their strong arms and strangling cloths. I rushed to a corner prepared, women or no, to hit out right and left.

Had I been a Cornish wrestler, it would have been of no avail, while the two dodged my blows and dug me with the umbrella in return. Samson from a distance lassoed me and dragged me out of the corner saying, "now master give every farthing of his money." The moon-ankled did her direst. Notwithstanding the arrears, matters began to look serious when half an inch of cold steel occasionally ploughed into me.

Diplomacy must be reverted to—"Harry, Oh Harry," I shouted; a side-door flew open, and Harry and his bull-dog appeared. The three harpies vanished. In decamping, they happened to pass Mrs. Harry, whose screams very soon brought dear Harry to her sympathising side.

I stood again alone right in the middle of the Bungalow. Is life worth living for, I thought. What is life? A phantasm of beefy ankles and Madras Aynahs. Twice is enough of that huge game I reckon. I turned. All shall soon be as a tale that is told. Where's my revolver? Before the revolution of another round of the reciprocatingly chaste round orb—riddled, but repent-

ant and repenting—I'll ride right resplendently and rear my revered head refulgently among round and revolving planets, but Cruikshank in the body will be laid out staring and straight. Again was I called to the realities of life. The small Captain with the V.C., shining like the lantern at the tomb of Sir John Moore, (my mind was full of horror) stood before me. "Sir," he said, "Samson and Delilah, especially Delilah, have informed me that you tried to set them on my wife, but that they indignantly rejected your advances. If this is true, one or both of us must die." He took out a couple of pistols. One of these was loaded to the muzzle, the other empty. He handed me the butts to choose from. Oh that he had pointed the muzzles at me! Diplomacy must be reverted to. A thumb mark was on one, fellows always load pistols with a thumb sticking up. I choose, and choose the wrong one. The brave man seemed almost sorry. He looked pityingly at me, nevertheless he cocked the pistol. "You may pray for 5 minutes," he said. I longed to awake from my dream—this horrid mare of night—it must be a dream. I'll make it a dream—I'll go on my way rejoicing. Many a time have pistols been pointed at me in my dreams. "Awake," I said, and pinched myself hard awake. "Pray," sternly said the earnest manly voice. "Rejoice"—I said, "rejoice."

Silk stockings thy name shall be
A household word—a memory—
Soft as the wailings of the distant sea
Pearly and priceless life to me,
Show me thy brightness ere I die.

The sheen of thy silk, no I mean the sheen in thy silk, it's all the same. Is it though? the 1st is beauty in the abstract, the 2nd might be material, most material. The 1st, as I said before, is beauty in the abstract—the second (or sometimes the greater part of it) might be beauty by contrast. But to return.

The sheen in thy silk shinning light
 Is happily borne by mortal wight;
 If furious thy shinning, as a kite
 Man is borne far up the height.

The little man looked astonished. This gave me time to concentrate. "In a dilemma always concentrate" (Von Moltke).

Oh blessed article of apparel, am I to owe first my sanity and next my life to thee? a mens sana in a corpore sano. Yes, I'll extract myself from this dilemma at any risk, but that of telling a deliberate lie.

Supposing I said (alluding of course to the Bank Note business and not the awful lawful.)

Supposing the Ayahs had made proposals to me, and it was I who indignantly rejected them.

Much more likely, he said, and shan't they get it; and his manly voice was wafted on the breeze through the only two leaves of the only tree in the Bungalow compound.

O _____ h
 Ramaswamy Vetrachellumiah Moodelliar
 O _____ h

Rundaswamy Doomagoodiumiah Chetty

No wonder he had a manly chest I thought with all that practice. Immediately two stout, well-fed, happy-looking Madras boys made their appearance in the distance. "Your wives have been lying and ill-treating your mistress without my orders."

"Do your duty—the usual fee—one month's wages. Betel-leaf and chunam stopped if you don't, they are in the next room." They were the boys. Again wailings, shriekings, and smitings. Each man beat his own wife, it was a standing rule the little man told me, and by this means a proper chastisement was secured.

"Whack. You are the bad womans, beat poor missus without master's orders. Now you get beat yourself know perhaps you plenty like. Whack. Whack. Perhaps one day you eat all the leaf of beetle and laugh and not

give one d——(sic) to the very good husbands.” (Any No. of Whacks).

These whackings were abundantly intermixed with wailings, and, I am sorry to say, the occasional cheer of the awful lawful.

My respect for the little man at my side was great. What a multum in parvo?

“Aren’t you afraid?” I said. He pointed to the V. C. “not now,” he said, “not now. At first there was a slight difficulty, they often tried to poison me. But the beer looked a little muddy or the water had a slight taint. When the beef or mutton, &c., was poisoned, there was always some slight peculiarity. One day they inadvertently stole what was meant for me—that soon stopped the poisoning. They tried personal violence, but those holes you may have remarked in Samson’s cheeks through which the betel treacingly trickles when she is excited, that was the result of her personal violence, and caused by a bullet out of the very same pistol which I was going to shoot you with till I luckily heard the truth.” The little man left me. Could any brain stand all this and not whirl? I pinched myself well. Nobody was looking. I surveyed the part pinched, it was black and blue and hurt like anything. I couldn’t be dreaming. Again I sat in the chair of astonishment and looked through the *chick* of surprise.

Again a Dak Gari dashed up.

The usual thing I suppose. The Iron step. Spheres and globes, the common round, the daily task ascending and descending (my mind was always running on the first advent).

Again a Buckle if anything brighter than the last. Silk Stockings still more perfect and perforated. Concentration again, another buckle and its sweet belongings—a little stoop forwards and a light jump backwards—a face—the smiling, lovely, happy face of Rose Vernon. Oh the revulsion of feeling—my gratitude for a pretty face rose higher than ever. I could have hugged her. She lifted the *chick* of surprise. She looked at me. “My old

playmate, James Cruikshank" (she didn't plural me, not then at all events) "Jim that was." "The Rose that is," I said. I am not certain I didn't hug her. It may be a libel. I am not certain she didn't hug me. This was indeed concentration. How women can hug when they like! Try it, gentle reader. Hug your fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, hug your children. Let the bonds of affection doubly hug. Splice—clove—Hitch and fishermen—bend your loving husbands (*vile* H. M.'s most Gracious Majesty's most gracious regulations.)

A wise, fraternal, and more than paternal Government have lately taught all *Officers* to do this at the late courses. Beware of Civilians, they are ignorant even of the first principles. Fancy marrying a fellow without principles.

To return to my blooming—blushing Rose. I told her of all the scenes I had lately gone through. Women had frightened me—a woman alone could console me, and drive away these hideous dreams.

She consented to console me; and but for me how many a dream would have disturbed her rest.

She was no nurse, but sister to Mrs. Harry.

She went in to dress, she came out to drive me wild with her beauty. All airy floating muslin (another lunatic weakness of mine). What pretty boots, what lovely buckles! Alas, the remainder was hidden. Muslin is all very fine in its way, but as in the present instance occasionally provoking.

"Beautiful boots, beautiful buckles," I said; "but I like, I adore silk," and the artless face looked at me. "Silk what," she said. "Silk Silk," I stammered.

"Oh I know what you mean," and she instantly dashed out of the room—Back she came arrayed in gorgeous silk from back to buckle.

I hate silk dresses on women especially when the weather is warm. Its sheen dazzles me. Its rasping ruffles me, its expense terrifies me, this feeling was present with me then, more present and less pleasant now I have marrying daughters.

"I hate silk dresses, I love muslin," I said. "I meant Silk Silk" (the artless face had now tears in its innocent eyes.) I must say something.—"Silk silk streaming—Silk Ribbon round your neck," I said. Again she bounded out and returned in muslin with a streamer that occasionally tripped us both up. Silk and Muslin were beautifully combined, but I was distracted. I yearned for old Father Time—the eventual consoler of all griefs.

"Sufficient for the day," I muttered. The artless girl thought I alluded to the number of times she had changed her dress. She gently murmured "I will always wear what you like when I'm Cruikshank." "You shall never be Cruikshank, it couldn't be, it's against nature." She started and saddened. "You don't understand me," I said. "I don't like to brand you with the name bad enough for me. I can straighten myself with scorn when I hear the word, but what would be the good of your straightening yourself?"

"Oh indeed, sir, you shall see I can straighten and scorn too. Good bye, sir." "Rose, darling", I said, "listen. Supposing you did condescend to straighten and scorn, you would only be in the same position as myself if I wore an enormous military cloak delicately put. Don't you understand?"

"No, sir, I don't. You talk in riddles, you say rude things and you call it a military cloak. A fig for it, I say," and she snapped the prettiest of white fingers in my face, "next time try a civil one, Mr. Straightforward Cruikshank." I jumped high in the air. I frantically bent, unbent, twisted and surveyed my right leg.

All was explained not so delicately but effectually. Fancy if I had been *Cruikshanks* I couldn't have taken the bearing of two legs at the same time.

Rose ran blushing and laughing out of the room. She soon returned and gently whispered, "I'll change my name or whatever you like and never call you straightforward again except when you wish it." "Oh joy unspeakable, &c."

Again I looked through the *chick*. The Deputy Commissioner's house attracted my attention.

"Will you change your name as soon as possible?"—"yes, darling," she said.

"Well," I said, "I have been left a large fortune if I will take the name of Evelyn." The artless eyes began to brighten up. "Promise then," I said. She promised. "Vow," I said in solemn tones, and on the strength of the fortune vowed.

Dear artless thing, no doubt she thought the journey would take three days more and some one could catch a cold on the road and make it longer, then when at the station, all the millinery, &c., would take at least a month. These doubts were soon dispelled. I pointed to the Deputy Commissioner's. "Come over there and get married."

He has the power. His will is only that, as I said before, of a more than fraternal, maternal and paternal Government—it is that of a blessed and marital Government.

"Come," I said. "Your solemn vow spoken in this solemn cloistered building. How many vows have been made here (to kick the Khansamah!) how many broken! hence perhaps its desolation. Behold it in the solitary tree with two leaves to it. See that end of the cloister even now desolate of its plaster (scraped away by the Madras boys and Ayahs for their betel-leaf). The frog never croaks here, the fire-fly never floats here. The chimney never smokes here. The well is always dry here. The spider, the snake, the centipede and scorpion have their habitation here. So sacred is a vow, so solemn the breaking thereof. Behold this bungalow. Behold the Deputy Commissioner's (Office in house), all vows are registered there and cannot be broken. The apple and the almond blossom there. The orange, the citron, and rose hang their beautiful blushing heads there. All speaks of peace, save when the musical sound of the labourer going forth to his (Government-convicts in chains) shows us what harmony there is in work."

This beautiful oration settled the question.

"I am coming, my love, my sweet," she said and proceeded to call Mr. and Mrs. Harry.

We went to the D. C.'s and returned Captain and Mrs. Evelyn, thereby saving an extra Gari.

We were all starting. Her foot was on the step, her buckle was on the boot. Husbands should have no secrets from their wives or wives from their husbands.

"Have you got your boots, love?" I cooed. "Of course, can't you see," and a sweet foot appeared, and buckles. Darling the buckles appeared (and some miserable stuff they call Bombayine I think) "and silk stockings" I added hesitatingly. Mrs. Evelyn disappeared, she rushed to the Gari of the Harrys.

"Blanch, can the Deputy Commissioner really marry?"

"Yes, of course, aren't you married?"

"Then he can divorce," and my wife went straight for his office, followed by the Harrys who reasoned with her. I followed. Harry was laying down the law. A kind and marital Government have allowed a Deputy Commissioner to marry, and he will be hung if he divorces you. "Then let him promise never again to mention those words to me." I lifted up my eyes and mouth, standing on tiptoe as high as I could. I squeezed her hand and looking up into the middle of a dense cloud, I murmured "ever for ever." The artless thing thought I had said, "never Oh never." She looked wickedly coquetish and jumped actively into the Gari. I was satisfied.

We journeyed only a short distance. The hot weather ended, the monsoon broke and set in, a sudden and most mysterious frost came on; for days we were frost-bound, simply because Captain and Mrs. Harry wouldn't travel, which, of course, was a cruel thing for us.

So I said, "Oh bitter biting frost" Mrs. Evelyn said "Oh happy chappy days."

K.

A LAMENT.

LOVE is nectar, nay,—'tis poison sweet,
A delicious, yet destructive heat ;
Oh that I ne'er felt, ne'er tasted this
Exquisite pain, melancholy bliss !

Like the autumn moon in cloudless skies,
In my heart did love resplendant rise ;
But alas ! my love, like th' autumn moon,
In dark clouds of care was hidden soon.

For the youth I loved, my dearest—best—
In whose arms, caressing ~~or~~ carest,
I found heav'n itself,—from me has fled,
False to plighted truth, to vows he made.

Quenched' is the light that shone so kind,
All seems dark in eclipse of the mind ;
Care has paled these cheeks that shamed the rose,
While my soul—an Ætna—burns and glows.

Like an empty cage, my heart is drear,
Hushed the song which once that heart did cheer.
Come, O come, my love—my birdie come,
Back to this bosom, thy once loved home !

K. D. PAUL.

THE FAVORITES OF THE HINDU POETS.

(Continued from page 462, No. XXIII.)

V.—SUKA.

UNDER this generic name in Sanskrit all the different species of Parrots or Parrakeets are known. In Bengal, the Alexandrine Parrot is called *Chandana*, its Hindi is *Rai tota* or Royal Parrakeet. According to modern ornithologists, it is named after the great Macedonian conqueror, because it was doubtless taken to Europe by him from the Punjab. The next species is the *Tya* or Rose-ringed Parrakeet, the Maharatta name is *Kira*, another Sanskrit word for Parrot. This bird is very destructive to most kind of grain as well as to fruit-gardens. The Cuttuck cultivators are in constant dread of it. The third species is called the Rose-headed Parrakeet, commonly known as *Fariadi* or the complainer. The adult male has the "whole head and face pale roseate, tinged with plum bloom posteriorly and inferiorly; a black spot from the base of the lower mandible uniting into a narrow complete collar, and meeting its opposite one at the chin, which is thus broadly black: the female has the head plum-blue, and wants the black." The fourth is the slaty-headed Parrakeet, the *Madana* of Bengal, or *Ghagi* of Calcutta bird-dealers. The only other species known in Bengal is the *Kajla* or red-breasted Parrakeet. "Its head and cheeks are lavender purple; a narrow band of black on the forehead, extending to the eyes; a broad black band on the chin and sides of the neck; nape and back of neck bright verdigris or emerald-green; the rest of the upper plumage grass-green; a large red patch on the wing bluish green."

The Parrots "nidificate in holes of trees; their voice is generally harsh. They have great intelligence; and,

from the conformation of their larynx and tongue, are enabled to imitate the human voice better than most other birds." In Act IV. of *Mricchakati*, or the *Toycart*, the following apt illustration occurs in the description of a domesticated Parrot:—

“दहि भक्तं पुरिदोदरो वक्ष्यषो विचसुत्तं पददि पंजरमूषो”.

“The pampered Parrot talks like a Brahman Pandit stuffed with curds and rice chanting a hymn from the Vedas.”—To fatten a Parrot with curds and rice is still a custom in vogue, though the bird is very fond of fruits, particularly of ripe *bimbas*. The soft, full, red-rose lips of fair women are often compared by our poets to this fruit. The following extract is to the point:—

शिशुरिणि क्व नु नाम कियच्चिरं किमभिधानमसौवाकरोत्तपः ।

सुमुखि येन तवाधरपेलवं दर्शति विम्वफलं शुक्रशबकः ।

“On what mountain, and how long did this young parrot practise penance, and pray what is the name of that penance, by (the strength of) which, maiden! he tastes (lit.—bites) the *bimba* fruit delicate as your lips.”

The Parrots are generally accused of harshness, but the cry of some of the species is mellow, subdued and agreeable, like that of the blue-winged Parrakeet of the Malabar Coast. In the well-known drama called *Saradā Tilaka* occurs the following piece of poetry in which the author must have meant this beautiful Parrot of the Nilgiris:—

लोचनतलितचकारी काचन चरतीह रोचनागौरी ।

वाचा वारितकीरी निर्जरतदणीव गूर्जरी नारी ।

स्फारस्त, रद्वजतनूपुरभारचिचम् ।

मुक्तावितानपरिवेष्टितकर्णपचम् ।

आनाभिरुद्धमणिकञ्चकशोभिगात्रम् ।

पञ्चश्रेष्ठ गूर्जरवधूनिवहं सुनेत्रम् ॥

See, yonder goes the maid of Gurjara,
 Blooming as with perpetual youth, her eyes
 Like the Chakora, her complexion bright
 With the yellow Rochana, and her voice
 Musical as that of the Parrakeet.
 How charming she looks with her shining anklets
 Resonant, her rich earrings set with pearls,
 And her boddice all glittering with gems
 Down to her waist.

It is very curious that, while the stately Roman compared the nose of the fair to the beak of an eagle, the delicate Hindu compared it to that of a Parrot. Innumerable are the instances of this comparison in our old poets, but we also find it in modern Indian poetry.

The following is taken from Govinda Das, a poet of Bengal, who flourished about the fourteenth century of the Christian æra :—

“নাসিক ওর, মোতিম কোর,

ভোর জগত রীষ ।

বৈছন কীর, চকু গীর

পড়ত দাড়িম-বীজ ॥”

“She has a pearl at the point of her nose, which makes the world go mad ; it resembles a pomegranate-seed dropping from the beak of a Parrot.”

There subsists a great familiarity between these birds and their masters or fanciers. In Bengal and the North-West, widow ladies often rear up these birds almost with the care and affection of a mother. They are generally taught to repeat the names of gods and goddesses, such as Radha, Krishna, Rama, &c. Some people are ludicrously fond of them. We very lately read in a paper of the Western Presidency that a banker was quite disconsolate on the death of his Poor Poll, and performed its *shrād* with great *éclat* after mourning was over !

VI—THE SARIKA OR MADANA SARIKA.

THIS bird belongs to the sub-family Sturninæ, the same as the *Moyna*, the Indian Grackle, the *Gracula Religiosa* of Linnæus. The following species are known in Bengal and the Upper Provinces, viz. :—

The Telia Moyna, (common Starling).

The Ablak Moyna, Gosalik or Guia lekra of Bengal, (pied Starling.)

The Salik, (common Moyna.)

The Gang Salik or Ram Salik (the Bank Moyna.)

The Jhout Salik, or Pahari, as called in the North-West.

The Pawi (black-headed Moyna.)

The Kokni Moyna (Southern Hill Moyna.) and The Nepal Hill Moyna.

The word *Salik* is the Prakrit form of *Sarika*; in Bengal we call the common starling by that name, but *Sarika* is the generic name of all the species, whether *Saliks* or *Moynas*. The latter name we have reserved only for the Hill *Moynas*—the *Madana-Sarikas* of the Sanskrit poets: the expletive *Moyna* is but a derivation of the word *Madana*, or beautiful. It is a noticeable fact, that in the Upper Provinces all the different species go under the name of *Moyna*, while in Orissa, they distinguish the common starling as *Moyna*, and the Hill *Moynas* as *Sari*. Ignorance of ornithology led some of our earlier poets and even Bharut Chunder, the court-poet of Nadia, to commit a very egregious blunder when they wedded or paired the *Sarika* or *Sari* with *Suka*, (Parrot)—a downright infringement of the laws of dame Nature!

The Hill *Moynas* are well-known birds of fine glossy plumage, with prominent yellow wattles. They are readily tamed and can be taught to repeat words very distinctly. The song of the Kokni or Southern Hill *Moyna* "is very rich, varied and pleasing; but it has some harsh notes also."

The Hill *Moyna* was a great favorite with ladies of rank in ancient India as will be seen from the follow-

ing extracts from our elder poets : we read in the description of the aviary of Vasantasena as follows :—

इच्छं चवरा सानिचंमाणया-लङ्घ-पसरा विच्य वरदासी अधिचं
कुरुकुराचदि मदनसारिचा ।

“ The Moyna chatters as glibly as a house-maid puffed up with her master's condescension.”

As to the imitation of the human voice by this bird, the following extract from the *Ratnavali* will show how love-sick maids were sometimes betrayed to their lovers by the babbling of these birds :—

विदू । (आकर्ण्य सभयं निवृत्य राजानं हस्ते गृहीत्वा सचंभ्रमम् ।)

भो वचस्य एहि पलाञ्चम् ।

राजा । किमर्थम् ।

विदू । भो एचस्मिं वडलपादवे कौवि भूदे पडिवसदि ।

राजा । धिङ्मुखं विस्रब्धं गमयतां कुत ईदृशानामत्र, प्रभावः ।

विदू । फुडक्करं एवमन्तेदि जइ मम वचणं य पत्तिआचसि
ता अगदो भविअ सचं एव आचणेहि ।

राजा । (तथा कृत्वा श्रुत्वाच ।)

सष्टाक्षरमिदं । यस्मान्मधुरं स्त्रीस्वभावतः अस्याप्लवादिनिर्द्वादि
मन्ये वदति सारिका । (उद्धं निरुध्य निपुणमवलोक्य ।)

कथं सारिका ।

विदू । (विचार्य्य॥) कथं सचं एव सारिचा ।

राजा । (सस्मितम् ।) वयस्यैवम् ।

विदू । भो वचस्य तुमं मञ्जालुआ जेण सारिचं भूदेत्ति मन्तेसि ।

राजा । धिङ्मुखं यदालना कृतं तन्मयि सम्भावयसि ।

विदू । भो जइ एवमं ना कलुमं णिवारेसि । (सेषं दण्डकोष्ठमुद्यम्य॥)

आ दासीए धीए तुमं जाणसि सचकं एव वसन्तओ भाअ

दिति ता चिदु दाव मुष्णं जाव ईमिषा पिसुण-जणहि-
अणकुडिसेण दण्डसदुण परिपक्क विअ कइत्यफलं इमादो
वउलपादवादो आहणिअ भुमिए पादइसं । (इति वन्तु-
मुद्यतः ॥)

राजा । (निवारयन् ।) मूर्ख किमप्येषा रमणीयं व्याहरति तत्कि-
मेनां चासयसि । शृणुवन्तावत् ॥

(॥ उभावाकर्षयतः ॥)

विदू । एवं भणादि इमस्म वक्त्रणस्म भोजणे दिज्जते ।

राजा । सर्वमप्यौदरिकस्य व्यवहार एव पर्यवस्यति । तत् सत्यं
वद किमालपति सारिका ।

विदू । (आकर्ण्य ।) भो वयस्स सुहं तए जं एदाए मन्तिदं । एसा
भणादि सच्चि को एसा तुए आलिहिदो पत्तमहसवे
भअवं अणक्केत्ति पुणेवि भणादि सच्चि कीस तुए अहं
एत्थ आलाहिदा सच्चि किं अकारणे कुय्यसि जादिसो
तुए कामदेवो आलिहिदो तादिसी मए रइ आलिहि-
देत्ति ता असधासम्माविणी किं तुह एदिणा आलविदेण
कहेहि सव्वं वुत्तन्तं भो वयस्स किं खेदं ।

राजा । वयस्य एवं तर्कयामि कयापि हृदयवत्सलभोऽनुरागादभि-
लिख्य कामदेवव्यपदेशेन सखीपुरतोऽपकृतः तत्सख्यापि
प्रत्यभिज्ञाय वैदग्ध्यवादसावपि तत्रालिख्य रतिव्यपदेशेन
दर्शितेति ॥

विदू । (छोटिकां दत्वा ।) भो वयस्स जुज्जदि क्वु एदं ॥

राजा । भो वयस्स तुष्टो भव पुनरपि व्याहरति तच्छृणुवन्तावत् ।

(॥ उभावपि शृणुतः ॥)

विदू। भो पुणोवि एसा एव्वं भणादि सहि मा लज्ज ईदिसस्स
कस्साइअणस्स अवस्सं एव्व ईदिसे वरे अभिलाखेण होदव्वं
ता जा एसा आलिहिदा सा कखु, कस्स दंसणीआ ॥

राजा। यथेवमवहितौ शणवस्तावत् । अस्यवकाशे नः कुतू-
हलस्य ॥

विदू। भो वअस्स मा पण्डिअमव्वं उव्वह अहं दे एदाए मुचादे,
सुणिअ सव्वं वाक्खाणइस्सं । (इत्युभावाकणयतः ॥)

विदू। भो वअस्स सुदं तुए जं एदाए मन्तिदं सहि अदोवि ते
अधिअदरं संदावो बाधेदि सहि अवणेहि मे इमाइं
नलिणी पत्ताइं मुणालवलआइं च अलं एदिणा कीस
अआरणे अत्ताणं आआसेसि ॥

राजा। वयस्य न केवलं अतमभिप्रायोऽपि लक्षितः ।

विदू। भो वअस्स अज्ज वि कुरकुराअदि एव्वं एसा सारिआ
दासीए धीआ ॥

राजा। युक्तमभिहितम् । (पुनराकर्णयतः ।)

विदू। भो वअस्स एसा सारिआ दासीए दुहिदा चउव्वेदीव ह्मणे-
विअ रिचाइं भणिदुं पउत्ता ॥

राजा। वयस्य कथय किमप्यन्यचेतसा मया नावधारितं किम-
नयोक्तमिति ॥

विदू॥ भो एव्वं भणादि ॥

सुहृज्जणानुराओ लज्जा गुबई परवसा अण्णा ।

पिअसहि विसमं प्पेमं मरणं सरणं ण वरिअ मेक्कं ।

Vasantaka. (Stopping to listen, turning back timidly, and taking hold of the king's hand hastily.) Friend! come let us fly.

Vatsa. Why?

Vas. Oh! there is a goblin in yonder *backula* tree!

Vatsa. Fie, fool, go on, fearlessly! how should such things have power here?

Vas. He speaks quite distinctly. If you disbelieve my words, advance and listen.

Vatsa. (Doing so and listening) I fancy from the clearness, the feminine sweetness, and soft melody of the voice, it must be a starling. (Looking up) Ah! there she sits.

Vas. A starling?

Vatsa. (Laughing) Ay, a starling!

Vas. And so, my good friend, your fears made you fancy a starling to be a goblin.

Vatsa. Out on you, blockhead! would you accuse me of what you have done yourself?

Vas. Well now, do not interfere. (Holds up his staff) You daughter of a slave, do you take me for a poltroon? just wait, with this crooked staff I will bring you down from the tree like a ripe wood-apple.

Vatsa. Fool, how sweetly she talks! Why do you frighten her? Listen.

Vas. Yes, she says, give the Brahman something to eat.

Vatsa. Something to eat is ever the burthen of the glutton's song. Come, say truly, what does she utter?

Vas. (Listening and repeating) Did you hear what she said? She says—"Who is it you have delineated, my dear." "The god of love!" Next she says—"Why, friend, have you drawn *my* likeness here?" "You have no reason to be angry with me—I have delineated my Rati in return for your Kam-deva! But why conceal the truth from me? Tell me all." What can all this mean?

Vatsa. Oh! I suppose some fair one has been drawing her lover's portrait, and passing it off on her com-

panion as the picture of the god of love : this her friend has found out, and ingeniously exposed her evasion, by delineating her in the character of Kama's bride.

Vas. Very likely !

Vatsa. Hush ! she speaks again. (They listen.)

Vas. (Repeating) " Why should you be ashamed ? attachment to exalted worth becomes your native excellence." The lady, whose likeness has been drawn, must be very beautiful.

Vatsa. If it be so, then let us listen with attention. Here is matter enough to raise our curiosity.

Vas. Nay, do not presume upon your scholarship ; I shall expound all she says, when she has finished. (They listen.) Did you hear what she said ? " Does not this allay your heat ? " " Friend, take away these lotus leaves and bracelets of lotus stems, in vain you strive to offer me relief."

Vatsa. Yes, and I understand it all.

Vas. The jade chatters still !

Vatsa. Yes, but listen.

Vas. Ha ! I declare she speaks in measure, like a Brahman skilled in the four Vedas.

Vatsa. What said she ? I did not attend.

Vas. " I have fixed my heart where I dare not raise my hopes : I am overcome with shame and despair, and death is my only refuge."

A question may be raised in regard to the dramatic truth of this scene, whether the Moyna could really talk in the above prolonged manner after hearing some person speak previously, but the writer of this paper has heard a Moyna talk for some moments, mimicking exactly the sentences spoken by its master. Shaw observes,—“ These birds are of a lively, docile disposition, and when kept in a state of confinement, imitate with great facility the various sounds within hearing, and even learn to speak with greater distinctness than most of the Parrot tribe.” So also Bontius, speaking of this bird, which he calls the Indian Starling, observes : “ It imitates man's voice much more accurately than

a Parrot, so that often-times it is troublesome with its prattle." (Wilson's note under Act II. of the *Ratnavali*.)

The following very sentimental extract from the bard of Sipsra shews the close companionship of this docile bird with the ladies of ancient India :

आलोकिते निपतति पुरा सा बलिब्याकुला वा
मत्सादृशं विरचितनु वा भावगमं लिखन्ती ।
पृच्छन्ती वा मधुरवचनां सारिकां पञ्चरसां
कचिद्भक्तुः स्मरसि रसिके त्वं हि तस्य प्रियेति । ८४ ।

" You will find her busy preparing offerings for the gods, or sketching my likeness, so emaciated by absence, or asking her Moyna in the cage, ' you were very dear to him, do you ever think of him in your lonely hours ? ' "

These birds are very active in their habits ; they meddle even in quarrels of other birds, though the latter scarcely care for such meddling, and hence the Bengali phrase *Salik madhyastha*, or Salik the arbitrator—an epithet generally applied to meddlesome people. Again, women of very disreputable character, such as Mrs. Quickly in King Henry VIII., are called Moynas by way of reproach.

VII.—THE KOKILA.

THE Koil stands in the same relation with the bards of India, as the Bulbul or Nightingale with those of Persia. There is scarcely a poem in any of the languages and dialects of our mother-land in which the mellifluous strains of this denizen of the grove are not highly extolled.

Of the thirty species belonging to the family Cuculus or Cuckoos, the following are well-known to the people of Bengal :—

1. Cuculus Micropterus = *Bou kotha ka*.
2. C. Fugox = *Chok-galo*.

3. *C. Gmelin* = *Phut Kokil*.
4. *Endynamys Orientalis* = *Kokil*.

The last is the bird-elect of our poets. The melodious and rich liquid voice of this bird is truly enchanting when heard from a distance. It frequents groves, avenues, and open jungles; its chief resort is among blossoming mango-topes, and numerous are the allusions in ancient poetry to its love for the mango-blossom.

One of the Sanskrit names of this sweet songster is *Parabhrita*, or "brought up by another." It is a well-known fact, that the female Koil leaves her eggs by stealth in the nest of the crow whose eggs greatly resemble them; there they are hatched, and even the young bird is nourished for some-time by the crow. It is strange that Professor Horace Hayman Wilson should have doubted this relationship of the Indian Cuckoo with the hated bird, but the following extracts will prove the truth of the fact:—

"The female Koel, as has been known in India, deposits her eggs almost exclusively in the nest of the common Crow (*Cervus Spendens*), more rarely in that of the Carrion Crow (*C. Culminatus*). She only, in general, lays one egg in each Crow's nest, and mostly, but not always, destroys the eggs of the Crow at the time of depositing her own. It is a popular belief that the Crow discovers the imposture when the young Koil is nearly fullgrown, and ejects it from the nest; but this I do not think is usually, or ever the case, for I have frequently seen Crows feeding the young Koil after it had left the nest. Some observers have declared that the old female Koil often watches the nest in which she has deposited her eggs, and when the birds are fullgrown, entices them away, or if expelled, looks after them, and feeds them for a few days; but I greatly doubt if this be the general practice. The egg of the Koil is pale olive-green, with numerous reddish-dusky spots, having a tendency to form a zone at the large end."

"The Crows appear to know full well that they are cuckolded by the Koel; for at times you see them pursuing these Cuckoos with the utmost energy, and Mr. Frith, as quoted by Blyth, states that one dashed itself against a window and was killed, when pursued by a Crow."

From the above extract it may be inferred, that it is only the Indian Cuckoo which deposits its eggs in the nests of other birds, but modern Ornithology has proved beyond a question that all the Cuculinæ or true, or Parasite Cuckoos do so, and they are exclusively from the Old World.

"The cause of this peculiar habit is supposed to be that the eggs of the Cuckoo are matured very slowly, and that she requires an interval of several days to elapse between the laying of each egg; and the young too, require to be fed longer than the young of other birds; which circumstances combined, would make it difficult for her to incubate her own eggs, and rear the brood. It may be that from want of intelligence she is unable to construct a nest. The low development of the parts subservient to generation, the small eggs of some and a weakening of the parental impulses which is likely to accompany this, have been supposed to afford an explanation of their peculiar habits."

It is the male bird whose melodious call is so much admired by the poets; the cry of the female is loud, harsh, and in-harmonious. The bird is almost always addressed in the masculine gender generally with the particle *हु*: The following extracts are taken at random :

“काँकैः सह विवृक्ष्य कोकिलश्च कलागिरः ।

धनसदेहपि नैतुर्ध्यां कल्याणप्रकृतिः कृतः ।”

With the cawing crows, the sweet Cuckoo grows,
Yet ne'er forgets its mellow song ;
So the sweet in mind, are never unkind,
Tho' they mix with the wicked throng.

“তবৈতৎ বাচি মাধুর্য্যং জানে কোকিল কব্ৰিমং ।
প্রপোষিতোবৈঃ তানেব জাতপকো জহাসি যং ॥”

O Cuckoo ! pleasing tho' thy call,
Methinks the same is artful all :
For, ingrate thou, when thou canst fly,
Thou leavest him who nourished thee !

The above is a hit against an ungrateful flatterer.

“যেনানন্দময়ে বসন্তসময়ে সৌরভ্যহেলামিলং ।
ভূকালীমুখরে রসালশিখরে নীতাঃ পুরাবসরাঃ ॥
“আঃ কালশ্রবশেন কোকিলমুবা সোহপ্যদ্য সর্কাদিশঃ ।
খেলদ্বায়সচকুষাতবিদলগ্নমুর্দ্ধা মুহুর্দ্ধাবতি ॥”

In gladsome hours of blushing Spring,
'Mid fragrant sprays, and bees on wing,
The Cuckoo young doth pass his days ;
But mark Dame Fortune's changing ways !
Scared by a troop of sportive crows,
He knows not where to find repose ;
His head all torn by hostile beaks,
In vain by flight he freedom seeks !

The poet alludes here to the fate of honest merit in the hands of unappreciating and unfeeling men.

“দাতৃহাঃ সরসং রসন্তু স্তভগং গায়ন্তু কেকাভূতঃ ।
কাদম্বাঃ কলমালপঙ্ক মধুরং কুজন্তু কো বটরঃ ॥
দৈবাদ্যাবদসৌ রসাল বিটপিচ্ছান্নামনাসাদয় ।
ম্রিবিম্ব কুটজেসু কোকিলমুবা সজ্জাতমৌনব্রতঃ ॥”

Let peacocks crow, or moorhens clack,
Let lap-wings cry, water-fowls quack ;
Reft of his fav'rite mango wood,
See the Koil sits in silent mood !

In the original, occurs the word *Kutaja* (*Echytes Antidysentrica*.) This plant flowers during the rainy

season, in fact the birds first-mentioned are those which are delighted at the advent of that season, while the Cuckoo leaves off its melodious cooings, being a child of the vernal season. The moral of this piece of poetry is obvious: it plainly indicates, that true genius is content to be silent, when unabashed impudence fills the world with its noise.

(To be continued.)

LOVERS' HOURS.

SWEET Lucy asked her friend one day,
 "O Annie dear, do tell me why
 The hours so quickly speed away,
 Whene'er we meet, Charley and I?"

"The reason's plain," her friend replied,
 "Nor wonder, dear, at such a thing;
 I'm sure when Charley's by thy side,
 Love lends the hours his golden wing!"

"But tell me, Annie, tell me why"—
 Said Lucy, blushing like a rose,
 "Whene'er all by myself am I,
 Time, like a snail, so slowly goes?"

"And well he may"—sly Anne replies—
 "And well he may the laggard prove;
 For, laden with a maiden's sighs,
 He finds it hard, my love, to move."

BHOOBONESHOREE

OR

THE FAIR HINDU WIDOW.



Chapter XXIV.

THE CLEVER MANAGEMENT OF A DIFFICULT AFFAIR.—THE OLD MAN'S
ASTROLOGICAL CALCULATIONS.—THE AUSPICIOUS DAY TURNS
OUT INAUSPICIOUS.—SHEWS HOW HINDU WOMEN
MOURN WHEN THERE IS NO OCCASION FOR IT.

“THE next day, uncle Sham, in whose ear his wife had whispered the whole tale at night, made preparations for sending Kusam to her father-in-law's house. He said, ‘my dear nephew-in-law was impatient to go home when he first came to take his wife away. He does not now talk of going home, because he must be angry at the delay that has already taken place. If we detain her any longer, her exasperated father-in-law will never send her to see her parents again. As we hope to see Kusam often, we must send her soon, however sorry we might be to do so. Already the long delay seems to have told on our dear nephew-in-law's constitution. He has even forsaken his food. It is natural for a child to be anxious to go home to see his own parents. Anxiety is always known to affect health. Besides, the climate of the place does not seem to agree with his constitution. He is always morose and melancholy. The air of his own native village would soon revive him.’

“Chunder was thunder-struck when he heard all this. He saw he was being forcibly ejected from the house which contained the jewel of his heart. To show that he was not at all anxious to return home, he affected much

gaiety that day, and laughed with every one he met, whether there was any occasion for hilarity or not. He took treble the quantity of his usual food. But his cunning uncle-in-law said that the hope of soon going home had revived his spirits and appetite; and so no more delay should be made. Chunder even talked of an epidemic having broken out in his native place, at which Sham said, 'O! I see. You are anxious to be near your parents and brothers during the epidemic. Of course you will be of great service to them. Your knowledge and education will enable you to afford such assistance as they cannot expect from any body else. I am old enough to guess your virtuous intentions. You need be in no great hurry to go however. I will send you tomorrow positively: I can promise you that. Today it is rather late, you see. I should not be selfish enough to consult my own wishes. I can understand your parent's feelings and yours. I am myself a parent, you know. I do not find any joy as long as my son remains away. I remember when I used to go to my father-in-law's house in my youth, I would not stay there more than three days. My mother-in-law's tears and sister-in-law's entreaties could not detain me longer. I have prevailed upon you to stay more than two months at my house, but I would be cruel if I attempt to detain you any more.'

"Chunder cursed his uncle-in-law from the bottom of his heart. He could not of course directly express his desire to remain, it being considered indelicate to stay at a father-in-law's house except under apparent compulsion. But all his indirect manœuvres to effect his object were cleverly construed by his astute uncle-in-law as proofs of his anxiety to go home. Cordially hating Sham for his obstinacy, he went to his grand-father in hopes of prevailing over him to sanction his further stay. He saw his charmer turn pale at sight of him, and cast her head down to conceal her feelings from the old man. He thought he had shocked her modesty rather violently, but trusted to be able in time to regain her good opinion.

As soon as he had taken his seat, Bhooboneshoree rose to withdraw, saying she was not well. But the old man entreated her to stay, saying he had to consult her on business of importance. She replied she would come another time. But her grandfather would not listen to any excuse.

“‘I do not find any joy in your face to-day, my child,’ said he. ‘I hope you have not got that accursed headache of which you complain so often.’ Chunder’s eyes filled with tears for some cause or other which the old man perceived and said, ‘you see, my child, even that heartless brute weeps to see your sorry face. Cheer up, my child, all will be well.’ ‘Don’t you avert your face in that way.’ The last remark was made on seeing her avert her face from Chunder’s looks.

“Chunder heaving a profound sigh by way of preface, said, ‘Grandfather, I am to go home to-morrow. I am very sorry to leave you. I do not know how I shall pass away my time deprived of the sight of your beloved face,’ and his eyes turned towards Bhooboneshoree’s face. The old man to whom Sham had communicated Chunder’s extreme anxiety to go home, replied, ‘I am sorry to lose you. But I cannot resist your wishes. Young men, I know, consider it a sort of degradation to remain at their father-in-law’s house. Do you leave in the morning or evening, tomorrow?’

“Chunder wished the old man at some place ‘from whose bourne no traveller returns,’ but managed to prevent his wish coming to his tongue, and said, ‘to-morrow, I hear, is an inauspicious day. Indeed, when Bhooboneshoree wanted to go to her father’s, you said that there were no propitious days in this month. I do not know what to do.’

“‘But since you are so very anxious to go,’ replied the old man, ‘that alters the case. You know, urgency has no law. If you must go to-morrow, you can find out a propitious moment, and just then start.’

“‘The occasion,’ said Chunder, ‘which calls me home, is not so very urgent that I should disregard the evil

predictions of astrology. If tomorrow be very unpropitious, I may go on the third or fourth day.'

"My child," said the old man addressing Bhooboneshoree, 'you do not speak? Young men now-a-days do not mind auspicious days. All the days of this accursed month are unpropitious. But as Chunder must go, it is as well for him to go tomorrow or the day after. What do you say?'

"Chunder watched Bhooboneshoree's face with considerable anxiety. It was now in her hand to expell him from the house at once or give him a few days' grace. He saw she was so offended that she would not even look at his face. He thought his doom was sealed. But however angry she might be, she could not forsake her nature. She saw his love for her was overflowing his heart. She knew of the existence of a conspiracy to eject him from the house. He seemed to dread the ejection, as if he was being led to his execution. She saw he was desperately struggling for a respite, although he could not openly ask it. At first, she said, she did not understand the matter. But as the old man dogmatically cried that she did understand it, she said if tomorrow be *very* unpropitious, he may go any other day. Chunder seemed a little relieved, but his evil star was in the ascendant. For the old man now called for his spectacles and almanac to see what day was propitious for the intended journey.

"When the materials for the old man's calculations were laid before him, he applied his spectacles to his eyes and proceeded to read the almanac, holding it upside down. He first brought the book a foot from his eye; then placed it a foot and a half; gradually carried it as far as his arms could stretch. He now found fault with his spectacles, and taking them from his eyes, cleaned the glasses with the corner of his cloth. When the spectacles were again applied to his eyes, they did not seem to improve his vision; for, place the book wherever he pleased, the obnoxious small letters refused to make themselves intelligible to him. He became so

angry with the spectacles, the people who made them, and the servants who bought them, that he damned and dashed the whole set to the ground. Fortunately it was the inanimate glasses which suffered, the other offenders laughing in their sleeves. He then called for another pair of spectacles, but his servants were afraid to approach him for fear of the Hookahs and brass Lotahs lying in the room, which had a peculiar attraction for their heads whenever the old man was angry. One little boy was at last seen to approach, trembling from head to foot, with a pair of spectacles in hand. The old man threatened to smash him as he came near. The boy shook with mortal dread, not being able to stand or run away. Bhooboneshoree said, 'no fear, come and give it to me.'

"When it was handed over to her, she said, 'This is a very valuable pair of spectacles, grandfather! I hope you will not demolish it like the one lying there,' and cleaning the glasses, she placed it on his nose.

"'Ah nice, indeed! very good glasses,' he exclaimed. 'Now young man, give that almanac to me.'

"Chunder who was poring over the book to see what the Gods had written about his fate, made it over to the old man. But the book was a sealed one to the latter. With great difficulty he made out one letter, and then the second one; but when he deciphered the third letter, he forgot the preceding; and at last raising the book high in the air, he dashed it to the ground with all his might, cursing all the almanac makers from the days of Raja Krishna Chandra Ray. The spectacles would have shared the same fate, had not Bhooboneshoree stretched forth her hand to save them from an untimely grave.

"'Well grandfather,' said she, 'I will read the almanac to you and you can form your own conclusions. The types of this book are too small for your power of vision. You can read large print very well.' Chunder hastened to bring the almanac, and with both hands, respectfully presented it to her. Opening the book at the proper place she slowly read:—'Tomorrow is Friday, the 7th Aghran.'

'Friday,' said the old man, 'is a very favorable day. It is only unpropitious for going towards the west, but as Chunder's house lies to the north, there can be no objection whatever.' The young man's cheeks fell. The fair reader went on:—'To-morrow is the 7th day of the moon.'

"The seventh day of the moon,' said the old man, 'is very propitious. It augurs the possession of land.'

"Chunder thought he would gladly sell all his father's lands, if he could thereby purchase the smile of the lady he loved. She read on:—'the sun is in constellation Nunda.'

"Is it so? I am very glad it is. The conjunction of Friday with Nunda is highly favorable, young man! You will surely get all your wishes realized in going on such a day.'

"The young man had a great mind to throw astrology to the dogs for auguring so falsely. For there was not the slightest chance of his wishes being realized at home, while the object he sought lay at his father-in-law's house. The *Joge* which makes others happy, was to end in his ruin. The *Koron* and the other astrological conjunctions were all found to be favorable, and no exception could be taken to any. The *Joginee*, who, I suppose, is a beautiful young lady, was also found to smile on his journey. Extremely grieved, and raising his hands to his cheeks, Chunder sat the very picture of despair. To add to his mortification, the eighth and ninth day of the moon were highly unfavorable, especially as the *Joginee* standing on his right or in front, seemed to frown on his stay. The eighth day predicted wound, which he thought he had already received never to be healed; and the ninth predicted death, which he devoutly wished for. He would have asked the old man why he did not send his beautiful granddaughter home, if the next day was propitious, as the almanac showed it to be. But the fear of the Lota coming flying to his head and his ancestors being dragged to hell, held his tongue a prisoner in his mouth. Had Bhooboneshoree cast her eyes on him, she would have probably taken

pity, and interposed in his favor. But she affected to be busy with something else, and never spoke a word for or against his sudden departure.

“The next day every thing was ready for Kusam and her husband’s departure. Kusam had not the slightest objection to go to her father-in-law’s house. On the contrary she was the more glad of it, as such a step would free her husband from Bhooboneshoree’s influence. As for herself, she had become extremely attached to that lady, and from a deadly foe been converted into a steadfast friend. She had repeatedly acknowledged her deep obligations to Bhooboneshoree for saving her life, and for removing from her husband’s mind the prejudices he had imbibed regarding her character. She had confessed with grief and shame that she had hitherto regarded her with envy and malice, and had rightly been punished for doing so. But however anxious she might be to remain near her benefactress, her husband’s peace of mind, and the future happiness of their wedded life required that they should retire, for a time at least, to his native village. There, thrown into her exclusive company, and separated from Bhooboneshoree, he would again grow fond of herself, and forget his passion for the other.

“It is this last consideration which had influenced Sham in forcing Chunder in a manner to go home with his wife. Kusam’s father, Deno, did not of course trouble himself with any discussions about the matter, being deeply occupied with quarrels with his old mistress, whom he had just renounced, and with the construction of a beautiful villa for his new—a dancing girl who had come from Calcutta to dance at the last Lakshmi Poojah. As for his wife, Rie, she had too many griefs of her own to mind those of her step-daughter. She thought every wedded woman ought to be as miserable as herself, she herself having committed no particular crime in this or the previous birth (as she well knew) to be especially cursed with a faithless husband; and Kusam being the daughter of the man who had rendered a virtuous lady

miserable for life, deserved to be afflicted in the way she had been.

"Everything went on merrily till the time of leave-taking. Nearly all the ladies of the village had come to grace the occasion, and to give an exercise to their lungs and eyes. Kadumbinee who had hitherto been laughing and contemplating her own person with satisfaction, suddenly became grave. Then raising her voice to the highest key, she began to cry as if some great misfortune had befallen her. 'O how shall I live without you !' she cried, and holding Kusam's neck, indulged herself in uncontrolable grief. Chitra followed her cousin's good example, while the other women began to bellow by way of *chorus*. Some said, 'don't weep,' but they were no less loud themselves in their lamentations. After taking leave of Kadumbinee, Kusam caught hold of Radhica, and bathed her with her tears. If there was any deficiency in the latter article, the women made it up with their discordant voices.

"I leave my poor mother behind. O take care of her. There is mangoe hash in an earthen pot over the Almirah. O ! do not forget to give a little to her every day. My father always comes home tipsy, and has to sit to a cold supper. O who will take care to keep it warm, and attend to his comforts !"

"Such was generally the text of Kusam's lamentations, interspersed with allusions expressive of discomforts in her husband's house. She was so blinded by her tears that mistaking her obnoxious boy for one of her cousins, she forcibly caught hold of him, and laying her face over his, began to cry as quietly as before. The young ladies bit their tongue through modesty ; the old remonstrated ; but her lamentations were too loud for any other voice to reach her ear. The poor boy, though caught in a beautiful lady's arms, tried to disentangle himself, crying all the time, 'Mamma, I am not your cousin.' When Kusam perceived her mistake, she sat down in shame and confusion, but the old women came to her aid, and holding her neck, began to bellow more loudly than

before. The excitement of the occasion raised her spirits, and she again heartily joined in the lamentations.

“As usual, the men are generally disgusted with these shows, and uncle Ishur came at last to put a stop to them. ‘You have wept enough, I say. Now cease and let the girl go. You have made it a regular court house,—the pleaders thundering, the mookhtears whispering, the clients crying, the *orderlies* commanding silence, the *Amlahs* reading. I say, cease your lamentations. The girl is going to enjoy happiness in her husband’s house. Why convert the occasion to one of sorrow? This is not an auction sale held at the instance of a decree-holder that every one must bid something.’

“This remonstrance silenced the noise. Kusam was then conducted to the Palkee, and that the women might not roar around the vehicle, the bearers hastily shouldered it, and carried it away beyond their sight.”

MISS STANLEY OR THE CABIN BOY.

(AN INCIDENT FROM LIFE.)

CHAPTER. I.

Why does she love him? curious fool be still;
Is human love controll'd by human will?

MISS STANLEY was left an orphan at a very early age without any other inheritance than her sparkling beauty, robust health, and good spirits. She was too young to feel the loss of her parents when they died, so she had never known the chill of that grief, or any other; for her aunt on her mother's side, took charge of the unconscious orphan, and brought her up as well as the kind old lady's limited means would allow. She sent Maria Stanley to a day school in her neighbourhood, and gave her the ordinary superficial education that girls of the middle class generally receive; and the old lady in contriving this,—for it had to be contrived with management,—felt a glow of satisfaction in having done so well for her dear Maria. Maria played on the piano, sang tolerably, embroidered, read novels, and told their stories to her aunt of an evening. "What did the child want more?" the old lady would argue. Never having been educated herself, she knew not the necessity with such a nature as Maria's for a mind-training, and so the beautiful girl grew up strong, romantic, and wayward: but she was blessed with an affectionate disposition that made her always subservient to those whom she loved or received kindness from. Her aunt, dear old heart, though living in London, never dreamt of danger to her imaginative, impulsive charge. Besides, what did the poor unsophisticated old lady know of the necessity for a curb or shield for her sportive girl? She was always good to aunty, never gave her cause to be annoyed; and was not Arthur Harrington, a Captain in a Queen's Regiment

of Foot, after her lassie ? Surely, he would make her his wife, and take her to India a lady, and she would be in the best society there, and have hordes of servants, and a carriage, with a power of money ; and the old motherly creature would softly rub her hands together in glee at having provided so well for Maria. Ah, short-sighted aunty ! Did you live fifty years in this world of disappointments without having one hope even dashed to the ground ? You must have been singularly fortunate never to have learnt by experience “that man proposes, but God disposes.”

Arthur Harrington was after Maria. He sought her love and won it, and they were plighted to each other. She loved him with all the wildness of her impulsive soul, though they were as different from each other in disposition as two dissimilar natures could well be. Hers was a warm, gushing, clinging, grateful heart ; his,—calculating, immovable, and cold. But he was handsome and as he told her that he loved her, she gave up all her wealth of heart without a question as to what she got in exchange. Her love filled her soul. It crowned him with every virtue, ennobled, and deified him. Poor Maria ! Are you the first or will you be the last to raise up an idol on high that responds not to your soul’s yearnings, unhappy devotee ? Our sufferings be on our own heads ! Without caution, without care, in heedless impetuosity, the wisest of our sex throws away a life’s happiness to mourn its loss in after years in silent sorrow—sorrow the more bitter, because unrevealed, and nursed in silence. But such is the fate of woman surely, or why should she be endowed with such susceptiveness—such a capacity for loving ?

Maria was very happy in Harrington’s love until he was in orders for Bombay, when she began to pine and tremble in anticipation of parting with her lover. He playfully chid her and asked where the courage was that she boasted ? Then she strove to drive back her tears, and in hopefulness they spoke of the home he would provide for her in India, and of the sensation

her beauty and freshness would create there; and the happy girl would smile and sing again, and thus the days flew by until the time arrived for his departure. Her heart was full, heavy to bursting, as she made up her packet of keep-sakes for him of embroidered smoking caps, rug slippers, comforters, and such trifles:—each article had cost her hours of labor—each was an evidence of devoted love. He would want slippers to keep his feet warm—a comforter would be necessary in the winter. She would ply her needles until her eyes grew dim, happy in the labor of love. The day, the hour arrived for them to part. She was in her room weeping bitterly: it was her first parting with any one she loved; and this heart-ache was so new to her, that she could not bear it in patience. She had much to learn yet in life, poor girl—her education was all before her, to be acquired in the school of experience. Her aunt sought her, and tried to soothe the impatient mind. She washed Maria's eyes—bade her get up and go to Harrington who was waiting below. With a martyr's strength Maria kept down her sobs; she went to the fire-place where he stood admiring her, her face averted to hide the tell-tale tears. He folded her to his heart, and she smiled as she asked him would they be long parted?

"No! Not many months," and then the beautiful head rested on his breast, while her fair arms entwined his form. "Arthur—Arthur, you will write by every mail, will you not?" And she drew him closer, so loth to let him go.

"Yes, my girl; but see these tears don't become a soldier's bride, for his fortunes are various, one day at home, another in the tented field. You must be brave," kissing her, "and you will wear this," sliding a ring on her finger—"it is a sapphire, and I give it to you in proof of my constancy."

"I shall prize it above everything, dear Arthur, but fair exchange is no robbery. Do you accept this ruby," pulling a ring off one of her own fair fingers—"it is fabled to preserve the owner from all danger."

He kissed her again, gave her one impassioned hug, and bounded down the stairs in a moment. She crept to the window to have the last farewell look, her tears streaming down her cheeks, as she reclined her head against the frame. He turned to have another look at the house, caught sight of the window, waved his hat, and vanished out of sight.

CHAPTER II.

"Courage—you travel through a darksome cave."—R. E. FRENCH.

FOR the first five or six months Harrington wrote to her regularly. To eyes less blinded by love his letters would have seemed cold; to Maria they were gems—read, admired, and pressed to her heart in secret. All her thoughts were directed to the time when she would be going out to him—all her imagination was busy picturing the happiness they should enjoy together in the home he was making for her. Meanwhile her aunt took a cold, sickened, and died in a few days rather suddenly. Suddenly at least to poor Maria, who had never seen death before to her recollection. The good old lady left her charge, her blessing, and household effects: more she had not to leave, for she enjoyed but an annuity which ceased with her life. Maria was bewildered. Her aunt living the life of a widow had made no friends: the poor creature never looked beyond her life, and now Maria was friendless and penniless, but she bore up bravely, and consulted a law agent as to her proceedings. He advised her what to do, kindly refusing the fee she proffered him. She had no means to live in London, and she wrote to Harrington telling him so. No reply came. She wrote again and again, never doubting, never questioning his truth. To live while she awaited his replies she had to part with her furniture. One by one each piece was going: she reduced her expenses to a minimum, yet it cost her money to live. How long could she hold out thus? She was sorely perplexed, poor girl, and in her friendlessness wept bitter

tears, but never was there an angry feeling against him. He would write some day. He might be ill, her heart argued, the climate of India was so trying to European constitutions, she had heard. Ill, and no one by to attend him, the very thought was madness. She would go to him at once, but *how*? A cold feeling came over her as she asked herself the question :—" *how*," she murmured, "without any means?" For days she revolved the harassing question, still not a line from him. For whole nights she lay tossing on her bed, her cheek paling with anxious thought. Many ships were continually going to Bombay. Oh, could she not get a passage in one? What of her aunt's effects left to her? Why did not the idea occur to her before? She was blaming herself for her inertness when she remembered that she was waiting all this while to hear from him. Well, she would do what she could on the morrow, she would sell all she had, and go to Southampton at once. Her all brought her in but a little,—too little to defray her expenses out to India, she found on enquiry. She was driven to despair,—a thought struck her; and, brave always, she shrunk not from her difficulties. She went to a Jew's shop and bought a sailor's outfit for the voyage; removed her box to another inn, and left it there for one Frank Halliday when he called, which he was likely to do the next day. Then having paid her reckoning at the house where she had hitherto remained, she left one night by moonlight. On the beach she sought a lonely place, cut off her beautiful plaits of dark hair, donned her sailor's garb and hat, and transformed herself into Frank Halliday. She was tall and well developed for a woman, and looked a handsome stripling with her flashing brown eyes—at least so many fair ones thought. The following day she herself rowed up to a ship that was bound for Bombay, and asked to see the Captain. He was pointed out to her, and with a palpitating heart, in fear of discovery and derision, she told him that she wished to work her passage out to Bombay.

"Was she ever at sea before?"

"No, but she would soon learn to be useful."

"What could she do?"

"Rub the ship's boards, keep the cabins clean, attend the Captain at meals; rub down his clothes, and brush his boots, cast up accounts and run messages for him," she returned, the tears gushing to her eyes.

"Poor boy, and you have had the misfortune to lose both your parents and have no friends in England," he kindly said. "Well, better at sea out of the way of temptation. I shall take you on as cabin boy, wages to Bombay £10, and mind you be smart at your work; but are you sure your friend will provide for you on your arrival at Bombay? It is a difficult matter to push your way forward in a strange place without a helping hand."

He spoke kindly, her knees almost knocked with fear, the color went and came in her clear cheek, but fortunately no one noticed her. All hands were busy preparing for the voyage, and the Captain turned away to give his orders. She crept to her box, and sat down until she could learn what she was to do. Presently a sailor hailed her, "I say, youngster, carry yer baggage and come down after me." It required all her strength to lift her box, the man laughed, and good naturedly gave her a helping hand. Sailors are proverbially gruff in their speech and rough in their manners, but for genuine kindness to the helpless and weak, recommend me to a sailor in preference to a parson. The one would share his last biscuit, and give up his hammock to you; the other—but the comparison would perhaps be invidious.

For the first few days Maria was very sea-sick. The very smell of tar and paint upset her, but she strove bravely to do her work. Fortunately, there was no running up the rigging for her, nor had she boots to brush, though a good many shoes to pipe-clay. She kept the cabins clean, and tried to please every one on board, so a hard word was never thrown to her. She was five months coming out to Bombay—five months supported with the hope of being re-united to her lover. In storms, in sickness, in weariness she never blamed him for his neglect.

Never suspected it even—Oh woman! how beautiful is thy faith—how devoted thy love! Maria Stanley is no myth. She is but a type of hundreds loving as eagerly, as fondly, and as blindly,—but I am digressing. The ship nears Bombay. Bassein, the first hill, is sighted; then the Henry Kenry islands, and the Colaba light-house; the signals for a pilot are hoisted, and one is on board from the outer guard vessel in less than an hour, taking the ship carefully in. Soundings are made perpetually, and now the grand beauty of that magnificent bay breaks on Maria's view. It seems an immense basin, land-locked on three sides, with green hills, so inviting in appearance where the palm offers a shady retreat, growing in clusters and groves as they do. Now the bungalows are becoming visible, peeping out here and there from amid the cocoanut trees towering above them. Maria was struck with the beauty of the scene, and she gave a sigh of relief as she thought how near she was to Harrington and to happiness. Presently, the Preventive Officer came on board to take charge of the vessel until she unloaded, and numbers of Bunder boats crowded round in search of passengers. She asked the Officer to direct the tindal of one to come for her in the cool of the evening, as she intended going ashore then. She received her pay in Rupees, and spent the day in trying to learn the value of the coins current in India. The Officer was a good-natured fellow, and as he had no work to do, he very obligingly gave all the information that was sought of him. She took a seat near him with her sailor's hat in her hand, and asked where the Esplanade was. Harrington lived there she knew by his address.

"That's the Apollo Bunder," the officer said, pointing to a sloping stone bank ahead, "That's the Fort to the right of it, where you see the crowd of houses—the Esplanade or green is to the left. Some Military Officers are quartered there by the beach." She was then near Harrington. Should she go to him? No, it would not look well for a young lady to call on a bachelor. She had waited so long, she would be patient yet awhile: it was a sore trial to check her impulses, nor was she accustomed to

rein herself in, but she would do things in due order for his sake, so that her story might not get wind. At dusk the Bunder boat came for her. She had her little trunk lifted into it, and went up to the Captain to say good-bye. He extended his hand.

"Good-bye, my lad," he kindly said. "If you keep on as steady as you promise to be, I have no doubt you will do well." Then when she went towards the sailors, he told the Preventive Officer that the boy had been evidently brought up well, for he preferred reading to gossiping with the sailors, and, though but a cabin drudge, he commanded great respect among the crew.

She shook hands with each sturdy tar who all liked her for her readiness to oblige.—"Good-bye, youngster. We'll miss your allowance of rum," said one. "Aye—aye," other voices joined, "but we'll miss the lad more." And so she bade her adieu, thanked the Officer for his kind directions, lifted her hat to all, and went down the companion ladder to her destiny.

Arrived on shore, her box was taken up to the Chowkee where a Preventive Officer examines the goods as they pass. She was not prepared for such an examination, as the box contained her female attire. She explained, that the box held but her clothes, that she was the cabin boy of the "Jenny Shore," and too poor to have contraband goods. He believed her, and the box was permitted to pass unopened. What a relief to her anxious heart! But this is the last of her anxieties she inwardly believes, and she goes on with lighter footsteps. Again she sought the beach; night was coming on, she sent the cooly for a conveyance after giving him his fare; and Frank Halliday changed his identity!

How bewitching she looked in her black alpacca dress with its rich lustre, her dark glossy hair brushed up into sweet kiss-me-quick curls, the glow of health on her clear cheek, her hazel eye lit with hope and happiness. She hailed a buggy as it drove up, got in, and told the driver in English to go to an inn! The man did not understand her, and she pointed forward, and said, "Hotel." Then

he dashed off, and deposited her at Framjee's in Byculla. She asked for pen and ink, and sat down to write to Harrington.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh! who would be a woman—who that fool—
A weeping, pining, faithful, loving woman?"

FROM Love's Pilgrimage she wrote a long and detailed history of her life since her aunt's death, told him she had written several times from London without receiving any replies, of her perplexity as the difficulty to live became pressing, of the necessity for her to do something, and of her resolve to seek him in India. She told him of her circumscribed means, and how finally she was driven to work her passage out. Then she playfully reverted to her strange life on board, told him all she had to do in the daily routine of her sailor's life, and with overflowing tenderness, asked him not to lose time in coming to her. Did she doubt he would come? Not for a moment. A woman never does doubt the man she loves. She rang the bell and despatched the letter. Alone—in a strange place—without a friend there, or in the wide world—with but a hundred Rs. in her pocket, she knew no fear—had no fore-bodings. Was she not near Harrington? He would see her in the morning at the latest, and soon all her perplexities would cease. As she had dined on board, she asked but for a cup of tea. Then she sat down to read till the return of her messenger. He came in a couple of hours with a note. And now a cold pang shot through her heart as she held her hand out for it. She was not looking for, or expecting a *note*. She thought he would come himself. She tore it open eagerly. Read it, my friend, over her shoulder; it is brief enough—see:—

"A woman, who could so far forget her sex as to do what you have done, could never be any thing to

ARTHUR HARRINGTON."

She sat stunned, pinned to her chair for hours far into the night ;—her misery so great, that she could not command her senses under it. At last an Ayah came in to see if nothing were wanted, called to her, and receiving no answer, went up, and touched the poor girl's shoulder. She shuddered as she was recalled to herself, permitted the woman to undress her, and went to bed shivering with an ague, delirious in fever. The woman was alarmed and stayed by her. In the morning she made a report of the case to the manager of the Hotel, who sent in a doctor. The latter was a Portuguese, but a more enlightened man than the rest of his race usually are. He spoke English, and was gentle and unobtrusive in his manners. He reported the young lady as seriously, nay, dangerously ill. She wanted constant watching day and night. What was the manager to do ? He did not like the look of the case, and suggested that she should be sent to Jamsetjee's Hospital. She could not be moved in her present state, the doctor said. He was a humane man, and brought his own mother and sister to attend her ; and every hour that he could spare from his professional duties he sat by her, feeling her pulse, while she looked at him wildly, crying out in her anguish, " Oh Arthur, Arthur my greatest sin was that I loved you too well ! " Nothing more could be got from her in a connected sentence ; and indeed he dared not question and excite her. Then she would moan, " Aunt—take me—Aunt." For days her life was in danger, but she was in skilful hands, and had kind nursing. At length the fever began to abate, and after a long sleep she opened her eyes wonderingly on her patient watchers. He smiled, and whispered softly, " you are among friends, you must lie very still, and not excite yourself. These ladies are my mother and sister. I am your physician, no questions to-day, no talking until you are stronger." Then his young sister crept up to her bed, and kissing her forehead, told her she had been very ill, but was now out of all danger while the old lady bowed, pressed her worn hand—for she was very much reduced in her fever—and went to bring some broth.

Maria was so grateful and so subdued. She did not disobey her physician by attempting to talk much: only when the old lady returned, with the tears gushing from her large brown eyes, Maria whispered:—

“When I am allowed to speak, I’ll tell you all my story. I am alone in the world without any friends.”

She took the proffered broth, while they turned to hide their tears.

“So young—so beautiful—and so friendless!” the doctor exclaimed himself. He was not a married man, and he would be her friend through life, he inwardly determined, if she would but let him. From that day she began to rally. The doctor was wealthy, and she lacked no comforts. His carriage and pair came every evening to take the invalid for a drive; then they took her to their home, defraying all her expenses at the Hotel. She placed her 100 Rs. in the old lady’s hands, telling her it was all she possessed in the world; but that she would seek work when she was stronger. “There will never be any necessity for you to do that,” the old lady kindly returned. “We will never let you go from us, if you are happy here.” Then Maria’s resolution was told to the Doctor; and he, feeling how awkward she must be in her dependent situation, asked her to become his wife, and not withdraw the sunshine of her presence from his home.

What was she to do? Forget how she once loved Arthur Harrington she could not. She told the doctor of that love—of her almost broken heart, but she was deeply grateful to him. Would her gratitude be a sufficient return for all he offered her? He pressed her to his heart, saying:—

“Our races are different, but, I hope, you will learn to love me some day if a life-long devotion can yet change your heart.”

And he was true to his word, and married her, lavishing on the beautiful, helpless girl all that wealth could purchase. They dressed her magnificently, but she was never again the blithesome girl we first introduced her to

our readers. Her sorrow settled heavily upon her heart. She never complained of being ill—was never peevish, but still she sank gradually into a decline, and, in two years from her marriage, they laid her in the tomb, sorrowing bitterly for one who had been good to all.

But what became of Harrington? Maria's story in time got to be known, and he was hated, and passed through life a solitary out-cast of society—unmated—unwed—scorned by the world—abhorred by himself.

A LADY.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN BENGAL.

BY A NATIVE JUDGE.

WHATEVER be the form of polity among any nation, whoever may be its rulers, the preservation of peace, external and internal, has, in all ages and countries, been considered the chief, if not the only, proper end of the State machinery. In most civilized lands rulers have, indeed, not been so easily content, but the other aims they have there assumed have been in addition, not in exclusion—they are, in many cases, subsidiary and conducive—to that grand end. If public instruction, for instance, were not, in countries like India, taken in hand by Government, it could scarcely calculate upon a constant supply of efficient men to fill the Public Service, lawyers for the bar and the bench, educated men for executive and ministerial posts, for diplomatic employment, and even the superior military commands. Many of these various duties may, in time, or according to circumstance, be laid aside, but a Government can never divest itself of its original vital function. Before the progress of the British administration, the Asiatic view of the relations between rulers and subjects seldom went beyond protection on one hand and allegiance on the other.

The preservation of peace external, *i. e.* the prevention of foreign invasions, being a necessary condition of its own existence, no Government can claim much credit on the score of motive for its exertions in repelling aggression from without. Least of all can a foreign government like that of India hope for active gratitude of its subjects for maintaining its yoke on them. Philanthropy herself could not, in such a false position, escape the imputation of selfishness. As a

matter of fact, the people of this country are extraordinarily indifferent to the policy of wars; they hardly care for them till personally, at least in some way directly, affected by them. According to the old Hindus, war is almost the daily business of warriors—conquest the duty of kings. বীরভোগ্য বসুন্ধরা। It was only civil or internal war that was their detestation, and they heartily cursed the Government whose weakness or crimes caused it. Taxation in Asia being practically fixed, and conscription almost unknown, external war pressed upon them little. Civil war, indeed, was at times rather too inconveniently chronic. Perhaps nothing reconciled the first two generations of England's subjects in India to the loss of independence under the new sway so much as the immunity from those wars within the heart of the country which had become so frequent before the era of British ascendancy. But now the long immunity itself has had the effect of making the people indifferent to the military strength of Britain. The occasions for putting forth the military power are generally so insignificant, or when more important, so few and far between,—the scenes of operations lie in such remote frontiers, if in the country at all,—that the people seldom take them into account in estimating the advantages of the Government. Besides, with the single exception of the struggle of 1857, during a long course of years, the British have fought the battles rather of conquest and self-aggrandizement than those of self-defence or defence of the country. The leaders of opinion—a very different race from the courtiers and cynics of old—can hardly be expected to sympathise with wars of ambition. The maintenance of a large army, however necessary, yet as absorbing a very large proportion of the revenue, is felt as a great evil. The general impression is that, since the mutiny, the British power is too firmly established to require an armament on the scale on which one is now kept up. After all, the British Government in India is, and must be, a Government of opinion. With all the men and materials at its command, it could

not, we fear, permanently subsist without national acquiescence. We rejoice that it rests on the willing allegiance of a contented people. Instead of wasting its resources in the support of an overgrown military establishment, let it therefore pursue its career of political liberality and administrative improvement. The more it therefore attends to the preservation of the internal peace by enacting proper, and, we may add, only necessary, laws and securing their just and impartial administration, the more it will conquer the heart of the people. If it can once lay aside its distrust, natural though we grant it to be, and give the people military education, it can easily dispense with a large portion of the cumbrous army, provided it also maintains its high credit for justice, integrity and good will for the people. At the present day, it must be confessed, that the people are more disposed to complain of the extravagance in the military department, than to appreciate the blessings of an effective Force.

The noblest, the most disinterested, and the most indispensable function of Government is, therefore, the maintenance of peace internal. Its high importance was acknowledged by the Lord Chancellor in his speech delivered on the occasion of introducing the bill for improvement in the constitution of the Privy Council, when he recommended the keeping up of the form of decrees as hitherto, as if they were the orders of Her Majesty Herself, on the express ground that in the estimation of Asiatics she does not perform her highest function if she does not administer justice. The powers which the administrators of justice exercise are really sovereign, and the generality of the people see the true representatives of the Government only in the Judges and Magistrates,—the latter as administrators of criminal justice and not as executive officers.

That function is divided into two :—First the administration of civil justice, and second, that of criminal.

The importance of the second is now-a-days exaggerated to the injury of the first, and therefore my first

endeavour shall be to shew that, if we take all the circumstances into consideration, there will be found a balance rather in favor of the first.

It is often remarked that the object of the first is simply remedial, while that of the second is preventive, and, consequently, of more importance. It is easy to prove that this is a misapprehension. A just decision of the civil courts is quite as preventive in its effects as a similar one of the criminal courts. It should be borne in mind that it is the right finding in individual cases, the certainty of chastisement, however slight, that actually overtakes guilt, and not the severity of punishments merely held in *terrorem* over the heads of the evil disposed or the codification of the criminal law, that really acts as a deterrent. The truth of this observation will be apparent from this one fact that, notwithstanding the heavy pains and penalties provided for perjury and forgery, these two are yet among the most common forms of demoralization in the country. The reason is that, owing to the nature of the crimes, the elaborate procedure of the courts of sessions and the leniency of the jurors, it is very difficult to secure convictions in these two classes of cases. The codification of the criminal law rather makes the work easier for criminal judges. The general absence of positive enactment as regards the substantive law in civil matters makes it incumbent upon Government to entrust their administration into most efficient hands. Whether that is done in practice is another question. The respective qualifications required of each of the two sets of officers shews that the Government has done something in that way. Now-a-days, to be eligible to the post of a *Munsif*, one has, in general education, to undergo the highest collegiate training the country can afford, and, in technical, to hear a course of lectures on all branches of jurisprudence for three years, and, follow up the acquisition of his diploma by practice in courts for sometime. On the other hand, the Deputy Magistrates may be, and gener-

ally are, recruited from efficient ministerial officers, and their legal training needs not, and generally does not, extend beyond the Penal and Criminal Procedure Codes. Henceforth they are to be selected from the Native Civil Service classes to which a First Arts certificate constitutes a passport. There is a like difference in the training required for the practitioners before the two kinds of courts. I need not dwell on the comparative education and character of Mooktears and pleaders even of the lowest grade. Much, again, of the deterring influence of the criminal administration is owing to the Police, the special agency for suppression of crimes more dreaded than anything in the world. The correction of the criminals themselves is a very subsidiary purpose, and has altogether no place in cases of the higher crimes punishable with death, transportation for life and so forth. Protection to life and limb is, no doubt, afforded in a special manner by the criminal administration, though actions for damages for injury to person would likewise lie. But it leaves almost entirely out of its province the most important of all properties—that connected with land, including fixtures. Whether people attach more importance to life and person or to property will be easily perceived from the comparative emoluments of a successful medical practitioner and a successful pleader or advocate. Whether the people is right there, or not, is immaterial to the enquiry, but if the Government wishes to be popular, it cannot afford to be much ahead of the people and their prejudices. The great importance attached to civil courts, however, is owing to their remedial function;—they bring money or property back to individuals, while to the injured party himself the criminal courts afford but an opportunity of retaliation. They do not so much appreciate the indirect advantages of the latter courts. Money hushes up many a crime—money not necessarily paid to the wronged—and the object of civil suits is money itself. We have seen instances of assault and other cases not cognizable by the Police and therefore

not dragged by it to the criminal courts, in which the injured person, instead of going there at once, resorted to the civil courts for damages. Instances are not rare in which people are not contented with merely having the wrong-doers punished, but afterwards go to the civil courts for the *substantial* relief they afford. In rural villages, the disputes generally begin with the cutting away of crops. The criminal courts dispose of them in a manner not always satisfactory to the parties, and a hope of ultimate resort to the civil courts is what keeps them up from despondence. Their great menace to their enemy is *I will bring a civil suit* (আমি দেওয়ানী করিব।) Whatever unsuccessful litigants or interested zemindars may say, there is no doubt about the confidence reposed in these courts. Their popular name itself "Dewani Adalat" is associated with the commencement of the British Government, namely, the acquisition of the "Dawani" by the East India Company, whence dates that transition from the anarchy and confusion of the latter days of the Mahomedan rule to the comparative order and security of the present day. One great advantage in the people's eye is that before the civil courts the Government and the subjects are treated alike. Consciously or unconsciously, the executive officers of Government often do acts which are injurious to the private interests of the subjects, and it is the civil courts, and these alone, that can afford them any relief as a matter of right. The law itself shews the importance attached to the decisions of these courts. Against these decisions, whether in favor of plaintiff or defendant, many successive appeals lie, up to the Privy Council in certain cases. While, on the other hand, if the criminal courts acquit the accused, there is an end of the matter, as far as an appeal is concerned. Even cases of capital punishment are not thought of sufficient importance to allow an appeal in England. In short, the very idea of justice, namely, the giving unto each what is his due, is realized in cases of a civil nature and these alone. The civil courts are loved and respected, as any body not

interested to say otherwise will testify, while the criminal courts are dreaded and avoided.

The exercise of the function of securing civil order is surrounded with numerous, and in this country peculiar difficulties. The administration of justice is an art based upon the science of jurisprudence, and, like all other arts such as the medical, is necessarily imperfect as compared with the abstract principles of the corresponding science. The most difficult part of the business is the determination of facts. A mistake of law may easily be rectified in appeal, but a mistake of fact is often irrevocably fatal. As to facts, the appellate courts are necessarily placed at a disadvantage, and it is indeed taking on one's self a serious responsibility to interfere with the findings of an original court. Unlike the facts of history, astronomy and other departments of enquiry, the facts in judicature are not usually of general importance to attract or fall into the notice of any large number of men. Of the necessarily limited number of really competent witnesses, the most respectable portion try as much as they can to avoid dancing attendance in courts, and subjecting themselves to the worry of a judicial examination. For poor suitors to cite influential men is absolutely dangerous. Some men, otherwise men of veracity, are so sensitive, not to say selfish in their nature, that to cite them as witnesses is to annoy them irreconcilably :—They perversely spoil the causes they are bound in conscience to support, so that they may not be cited again by others. Oftentimes there exist feuds between two or more influential men of a place, and the rest of the community divide themselves into different factions headed by these men. If a competent witness happen to belong to an opposite faction, ten to one he will prove hostile, and if one's own witness swears against him he is pretty sure of losing his cause in these days of speedy disposal. Again, on account of defects in the constitution of our courts, there is a cry for too much evidence—a demand for filling up every link in a chain by direct

testimony. It is forgotten that people in their dealings generally repose great confidence in each other, and do not invite strangers to witness them. Where such is the matter, their own evidence, corroborated by circumstances, ought to be held sufficient for a *prima facie* case, but practically that is seldom done. Nay, notwithstanding the provisions of the Civil Procedure Code, parties are rarely examined. From all these sources flows the unavoidable necessity as it were for having recourse to false witnesses and fabrication of evidence. A judicial officer of any experience must have observed the curious fact that cases otherwise just and true are sometimes supported in part by false evidence. In addition to the general fallibility of all human testimony for want of due attention or recollection arising out of want of interest, the perversion or fabrication of evidence, which seldom occurs in other fields of investigation, throws special difficulties in the way of judges. In almost every contested case both parties produce witnesses who directly contradict each other. In this perhaps the criminal courts are worse off. In matters civil there is often what is called evidence pre-constituted in the shape of documents, previous adjudications and so forth, but offences are committed purposely in the dark, or too suddenly to allow of too many persons seeing them committed. Still, as more than a set-off, there is a special agency, the Police, to trace out evidence for the criminal courts, while, in civil cases, the parties, the pleaders, as well as the judges, have often to beat about the bush, and help themselves as well as they may. The tests of truth usually employed are often misleading, specially if too exclusive attention is paid to any one of them. Not to speak of the poor simple villagers, even men accustomed to courts are often confounded in the hands of an able pleader in cross examination. There is something in the very situation of a witness which works damaging changes in the demeanour, as we perceive when the table is turned and a pleader or a judge placed on the

witness box. The artificial rules of evidence of the English law introduced in this country often present an additional difficulty. Almost the whole English law of evidence owes its origin to the one single rule of exclusion. Do we not, for instance, act upon hearsay statements of our neighbours in most important affairs of life? Why, then, should this class of testimony be entirely excluded in judicial matters, except on a very few points? No doubt it would not be safe to depend exclusively on hearsay, but there does not seem sufficient reason why it is not admitted even by way of corroboration of other so-called legal evidence? Hearsay would in this country afford a very valuable help indeed. The common saying “নান্দুল জনশ্রুতিঃ” is founded upon sound common sense, and that some truth underlies a wide-spread rumour is the teaching of our everyday experience. Gentlemen of position seldom go out to witness, accidentally or purposely, occurrences that may give rise to law-suits, but as soon as these happen such men are, generally speaking, correctly informed of them, before the growth yet of any strong wide-spread interest for suppressing or coloring truths. In excluding hearsay evidence you exclude any light, however faint, likely to be thrown by this class of witnesses at least, whose veracity at all events cannot generally be impeached. No doubt it requires a good deal of discrimination in Judges to shift this kind of evidence, and therefore its admission instead of helping administration of justice, is well-calculated to help the incapacity of Judges. Perhaps till Judges were, as a rule, able more than they yet are, it would be premature to entrust them with the power of deciding on such evidence. But it is well to familiarize ourselves with the possible directions of law-reform. In one instance at least, the Privy Council did admit this kind of testimony.

Another difficulty is presented by the eternal groping in the dark the Judges are condemned to. There are no means of knowing for certain whether you arrived at truth or falsehood in particular cases by following a par-

ticular course, and consequently there is but little chance of improving by experience. If, after the disposal of a case, you stoop to ask anybody as to the correctness or otherwise of your law decision, in nine cases out of ten you are sure to hear a reply that is most flattering to your pretensions. In India, particularly, people do not like to offend; but were they as independent and blunt, they would be of small service to you. Suits are rarely simple matters admitting of an unhesitating "yes" or "no," and the opinion of stray outsiders on complicated questions of law and fact can hardly be satisfactory. Nor, even in regard to the simplest facts, is your informant often in a position to know better than yourself of a case that happened in some remote part of a district. One who knows better may be a party indirectly interested. Besides, if litigants come to know that you are anxious for such reports, they are sure to take advantage of your weakness by manufacturing them to their own benefit. All these considerations make information or criticism so obtained highly unreliable. In most other arts, on the contrary, the result most palpably shews the soundness or otherwise of the *modus operandi*. A medical man gives you a prescription, which either cures you or leaves you as you are, or aggravates the disease or kills you outright. A number of trials proves the efficacy or otherwise of the prescription. But a Judge never experiences the satisfaction of knowing a cure, however confidently he may use his means for diagnosis or apply his measures for treatment. He cannot go beyond a moral certainty. The experience upon which the rules of procedure are said to be based is of that sort, and therefore they are not so sure as in other arts.

The next great difficulty is the present increase of litigation compared with the number of judicial officers. The great cry, in consequence, is for speedy disposal and clearing up of the file at any rate. We live in an age of wonderful speed. We travel by railways, we send messages by telegraph, we die of cholera, and

we have our cases tried by small cause courts. But in this post-haste pace the moral effects of a pure and sound decision are entirely lost sight of. A hasty, premature, hap-hazard decision adds to the inevitable uncertainty of judicial trials, and a hope of evasion often induces men to withhold even just demands and hold back from any sort of compromise. The most curious part of the matter is that the litigants themselves seldom complain of any delay. The majority of cases are pure rent suits where no question of title or rate is involved, and suits of a Small Cause Court nature. Such suits are rarely contested, and as, according to a circular, the rent suits are taken up first, there is scarcely any delay in disposing them off. If there is any delay in trying these suits, it arises from the number of pending cases. Suppose there are 300 such cases in a particular court, (that is almost the average number of pending suits,) and there is but one Munsif, as is generally the case, the fresh cases that are daily instituted must be fixed for days beyond those fixed for these 300 cases.—Hence the apparent delay. If there is any real delay, it is in deciding the contested cases, and herein the people prefer a little delay to hasty disposal. An officer possessing a strong common sense may do substantial justice in spite of the speed, and yet all the evidence may not be collected, important questions may remain to be put to the witnesses and the best reasons may not be given in the judgments. Such judgments are, therefore, generally liable to reversal in appeal. An average officer is almost sure, under such circumstances, to give a wrong, or at least faulty, decision. The pleaders, now too numerous to have enough work of only the proper, non-mischievous kind, for all of them, and too well skilled in the art of criticism, are even more sure to advise appeals from such decisions. What wonder, then, that the files of the appellate courts also are overcharged.

It is admitted on all hands that judicial officers are overworked. There is a growing tendency to require

of them to do anything and everything, with their own hands. With their own hands they must keep the diary and certain forms, take down depositions, and, in the meantime, go on asking or suggesting questions, the pleaders of the minor (Munsifs' in particular) courts being, as a class, a very inferior agency. They must supervise the work of the Nazir (sheriff.) This work has become very onerous and serious since the Munsifs have been empowered to make direct payments, and the daily accumulating rules of the Accountant General are aggravating its perplexity. They have seldom English-knowing officers under them, and yet English correspondence with the District Judges is ever on the increase. Since the transfer of rent-suits to the Munsifi courts, it was expected that the number of Deputy Collectors would be diminished, and that of Munsifs adequately augmented. But while the Government sows Deputies, Sub-deputies and Canoongos, broadcast over the land, in season and out of season, it is sorely pinched if it has to appoint an additional Munsif.

As so much has been made of it, I may as well give the causes of this increase of litigation.

. After the confusion of the last days of the Mahomedan rule the British Government restored, if not created, the institution of property. The Permanent Settlement was followed by similar arrangements between landlords and tenants. It may be said that almost every member of society has now some interest in land. Unlike some other countries where the land is in comparatively few hands and tenants have no right to remain in occupation against the will and pleasure of the landlords, and where people generally live in hired rooms, and cultivate temporary holdings, here nearly every family have a house, however humble, which they can call their own and paternal acres to grow crops upon. The steady rise of prices of late years has enhanced the value of land considerably. Every body that makes a little money, wants to invest it in land. For, a landlord's position is really enviable. His credit of every kind is high among

his fellows, and he finds no difficulty in raising loans. No body, therefore, now-a-days tamely submits to any infringement of right in land. The large rivers of the country are constantly throwing up extensive *churs* which are extravagantly fertile, and these are often the apples of discord not only amongst the aggrarian proprietors but also the Government and the people. The rent is a perpetually recurring cause of action between the same parties. The revenue sale law is constantly bringing in new landlords from the class of sordid money-dealers who purchase estates with their often ill-got wealth, not it may be presumed to make the most philanthropic use of their new properties but to make as much out of them as possible. These men have no family, credit, traditions or honors to respect, like the old aristocratic families. Their whole and sole purpose is to make money at any rate—at least at the interest rate. This interest is notoriously very high. The land cannot possibly bear it and habitual usurers will not easily content themselves with less. Hence perpetual bad blood between the landlord and the tenant, and the necessary interference of the courts. From their position the new men are for sometime unable to ascertain what are their just dues, and the tenants on the other hand try to profit by the confusion. The old landlord, again, losing his hold upon them, they refuse to pay him his arrears. Hence each fresh sale gives rise to two fresh crops of rent suits. The people, naturally weak and timid, are more prone to verbal abuses than to resist aggressions with a strong hand. The right of private defence is not well understood, while the rule forbidding subjects to take the law into their own hands has taken a deep root in the minds of the people. The strong rule of the British Government has added to this state of things. The people, instead of running the risk of having broken necks and bringing down the Police upon them, easily suffer themselves to be dispossessed from their hearth and home, and then a resort to the courts—the *ma lap* of the weak—is the only course left to them.

Here we may perceive that litigation is not altogether a luxury, as it has been often said to be.

In days gone by the people used to bury their treasure for fear of thieves and robbers. But now the general security induces them to make use of it. Hence we see the gradual increase of potty traders and shopkeepers. The present facilities for transit also help to develop the internal traffic. The increase of cultivation has brought into play the little capital the country had to lay out, and hence the increase of potty money-lenders. It is these two classes of people that are the feeders of our Small Cause Courts.

Nor are there wanting moral causes to promote the state of things deprecated. The present anarchical condition of our society forms a constant source of discord. It is impossible to exaggerate the influence of faith and public opinion on practical life, and it is a critical time for the nation when these conservators of domestic happiness and social order fail. Such a period has come to India. All religious beliefs are losing their hold upon the minds of the people, and a spirit of selfishness and liberty in the sense of license is being infused therein, upsetting all social restraints. The elders and priests have lost all their weight. The Panchayet system has been superseded by the courts, beyond a chance of revival. The punishment of excommunication, once potent in checking vice and unsocial conduct, is now abolished or abused. The heterodox party is too strong for it, and it is seldom employed except as a means of oppression towards the weak and an instrument of malice against enemies. There is scarcely any principle of unity, and, therefore, of social force, in the country. The great bulk of the people is divided into almost equal halves by two religious systems, the respective followers of which, specially in the lower orders, scarcely scruple to injure one another. The mischievous but strong notion of "rights" and a faint idea of duty imported into the country are bearing their fruits. The damage suits for personal injury or

abusive language and the so-called easement suits, the offspring of the English law, were ten years ago unknown in this country. An oversupply of mooktears and pleaders also fosters litigation.

Constant change of law, over-legislation and conflicting precedents have not a little share in bringing about the present state of things. Fifteen years back there was but one long period of limitation, namely 12 years, applicable to almost all sorts of suits. Act XIV. of 1859 considerably reduced the period for the largest number of suits, and every body remembers how the courts were flooded with complaints before the law came into operation. From that time forth the pure civil suits increased frightfully. People cannot wait after the cause of action arises and run the risk of being too late. The present limitation law, by prescribing still shorter periods, as, for instance, in Wassilat cases, has aggravated the mischief. But the most proximate cause is the great Rent Law. It came into operation when the Indigo disturbance occurred. The planters failing in the usual way to induce the tenantry to cultivate indigo for them, set to work that mighty engine of Act X. to coerce them into executing the contracts for the production and supply of the dye-plant. Failing in that dear object, they set in earnest to recover their losses by systematic enhancement. Other landlords finding the retrospective occupancy clause coming upon them all on a sudden, followed their example. But that disturbance also taught the people how to combine and resist the power hitherto thought irresistible. The same causes that had brought about the Indigo Crisis have now led to the Rent Crisis. And what is there left for it but litigation—litigation in the evil sense—if the Act—and the Act only—is to be literally obeyed? The landlords are not now allowed to compel the tenants to attend their offices to pay rent. The principal ground of enhancement, namely the increased value of produce, has proved treacherous since the case of Thakurani Dasi. The cost of living has of late very much increased, affecting equally the poor

and the rich ; subscriptions, public and private, are the order of the day ; yet the rent rolls are generally of dates prior to the present increase of the value of produce. The courts have set their faces against the landlords, and enhancement in the legal mode is an impossibility. The imposition of unauthorized cesses is not always safe now-a-days, nor do the ryots easily submit to it. How do the landlords proceed then ? Why, they sue the tenants constantly for arrears as the instalments fall due, till the process of harassing at last forces them to come to terms and engage to pay an increase.

One great cause of delay in disposing of contested cases is that witnesses do not easily attend under processes of civil courts, while it is seldom that a process of the criminal courts is similarly disobeyed. The reason is, that the late sweeping Repealing Act not only took away all powers of the Sessions courts, but also deprived the power of the civil courts to fine recusant witnesses—a power which they enjoyed since 1793. Sections 159 and 160 of the Civil Procedure Code have in consequence become perfectly useless. I fail to perceive the policy of the repeal when civil courts are still empowered to punish contempts committed in their presence. They are required to make over the recusant witnesses to criminal courts, but they have had too much experience of that course. It is often difficult to prove actual service of summons, and the criminal courts rather take pleasure in dismissing such cases. If the civil courts might abuse the power, might not the criminal courts do the same ? And yet the latter have got the power to punish contempts of their own processes ! How often have they occasion to punish this class of offences ? Very seldom indeed. The mere public knowledge that they have the power to punish, is here sufficient inducement to obedience. To dispose of a case without examining the material witnesses would be worse than useless, for it is sure to be remanded on appeal for a fresh trial, and thus add to the grievance of the law's delay. No native Judge,

who is a Judge in one place and may be a suitor in another; who is far more amenable to native public opinion than Europeans, who knows the repugnance of all classes to attend, would easily pursue that harsh course if he has a grain of conscience in him. It is to be remembered also, that witnesses themselves labor under the impression that to appear spontaneously or after the first call is to lower themselves in respectability and independence as witnesses. They are not often wrong in this impression, and, besides, there is no fighting against people's prejudices.

Now to the constitution of these courts. Every body, except the late Lieutenant Governor, admitted that there has been a decided improvement in the native judiciary. But yet there is much scope for further improvement. The Munsifs are generally selected from the University graduates; yet we now and then find exceptions to that rule. For the country's good, the rule should be absolute. The graduates, fresh from college, know nothing of the practical administration of justice. As a step in the right direction, they are now required to practise for sometime in the Mofussil bar. But to confess the truth, that does not answer the purpose quite well. Those who join the bar with the ultimate object of taking Munsifship, seldom set their heart to the profession, and, as a matter of course, get few briefs and acquire very little experience. Those who are fortunate enough to secure a practice by the time, they complete their noviciate, are the best of the set, and these seldom after that think of joining the bench. The consequence is, that all the best men, both as regards natural talents and acquired qualifications, are in the bar, while the mediocre men fill the benches. Notwithstanding the equality of education, there is thus a vast ever-growing disparity between the bench and the bar. How is it, it may be asked, that, even since the increased pay, the best pleaders are not induced to join the bench? The reason is, that the pay is not yet sufficiently attractive, the work has become too onerous, and

there is not much security for a long tenure consistently with judicial independence and self-respect. But of all the services the judicial one should be the last wherein officers should learn business by what has been very aptly called "vivisection" or what we understand by the proverb "to learn to shave by cutting others' faces." Raw and inexperienced men may ruin many a poor man in picking up the necessary experience. Those who clamor for these posts are just the men to be excluded, for they have proved utterly worthless in the bar.

Hitherto the promotion went by seniority—a very safe rule for mediocrity no doubt, but a better rule for fostering laziness cannot be conceived. It operates like what Mr. Mill calls Asiatic fatalism. If I know for certain that, however zealously I may discharge my duties, my claims shall not be considered until a fixed number of my seniors are promoted, and that, as soon as these seniors are promoted, nothing can prevent my lift, unless, in the meantime, I do something positively wrong, I have hardly any incentive to work up to my energies and power, beyond keeping myself afloat with the current that is leading me on to my destiny. As regards the promotion within the grades, this rule is still adhered to. Some few instances of departure happened some time ago in selecting men for Sub-judgeship, but some recent instances have again shewn that the old custom has been reverted to. Perhaps the authorities succumbed to the clamor of certain disappointed men of no worth. But, if really efficient men are wanted, merit alone should be rewarded. But how to find out their merit? One officer decides two or three hundred cases a month, the judgments of a second are generally upheld in appeal, a third writes good decisions in English, a fourth is well spoken of by the District Judge, very few appeals are lodged from the decisions of a fifth. Who is to be preferred? There is danger of miscarriage in attaching too much importance to any one of these tests. One who decides a very large number of cases may have very

easy ones to deal with, or he is sure to commit mistakes. Of all the tests this one is the most objectionable. A judge should have no interest whatever in disposing of cases except in deciding them rightly. In the far interior, there is scarcely any public opinion to restrain an officer from taking a headlong course in this direction. The pleaders are too docile to protect their clients' interests. When there is a temptation to decide the largest possible number of cases, parties are not, as a rule, examined, and witnesses are not allowed to be examined properly. In most places the pleaders just point out their clients' respective witnesses to the presiding officer who takes alone upon himself their examination, and almost always makes short work of it. The result of appeals is not always safe, for it generally depends upon the abilities of the Appellate Court Judges. Some officers, specially those of the old class, take a sort of delight in reversing the judgments of the new class of Munsifs. The third test requires no comment. The good opinion of District Judges may be secured without being an efficient judicial officer. One officer may be a rough out-spoken sort of man, while another pliant and time-serving. One pays his "respects" very frequently, while another can hardly make time, or afford to pay the costs, for the purpose. One carefully looks into the routine business, while another attends more to his proper function of administering substantial justice. Paucity of appeals may result from scarcity of important cases, poverty of suitors and the distance of the sudder station from the chowki.

The joint result of all these must be the true test, but how to determine it? In my opinion there is but one way of doing so, and that is not often followed. If an officer is not really efficient, painstaking, expeditious, and patient, and if he really does not do substantial justice in majority of cases, he can scarcely secure a long-abiding and widespread favorable public opinion. So long as he remains in the chowki or district it is not safe to depend upon such opinion. But there can be

very little alloy in it if it abides even after his departure. Sometime after an officer is transferred to, and is in, another place, the authorities should make inquiries, through officers of another department, from all possible sources, such as pleaders, muktears, suitors, such as both gained and lost their cases at his hands, and also the general public. If the opinions of two, three or four places generally agree, there cannot be a better criterion. The rule of seniority, however, should not be at once discarded. When two officers are equally competent, the senior one should be preferred, as well on the moral ground, as on the presumption of greater experience. Then as to the constitution of the higher or district courts. The office of a Subordinate Judge is the most important and respectable one the natives can aspire to, the High Court Judgeship being altogether an exceptional one. As an original court his jurisdiction is unlimited, and he has also to do the greatest part of the appellate business of a district. It requires, therefore, great caution in selecting men for the place. From the long reign of seniority the first grade of Munsifs may be said to be blocked up with old class of men. The choice, therefore, should not be confined to it. In some instances efficient men from the second grade were selected, but we were also disappointed in finding men who were often declared to be unfit for the junior office of Munsiff, kicked up to the higher bench, that there is a kicking up as well as a kicking down, in these matters, you know. These Subordinate Judgeships are yet filled up largely by men of the old class who had received no systematic legal training and who do not know English at all or know too little for the purpose. Here the contrast between the Bench and the Bar becomes most glaring; and what is the consequence? The Bar is becoming too unmanageable for the Bench, and the able advocacy on both sides of a case, instead of conducing to justice, increases the perplexity of the judges. There is growing as vivid a contrast between the Munsifs and those that sit in judgment upon their

decisions. The number of special and regular appeals to the High Court depends, to a very great extent, upon the qualifications of this class of officers. A really able Subordinate Judge is really a great help to a District Judge, to which officer we will now advert.

The powers of District Judges have been increased by the Bengal Civil Courts Act, and the whole civil and a large portion of the criminal administration of a district depends upon the efficiency of these superior officers. They are, and will continue to be, selected from the members of the Civil Service. Their business chiefly consists in hearing appeals from judgments of experienced Sub-Judges and Munsifs of often more than a quarter of a century's standing, and of supervising their work. Yet what sort of training they themselves have had? Simply executive and criminal! This is a sad state of things that immediately calls for a reform. Since the transfer of rent-suits to the civil courts the matter has become still worse. Now-a-days they have no sort of experience in civil cases. They bring not with them even that modicum of it they formerly used to do from their acquaintance of rent cases in the Collectorate. In order to be eligible to the High Court it is necessary for them to be District Judges for some years, but why this anomaly in choosing these latter officers? They as a class naturally labor under great disadvantages for want of sufficient knowledge of the language, manners, customs and habits of the people. Very few of them can read the off-handwriting of the courts. It is also shrewdly observed by the people that for some reason or other the really efficient members of that service do not like to be judges, but prefer the executive line where the prospects are higher, and that Leviens and Peppers flock to the Benches. Does not the Government perceive that, except in rare instances, its selections for a difficult office have the effect of making a good many honest good folks a laughing-stock to the pleaders, the lower courts and the people who, if they have

learnt anything, have learnt law and litigation well? Wisely or unwisely, the Government has elected, at least in Bengal, to rule principally through the machinery of the courts, and it is too late in the day to recede from that course. To keep up an elaborate and expensive form hollow in substance is worse than useless. There has, therefore, arisen a far more crying necessity for improving these appellate courts than the courts of original jurisdiction. Yet some pretended reformers have of late raised a hue and cry against the Courts of original jurisdiction alone for delatoriness and incompetence. It is said that there is nothing like a regular trial in these courts, that witnesses are examined by dribblets, that proper questions are not put to the witnesses, and that in fact justice is merely a game of chance. It is gravely asserted that the criminal courts do better, that under the present Criminal Procedure Code there is no complaint against these courts on similar grounds, and that on the whole they seldom miss the true facts of a case. But who complain and compare that way? Not my countrymen, as far as I am aware. They yet remember the proceedings of courts before Act VIII. of 1859 when suits sown by grandfathers used to be reaped by their grandsons. At present even a big Sub-Judge case seldom takes more than a year. The complaint lies rather in the other way, namely, that the courts are too hasty in these days. But our law reformers would have the civil courts to try and finish cases just as courts of sessions do. If the wish is not born of legislative restlessness, it seems to indicate an indifference to the difference of procedure in the two classes of courts, and altogether to the inherent difference between civil and criminal judicature, which one is not usually prepared for from some of the experienced jurists and ex-judges who seem to entertain the present complaint. There is a special agency, the police, as has been said before, to collect evidence in one kind of cases, while there is none such for the other. Besides the statutory penal conse-

quences of non-appearance under a summons, the criminal authorities bind over their witnesses by recognizances to appear on days fixed for trial. They have it in their own hands to punish, and punish doubly. There are no appeals in fact from orders of acquittal, and, moreover, they have the summary powers which the civil courts have not and ought not to have. A sessions court in fact tries cases already tried by another court which has picked up and culled evidence for it, which has eliminated all irrelevant matters and brought out in relief all important bearings. Civil suits from their nature cannot be decided so speedily. The Sessions Judges themselves attest it, when the same officers take time to consider their judgments on the civil side of the courts, which they seldom do on the criminal. But after all, does mere delay in disposing of a case necessarily work injustice? No census has yet been taken as to how many instances this injustice has been done in. Meanwhile, the whole thing is a mere assumption. The real secret is that the authorities do not like to see any considerable number of pending cases, inasmuch as it goes to shew that they do not entertain a sufficient number of hands. For, a proper inquiry cannot fail to discover that inadequacy of the number of officers is at the bottom of the matter.

Instead of augmenting the number of judicial officers and otherwise improving the courts, however, it is now proposed to do away with appeals in the largest number of cases. The public have been quite taken by surprise by the Civil Appeals Bill. Not the most remarkable thing about the Bill is the apparent conflict between the professions and intentions of its authors. I here quote three paragraphs from the "statement of objects and reasons :"—

"Every court of original jurisdiction is subject to an appeal on the whole case to a court above it. The appeal is heard on the record of the case in the original court unless the appellate court requires more evidence. There is no second appeal on the whole case; but if

the High Court is not itself the immediate Court of Appeal, a partial appeal confined to points of law may be presented to that court. On this partial appeal the court cannot itself alter any finding of the facts by the Court immediately below it. *However clear it may be that the lower court has erred, if the error is confined to mere treatment of facts, the higher Court is bound by the conclusions. If, however, it can trace the error to some erroneous legal principle, it may remand the case for a rehearing, and this, it appears, is very frequently done.*

“3. The evils now complained of, at least in Bengal, are three:—*firstly*, the extremely unsatisfactory effect of partial appeals; *secondly*, the vast number of appeals which reach the High Court and consume the time of the Judges; and *thirdly*, the great and disproportionate expense to the public caused by appeals for very trifling sums of money.

“4. A recent memorandum by Sir Richard Couch deals with the two former of these evils. He states that the decisions of the Munsifs are heard in appeal under great disadvantages, one of which obviously is that the Appellate Judge is not placed in contact with the witnesses. And yet he may reverse the Munsif's finding, while his own finding on the facts is absolutely irreversible except in the rare instances in which the case goes to the Privy Council. The results are, *firstly*, that a number of partial appeals are presented ostensibly on points of law but really for the purpose of convincing the High Court that there has been a miscarriage of justice in the treatment of facts; *secondly*, that the High Court Judges are placed under sore temptation to strain and refine on the law, in order to do justice in the particular case; *thirdly*, that they can only interfere with the finding of facts by the circuitous and uncertain process of a remand; and *fourthly*, they frequently find the rules of law too strong for them, and they and the parties who prevailed before the Munsif have the dissatisfaction of believing the Munsif

to have been quite right and that his judgment was erroneously reversed, while yet they find it impossible to restore the first decree."

On reading this quotation one would be led to expect that the legislature was going to do away with partial or special appeals and substitute whole appeals to the High Court in all cases, or to invest the Munsifs with final jurisdiction in all cases, or to improve the appellate courts. But he will be disappointed on looking to the bill itself. It is abundantly implied in this quotation, if it was not known before, that the intermediate appellate machinery is not working well, and that the Munsifs as a class are far superior officers. Yet the second Section of the bill gives the Munsifs final jurisdiction up to twenty rupees only, and that in the class of cases cognizable by Small Cause Courts; and the third Section gives those very appellate courts such jurisdiction up to 200 rupees in all cases, with an inducement to laziness under Clause (b) up to 5,000 rupees! By way of compensation, Section 6 provides that the appellate courts, *on the application of any of the parties*, may allow appeals in cases of all values whenever justice or the importance of the principle involved requires it, or when the money assessment of the suit does not represent the true value of the subject-matter. The consequence will be that there will be at least as many such applications as there are now special appeals, and the High Court shall have to deal with them, however cursorily. It is a sad state of things when rulers and law-makers do not profit by experience. Some time ago the High Court had revived the old practice of looking into the grounds of special appeals before admitting them. After a short time, the Judges of that Court found that their work, instead of diminishing, was considerably increased, for, in cases where appeals had to be ultimately rejected, all the care and trouble of trying these appeals regularly had to be gone through, while those which were admitted had to be tried twice over. In utter hopelessness the court had to

give up the practice. The second evil complained of is not peculiar to the lot of the High Court. All courts, and that in all countries and ages, have to hear a large number of cases which have ultimately to be dismissed. The complaint on the third head, namely, expense, is unworthy of a wise Government. In truth it seems to be an excuse. But here, too, the legislature can be met on its own ground. The bill does not touch the original suits. The courts of first instance will, therefore, continue to be flooded with cases as now. If all appeals up to a certain limit, and second appeals up to another, be withdrawn, the litigants will conduct their cases with more diligence and obstinacy in the first and lower appellate courts than now. Hence there will be more delay in these courts than even now in clearing up the file—the sole object of the authorities. The number of officers, therefore, shall have to be necessarily increased, and what will be gained financially in one direction, will be lost in another. And why should our Government look to the financial question, in a matter of such vital importance, when it is well-known that our courts are more than self-supporting? Justice is not given to the people *gratis*, if Government may ever be said to give justice to its subjects *gratis*; it may rather be described as being sold to them too dear. Why should they not have the best article, namely, the opinion of the highest court, if they are disposed to bear the cost, like any other customers? We look upon the system of appeals more as a check upon the lower courts than anything else. Absolute power is unsuited to human nature. Appellate courts may work mischief, but that mischief is confined to a comparatively few cases; and as there is scarcely an unalloyed good in this world, we may well afford to be content with the lesser evil. There can be no doubt about the salutary moral influence of keeping the door to appeal open from courts with an unequal judiciary and judges very little if at all under the criticism of a free press or a strong

public opinion. The mere appealability goes much towards securing justice in that largest number of cases which do not come before the appellate courts. If appeals are withdrawn, the really conscientious officers will be put to additional strain, for to be all-in-all in any matter is a serious responsibility. To those who are not troubled with any such scruples the coming day will be all a holiday. In short, it will not do to smother litigation. Remove the true causes pointed out before, and it will die out a natural death. The appeals are in proportion to the number of original suits. If not improve, increase the number of officers in the courts of first instance, and that will diminish the number of crude, hasty, premature decisions and, consequently, a large number of appeals. But by all means improve the constitution of the lower appellate courts themselves.

There is no immediate prospect for the proposed separation of the judicial branch of the service. Can no improvement be effected, in the meantime? I hazard an opinion for the consideration of those who are interested in the question. Why are not the Assistant and Joint Magistrates invested with the powers of civil courts? In these days of heavy work such a measure will be, to some extent, a relief to the latter courts, while the Civil Servants will have the administration of civil justice. As a compensation, the civil judicial officers may be authorized to try criminal cases. That will prepare these officers the better for a seat in the High Court to which they are eligible under the rules. To some this may seem an introduction of the Non-regulation system into the Regulation Provinces, but it is not really so. The two services shall, as now, remain distinct, and each will continue to perform the duties of chiefly its own proper function. But, be that as it may, the suggested change is certainly preferable to the present deplorable state of things.

I will conclude this subject with a few observations on the independence of the civil courts.

One of the many new things the British Government introduced into Asia, was the submission of many of its own acts affecting the interests of its subjects to the criticism and judgment of its own tribunals. Though despotic in principle, and through amplitude of power capable of being more so than any previous government, its despotism is in fact fenced in by many a check of its own creation, and the concession above alluded to is one of the most salutary of those checks. Nothing else, indeed, in the days gone by, when yet it had not risen to its present position of the Paramount Power, could so effectually enhance its credit for fair play and prove the sincerity of its solicitation to see justice done. From this consideration more than from anything theoretical, arose the necessity for the independence of these courts. If they were in constant dread of incurring the displeasure of Government, they could hardly do justice in cases in which the Government was directly or indirectly interested, and the whole plan would be a sham. On the same ground the absolute independence of the courts must be maintained inviolate. I have seen it urged in a certain daily that the Government cannot afford making these courts as independent here as in England, because, being an alien one, its executive authority must remain supreme in the eyes of the people. Nothing could be a greater mistake. Does the Government by that concession submit its acts to the consideration of a foreign Government or a superior power? Does the matter not rather ultimately amount to this, that its acts in one capacity are subject to its own supervision in another? Are the people so foolish as not to perceive that by a single fiat it can abolish all these courts or thoroughly alter their constitution and mode of action? that, after all, the Government has to obey its own orders embodied in legislative enactments? The advocates of arbitrary power do not feel the moral grandeur of the British attitude, because the civil courts have now and then the painful duty and necessity of differing from some overzealous executive

officers, they seek every opportunity to undermine their authority. On the other hand, the civil courts should always bear in mind that both they and the executive officers are but co-operators in furtherance of the same great object—namely the public weal. The jealousy between these two classes of officers may be removed by the course I have ventured to propose above. Provided always that the officers whose acts are called in question in a particular case be not allowed to try it. The late circular of Sir George Campbell requiring the District Judges to transfer to their own files cases in which the Government is concerned is an unfortunate step. It betrays the Government's want of confidence in these courts officered by the natives, while yet the natives as well as independent Europeans are required to have confidence in them!

In conclusion I have to observe that, try as much as you can to smother litigation, it is not possible to conceive a state of things in which the civil courts may be dispensed with, so long as the institution of property remains in the world. That institution will abide to the last, in spite of socialists, communists, and political economists; for human nature, though capable of improvement, does not promise a radical change in its inherent propensities. Honest mistakes, ignorance of law, erroneous reasoning, pure accidents, complexity and variety in dealings between man and man, death of old members of society leaving properties to be inherited, constant influx of new, youthful and inexperienced members, their minority, and physical disabilities such as lunacy, and their inability to meet demands in proper time, will always leave ample field for the exercise of the holy vocation of judges.

N. C. B.

WILLOW-DROPS.

PART III.

(Concluded from Nos. XIV. and XV., Vol. II., page 631.)

I.

AH me! what vision's this before mine eye,
Like a bright presence shining from above?
It is thy radiant face, my sweet, I spy,
Called up by the spiritualism of love!

II.

What, then, is absence? mere fancy, I ween,
Since thou art ever present in my heart;
Tho' time and space between us intervene,
I'd hold thee *there* as its most precious part.

III.

A mystic spell, methinks, pervades my mind,—
Thou fillest all the circumambient space;
And Nature helps the dear deceit, I find,
By bearing thy sweet image in her face.

IV.

'Tis not the moon and stars that I behold,—
'Tis not the glories of earth that I see;
But nameless beauties, graces all untold,
Summed up in small circumference in thee!

V.

The balmy air is full of thee, my dear,
I but inhale thy breath in every breeze;
Thy witching voice in every grove I hear,
As music streams forth from the peopled trees.

VI.

The virgin lily and the blushing rose ;
 The ripe red *Bimba* with its brilliant hue ;
 The lotus as in morning beam she glows ;—
 These only bring thy glories to my view.

VII.

And Oh the vision that still haunts my sight !
 I see thee dove-like nestling in my breast,
 As in those moments joyous—happy—bright,
 When time we sped caressing and carest.

VIII.

I see thee sitting thro' the sultry hour
 Of noon—alone—unoped the scattered books—
 Like lovely Seeta in her prison bow'r,—
 A perfect statue glancing marble looks !

IX.

I see thee droop—I see thee pine away—
 A flower canker-eaten in its pride ;
 And yet, alas ! thy lips refuse to say
 The word that brings thy lover to thy side.

X.

I see thee at eve, from thy casement high,—
 Another ev'ning star—as lovely—fair—
 Seeking, as thou wert wont in days gone by,
 Him who perchance no more may wander there.

XI.

At thine own shadow now I see thee start,
 Anon in bed I see thee restless lie ;
 Is that a sigh now breaks out from thy heart ?
 Is that a tear now glistens in thine eye ?

XII.

I haste—I fly with all a lover's speed,
To soothe thy lab'ring bosom heaving high—
To kiss away the tear-drop from thy lid ;—
But ah me ! where art thou, and where am I ?

XIII.

Lo, Recollection, like a wizard grim,
Dissolves the magic shadows fast away,—
Dissolves the vision—melts the fairy dream,
And shows me to myself,—a castaway !

XIV.

Avaunt, ye idle dreams—illusions vain !
Away, thou false mirage by Fancy wrought
To deceive my distracted, wild'ring brain
With hopes that cheer, but soon resolve to nought !

XV.

Now change the scene.—What do mine eyes survey ?
Such living constancy as mine to thee ?
Ah, no ! False girl, I see thee blithesome—gay—
With scarce a thought that fondly dwells on me !

XVI.

Blithe as the lark when morn appears in view—
Gay as the butterfly in summer grove ;—
Raising the hopeful Phœnix of a new,
From out the ashes of thy former, love.

XVII.

I see thy head laid on another breast ;
Another heart now beating close to thine ;
Another arm entwined around thy waist ;
Other lips pressing those that once were mine !

XVIII.

Enough ! I can't endure the madd'ning sight.
Despair ! Be propitious to my mind ;
Thy gloom is better far than Hope's best light,
Which, like the false lanthorn, misleads, I find.

XIX.

And what of *thee*, poor fickle heart ? Forget
The past with all its joys so rich and free ;
Forget—if thou canst—that we ever met,
Or ever felt passion's wild ecstacy !

XX.

For me, my love is boundless as the main ;
Unfathomable as the self-same deep ;
Still true to thee, in spite of change and wane,
As the sea to yon horn in heaven's steep.

XXI.

Not more the needle faithful to the pole,
Or his own flower to the god of day,
Than is to thee, dear girl, my constant soul,—
Thine—thine alone till freed from mortal clay.

XXII.

If highest faith means faith in one alone,
That faith is mine,—nay, mine it needs must be ;
For all these years one goddess have I known,
One only loved—adored, and thou art she !

XXIII.

Had I worshipped kind Heav'n with half the zeal,
Half the devotion I have spent on thee,
Sainthood would be mine ; but I knelt—still kneel
To thee, a passionate, lost devotee.

XXIV.

Lost ! ay, hopelessly lost ! and I but muse
On the past with a burning, wild emotion ;
My wreath of love turned to a throttling noose,—
My nectar'd cup to deadly poison potion.

XXV.

The rose hath thorns ; there's madness in the vine ;
The vivid lightning is alive with death ;
The emerald sea is all full of brine ;
And Beauty—isn't thy other name Unfaith ?

XXVI.

There are bright eyes that fondly, kindly smile,
There are sweet lips whose nectar might be mine ;
But nought, alas ! can my sad soul beguile :—
Though scorned and spurned, still—still 'tis wholly thine.

XXVII.

Oh what a miracle of eyes hath love !
Where'er I turn my steps—direct my gaze.
In crowded street, or lonely walk, or grove,
I see thy face as through a starlit haze.

XXVIII.

It shines in all its glory most at night,
And then I see two moons ;—one far on high,
The other in my breast :—delusive sight,
That ever mocks and flouts the inner eye !

XXIX.

And yet my thoughts, all loyal to thy soul,
Have by a mystic law around thee spun
Through the long years as tardily they roll,
Like planets ever circling round the sun.

XXX.

Oh what a miracle of sense is love !
 'Tis passions' highest phase. Its power is such,
 The lowest hell, and highest heav'n above,
 Meet in the soul that's kindled by its touch.

XXXI.

That heaven once was mine when thou wert kind,
 I now endure that hell's deep agony :
 Alas, my very senses now I find
 In unholy league with mine enemy !

XXXII.

O disenchant the charm that thou hast thrown
 Around my soul—unweave the magic chain !
 Delightest thou to see me pine alone ?
 Triumphest thou over my grief and pain ?

XXXIII.

With me,—in happier days thou oft hast said,—
 The desert drear were paradise to thee ;
 Now reft of thee, thou cruel, heartless maid,
 The world's a wild Sahara unto me !

XXXIV.

Love-mem'ries, like lines writ in air or water,
 Have faded from thy mind too soon, alas !
 In mine they live in lasting character,
 Like deep-cut prints on monumental brass.

XXXV.

Would I could steep in some Lethcean stream
 The memory of bliss enjoyed with thee,—
 Drug all thought—drug the ever-wakeful dream
 That reproduces all the past to me !

XXXVI.

Whene'er thy change my pensive heart deploras,
 This sad reflection tinges every thought:
 Can memory be stilled by sudden force?
 Can tenderness so soon be *quite* forgot?

XXXVII.

Take back thy vows, false fair, give back my heart!
 In mercy let me be myself again!
 But, then, to live a life from thee apart,
 Will *that* be life? Rather existence vain!

XXXVIII.

Oh! my mind wanders. Can I ever free
 Thee from the vows of love thou once hast made?
 No—no! They are as rose-scents unto me—
 They cheer, though the rose of thy love be dead!

XXXIX.

Perchance thy strangeness may be simple feigning,
 Put on to try my truth, though proved too well:
 But think, O think, Suspense the while is draining
 My life-blood like a rav'ning vampire fell.

XL.

Perchance when I am gone thou mayst relent—
 The dead more than the living may thee melt;
 Perchance thy stubborn heart may then be bent,
 And pangs unknown to thee be keenly felt!

XLI.

No more! I lay my mournful harp aside,—
 Be hushed its voice awhile in silent slumbers:
 The hand now falters that its strings did guide,
 The heart now fails that waked its plaintive numbers.

XLII.

And O farewell ! however I may fare,
I wish thee well, false—fickle as thou art :
Oh ! may thou never—never know Despair—
The black hell of a broken, blasted heart !

XLIII.

May every earthly happiness be thine !
May no'er a cloud o'ershade thy sunny brow !
May a world's love around thee fondly twine !
May Heav'n keep thee in charge ! So, farewell now !

XLIV.

Farewell ! Ev'n to my life's last flicker, dear,
Enthroned thy image in my soul shall be ;
With my last gasp—my last sad, parting tear—
These lips shall breathe a fervent pray'r for thee !

RAM SHARMA.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A POLICE SUBALTERN.

CHAPTER I.

NATIVE CHILDREN AND EUROPEAN CHILDREN—THE BLACK TOWN AND THE
WHITE TOWN:—A CONTRAST. ON SPECIAL GODSENDS AND THE
DIVINE CHASTISEMENT ON BENGAL AND BANKIPORE IN
THE SHAPES OF LAT GEORGE CAMPBELL AND
LOUI STOOR SAHEB BAHADOOR
RESPECTIVELY.

I WAS born in an Oudh village and carried down country in a current of emigration. The whole mass of drift stuck in the Province of Behar. There, in the city of Patna my consciousness commenced, in right earnest, and there I remained till I came to man's estate. My father was a poor but by no means disreputable Mussulman. I grew up much in the same way that other children did and do. My life was the life of the millions of my years. What good to preserve my early biography? What need to describe the details of the progress of a native from birth upwards? Allowing for differences of position and the different manners of Moslem and Hindu, the observation of one life generally serves for knowledge of all. I would rather dwell on the vicissitudes of my public career. It would be more to the purpose: I can promise some entertainment in my reminiscences of the lights and shadows of the life of a native official. If I give myself that grand designation, it is from the force of habit. My family still love to contemplate me in that character. As a native, however, though one who has received yards of certificates as a most *active* Police officer, I ought not to be in too great a hurry to spare a round word or two on my pre-historic period.

In those days there was no unpleasant educational activity as now we see everywhere. I did not belong

to the classes of society among whom the services of children are required in the field or the workshop. Nor was my father oppressed with wealth so as to engage a staff of tutors for my torture before time, or to send me to the distant school. In due course, however, as a good Mussulman I attended the lectures of a moulvi to get up the Koran by heart, attempt the passage of the Rubicon of the *Pandenúma*, and penetrate through the myteries of the Persian hieroglyphic. In this, as in other respects, I was like most of my contemporaries. We had a pretty good time of it. Parents and school-masters *are* like themselves in all ages, but we had no dread tyranny of examinations nor slow consumption of cramming—such as take the life out of modern children—to trouble us. We were not pressed for leisure, and we had recreation enough. But our want of useful occupation was far from demoralising us. Therein we justified our blood and beautifully illustrated the training and example we received. If we failed to satisfy the large expectations of our parents, we are sure we did no discredit to their care. We lounged and gossipped and played and larked about and quarrelled and mischief-made with the limited wildness of Indian lads. We were very unlike Christian youths indeed, in all we did. *They* are very imps of mischief. They seem to have unconquerable capacity for physical exertion, inexhaustible zest for innocent wickedness. There are no bounds to their extravagancies; their recklessness is shocking. The Native paterfamilias and materfamilias could not endure the animal spirits of English boys. There had been no end to the consternation in our households, if we betook to even the milder ways and the more venial tricks I have so often seen the Saheblings indulge in. We had our boyish freaks and tricks as well, in our own subdued sly way; not the less irritating to those who suffered from them because they were sufficiently peurile. Such as they were,—though poverty itself before those of, say the “hopefuls” of Bankipore, the neighbouring Civil Station,—extending no further than provoking the street lunatic, quizzing the

shrew of the neighbourhood, disturbing birds' nests, abstracting fruits from the basket of the deaf market-woman, dirtying the threshold of the Bunnia before day-break, or, at worst, robbing the palm wine from the young tree of an absent *passee* and leaving instead a very different and offensive liquid,—they gave our parents no little anxiety. The good old folks not only chastised us by word of mouth but dealt us more effectual tokens of their indignation in the shape of showers of slaps and ear-bruises and kicks. Nay, they devoutly prayed for our reformation, and pinched themselves, poor souls, not a little, by feasts and fasts to propitiate Gods and Brahmans, Hossein and the Saints, devils and derwishes, to grant us the proper inspiration. If they but knew half the joyous devilry in which the sons of our White Aristocracy, our future Commissioners and Judges and Magistrates and Opium Agents and Indigo Planters—delight! Perhaps they knew it, and wondered how little care was taken of Christian boys. Perhaps they thought that it was a proper preparation for the life of *Jins* that the Europeans are. At any rate, such uncontrolled restlessness and wild phantasy did not, in their opinion, comport with the dignity proper to *their* own flesh and blood. They did their best—advised, rebuked, remonstrated, harrangued, thundered, prayed, adjured, conjured (literally) to make us grave and wise from our very birth. I begin to fear they did their *worst*, in all they did, likewise, to make us little, in mind and body, dull and miserable, not for the time being only, robbing the freshness and sweetness of life's first spring, but for all time, making our whole existence melancholy! If they did not quite succeed in making us dull, all or most of us, therein I believe we were saved by the sunny influence of our climate, or the vitality of the race—in other words, the mercy of Providence. Our parents, nevertheless, succeeded in their heart's wishes and to their heart's content. Early enough we became grave and wise to a degree, and no further: more solemn and circumspect than Joint Magistrates, pompous and prudent as Civil and Sessions Judges, *within* our teens; and *without*, never

more important than Magistrates' and Judges' Moonshies, Peshkars, Nazirs and Sheristadars (Persian tutors, Secretaries, and Ministerial Assistants.) With my widening experience of the *Babalogues* (children) of the *Saheblogues* (English,) I have been more and more convinced that our parents, in their own unmanly nervousness and irreligious want of faith in good, made a mountain of a molehill of our youthful hilarity. They would be perpetually chiding us or licking us for our quarrels among ourselves and our interferences with others. God knows both these were harmless enough! Perhaps they themselves felt it, for they gave us dogs a bad name and *then* hanged us. They dignified our civil disputes with the title of "fights," and aggravated our external relations, by characterizing them as "Satanic," before executing punishment on us. "Fights" indeed! Why, we hardly ever exchanged black eyes and bloody noses, rarely indeed went beyond words. *These*, to be sure, we never cared to husband. As for our "foreign policy," we might compare with some of the greatest statesmen—*Burra Lat Hakims*. Our's was generally the "masterly inactivity" which has immortalized Jan Larren Bahadoor,—never more than the verbal heroism of Lat Rossool—putative uncle of our District Saheb Rossool, as he told me—which in Europe has so raised the credit of England for discretion.

As boys, Indian boys, our life was confined, for the most part, to our immediate neighbourhood. Our strays abroad were few and far between. Still, on particular occasions, on certain holidays, we set out on expeditions for exploring the more distant parts of the city. Thus gradually we familiarized ourselves with the sights and scenes of famous Patna town. But we hardly ever overstepped the Native Pale, to penetrate into the European settlement. In this we were far from singular. The City was the world for us all; beyond lay *terra incognita*. At least the White Town was no *terra firma* for us. An imaginary Line between what is called the City proper and Bankipore, the Civil Station, divided the native and the British continents. Imaginary, but well-

understood, and very real in the awe it inspired in the people. We had never, any of us, seen any of its overt "manifestations ;—the wickedness, if any, of the Line was an idea, as much as the Line itself. No authentic story was current, that I ever heard, of the dangers of trespassing on the forbidden ground ; children given up for lost, having strayed beyond the Border, had, after all, returned, safe and sound, to the bosom of their sorrowing parents ; the Line apparently was *not* carnivorous—but still, somehow, an undefinable dread weighed on us all. Still, somehow, except by what may be called the professional "regulars" whom bread-seeking or temptation lured into British Patna, the Line was more avoided all the twenty-four hours than the most haunted lanes at night. The Line was the native limit—*our* Pillars of Hercules. Respectability respected it—disreputability shrank within it. It was an effectual stopper to the activity and effervescence of the general population this side. We had many bold spirits and reckless vagabonds in our midst, braves and athletes, Wahabee preachers and Ferazee adventurers, street Arabs, Bohemians, scamps of all sorts, but they all had their homes in *our* back slums, and for their prey—the weak, the foolish and the timid of the City, rich or poor. Even the fanatics nursed their fanaticism in the dens of obscure mosques, and the evil-disposed hinted their political spleen at secret meetings (*majlis*) at out-of-the-way graves of saints. It was in the City that dancing derwishes danced, to the City that howling fakirs howled. It was of the citizens that the hungry begged for bread, the naked and shivering for clothes, the wanderers for shelter. It was to the citizens that the leper insisted on exhibiting his hideous sores ; it was the citizens that the importunate bully pursued for hush-money to withdraw a nuisance rather than for charity. It was on the City that robbers committed all their depredations, as there that the watchmen (*chowkeedars*) inflicted all their confounded ear-aching "calls." In the celestial groves of Bankipore, the weary were at rest, and the watchman ceased to trouble. And no wonder, for the robbers afraid of tumbling on glass

and crockery and thereby rousing the owners of revolvers in the bungalows, prudently kept themselves within the City. Not all durst venture out into the Civil Station ; not many cared to visit it. The City was the abode of men ; the Civil Station was the residence of the Sahebs. At Patna and Bâkerganj the nobility enjoyed their *otium cum dignitate*, the merchants speculated, the money lenders and pawn-brokers fattened, the honest citizens retired, the dishonest skulked, the good fellows made merry, and the bad went to the very bad. There the opium-smoker had his "saloon," the *toddy*-bibber his boozing-ken, the gambler his "hell." There the good were gracious, the charitable—indiscriminate, the polite—boring, the evil—rampant. Bankipore was, to the great mass, the great unknown, but, in some incomprehensible way, also a bit awful. At most, the Civil Station was the speciality of a class and the terror of the rest. The servants of the Europeans, the ministerial officers of the courts, the Police, the regular litigants—professional and *Saukhin*—the advocates and attorneys, (pleaders and *mooktears*,) the unrecognized but unavoidable law-agents and brokers, the inevitable intriguers and ever-ready "witnesses"—these did not think much of venturing near the den or even of bearding the Lion himself in it, but they cared not to make the Leonine strong-hold their home. Men in general thought it safer to keep themselves altogether at a good distance. From time to time, an innocent merchant, banker or tradesman would be drawn to the Civil Station in a net through all the several executive and judicial stages, and ultimately, after no end of forms and no small extraction of blood by numerous leeches, securely lodged for a season in a huge strong-box with stranger bed-fellows than even Poverty in the usual way gives. Or an indignant victim of Police oppression would proceed to the Civil Station on a voyage of discovery for justice, and after unheard-of disasters in a tempestuous sea, make for a light-house, there to find himself thrown on a land of man-eaters and money-devourers, of strange sounds and horrid sights,

from whom and the which he narrowly escaped. Such would return to their congenial home in the city, weary and broken-hearted, confirm the wholesome fear of the population and remain a standing warning to the unwary and the adventurous. This, however, was particularly true of the faint-hearted,—shrinking Hindu Bunnias, sensitive Raos and Rajas, proud Nawabs, stammering Moulvies, strict *namazis*, and so forth. Lalas and Moonshees and Mootsuddes were above such fears; indeed *masters* of them—for they alternately stimulated or lessened the apprehensions of their clients of the general community, as suited their own purposes best. Altogether, from one cause or another, the specialists were a gradually increasing number. Still the community at large looked on Bankipore with distrust and not a little wondering awe, mixed, perhaps, with a share of contempt. It was the land of all the several ogres of Sahebs and courts, the Doctor and the Hospital, the Police and the Jail. The people as a rule shunned it. Even the blood-suckers and their victims enlivened it only a few hours in day-time on working days. In the evening it was wholly left to darkness and the Sahebs. Even those for whom it had no terrors, it had no attractions for. There were no “lions” in the native sense, except the Round Tower, and that may be bowed to and contemplated from a distance. Idlers and *ennuyees* strayed not there. The most inveterate walkers were prohibited by the absence of *serais* and *cafés* for a comfortable lounge, or for the needs of the creature. The courts would be crowded on the occasion of great trials, but chiefly by the usual hangers-on and the parties interested and their retainers and friends. On sale days, there would be a decent gathering of blacks, and at executions a more respectable concourse. For the rest there were no *tāmāshas*. The whole station out of business hours was too oppressively quiet for the native. There was no Chowk or native promenade. No quarter for the dusky *demi-monde*. Above all, there were no Dewalis, Moharrams, *tāziās*, illuminations, processions,

poojahs, nautches, marriages, births, deaths, mournings, rejoicings, rows, scuffles, no wrestling or fencing matches, no parrot-fights, no kite-flying challenges, no gambling, no—nothing! All the truth and beauty and life and enjoyment, as all the dust, noise, hurry and worry, were the monopoly of the blessed City. Humanity flourished only in Native Patna. As a rule, business or misfortune alone forced the favored inhabitants to exchange it, for a time, for gloomy, mysterious, powerful Bankipore. In that dread Olympus, not a mouse stirred—not a child was supposed to cry.

It may be understood that of such voluntary visitors as chanced to stroll from the City into the English town to honor any stray "sensation" there, the boys hardly ever formed any portion. *We* read somewhat and played somewhat more, unconscious of Bankipore. We enacted our allotted drama petty, gambolled our little gambols, quarrelled our bloodless quarrels, cracked our wise practical jokes, jumped our moderate jumps, ran our mild runs, and altogether had our small adventures, and took our infinitesimal mishaps—the most heroic of which were the doses of beating we received at home—with our meek grace, as if there were no Sahebs. And so did most of our fellow-townsmen of all ages, in their own respective spheres.

Thus *we* passed our obscure boyhood, and we *all* lived our separate native life, apart from the Civil Station, when a crisis arrived in the history of the District. The European society and the British administration had together for some years been gradually deteriorating. They were now become a reproach,—the one to Anglo-India, and the other to the Government of Bengal. Both were utterly demoralized. Society was languid—the administration, perfunctory. The citizens were old foggyish—the officials, drones. The servants of Government gave little thought to their responsibilities—private gentlemen hardly remembered that they ever had any, in special. Together they led too easy a life for duty, personal or public. Indifference, rather than any deli-

berate wickedness, was their failing. They had not even left the energy for active misbehavior. That indifference was the mother of all evil. In administration, it smothered honesty and activity—encouraged corruption and idleness. In society, it sheltered humbug and worn-out formality—crushed heartiness and freedom. In short, it made a healthy natural life—administrative, social and personal—impossible. An epidemic was in the air. A stupor had seized the residents and seemed to hurry all on to their doom.

The Government could not long remain ignorant of the state of things. The District was notoriously backward. Everything was in arrears—nothing would pass muster. The most casual visitor observed signs of decay all around. The Jail was ruining, the Hospital deserting, the roads going to the dogs. The Public Works administration was a regular *loot*. The Police was a system of protection to crime and annoyance to innocence. The Criminal Courts were tools in the hands of the Police and the Amlah. Civil Justice, at its best, was much of a lottery. The state of education earned for the whole Province the name of Boetia. The general progress, physical and moral, throughout the territories of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal certainly stopped short on the confines of Zilla Patna. The machine of Routine worked, but at a *hack* pace. The Central Administration could not get any information it wanted from the District. Its letters were not even acknowledged without half a dozen reminders. Such letters as *were* received from the County were not always to the point, and generally too late. The usual Returns were useless, the special Reports were simply not submitted. The Government tried several remedies, but in vain. The District did not seem to think that anything was the matter with it. So little did it suspect any danger that, even at the approach of the Head of the Government, it did not care to spend a sufficiency of “eye-wash.” Even new brooms seemed to belie the proverb there. A succession of them failed

to clear the Augean Stable. The Sleepy Hollow overpowered all comers.

But this state of things was not destined to endure.

It pleased Allah in his wisdom to take vengeance on Bankipore for its sins.

Allah is just! Allah be praised! The Sahebs have a saying among them that when the worse comes to the worst, it mends. It is not for me to characterize the blasphemous remark, who reject the dangerous doctrine of the Jihad—so help me Allah—and Ameer Ali, His instrument, who saved so many! But do the Sahebs think, I ask with all submission, that things have of themselves any inherent self-power of being good or the reverse, through all the degrees, at pleasure, and working out their reformation by their own will? Is it not rather that the Lord makes them just as He chooses. But I am no doctor, having never gone beyond the Ethics of the Gulistan. I leave the point for others and proceed on with what occurs to me. I have no doubt that the Lord is the great Punisher of evil, and Deliverer therefrom. The Almighty is just, He is the great Compensator, His ways are inscrutable. He supports the drooping, imparts life to the dead, sends His tribulations to the comfortable, smites the proud. I do most reverentially recognize the Divine discipline in the fate of families, associations, and peoples, as well as in that of individuals. We all have just seen a case in point. Bengal had for years been pursuing the even tenor of her way, maintaining, with a self-satisfied pride, a low vitality. Having enjoyed the benefits of the new education for two generations and a Permanent Settlement of the Land Revenue, settled law and courts and tolerable judges for over eighty years, she had conceived herself to have reached the *summun bonum* of national existence, till she became a prematurely old woman, neglecting her duties, refusing to take any exercise, forgetful of her relative position, sceptical of improvement, unmindful of making the most of her advantages, quarrelling with her friends, and fast passing out of the minds of others. Then, for her good, the

Almighty sent Campbell Saheb Bahadoor, Lat Junior,—one of His most dangerous instruments of chastisement, no respecter of book, or person or sex—to kick the conceited lady into animation, and a vivid consciousness of pain, and a proper sense of her defencelessness against the wrath of Heaven and of the perfect efficiency of such Divine instruments as the Campbells. Short work did this missionary make of the poor, haughty lady's notions and ways. He soon put her house in order for her—or at least pulled it down, right and left, in the attempt—infusing activity and discipline into her overgrown establishments and bringing round her careless and cheeky servants and naughty children. But not to wander from the point, as I am apt to, being somewhat of an old man by this, I suppose.

It was thus when the administration of our Zillah had gone from bad to worse, till it became thoroughly rotten, and when social life had gradually degenerated to social death that Providence sent the inevitable healing doctor in the shape of a new Head of the District. And of an utterly new kind he was, and like all Divine Missionaries, thoroughly effective in his mission. So far as the County was concerned, it was quite an act of supererogation whether the Government gazetted his appointment or his final transfer. He announced himself to all in a tempest, and his departure was followed by an unmistakable calm. Before, however, the consummation of that last dearest wish of the ease loving hum-drums and pretenders, native and European, of both society and the service, he had effected a revolution, and purged both of much of their alloy. He came the light and the life where were darkness and decay. He was a genuine District Governor; and a model one. He was not a piece of human furniture in Cutchery. In office and on the bench, to be sure, he had few equals. His dispatches were effectual. His opinion settled long-continued disputes and knotty problems. His judgments commanded universal respect for correctness of law and its application and cogent treatment of facts, and his subsequent eleva-

tion to the highest bench surprized nobody. But he was not, like so many sound officers, a mere machine for turning out a given quantity of decisions, reports and correspondence. He brought to bear on his work and the duties of life, not only his brain ; he freely employed his whole senses. Nor was he like other "smart," even distinguished officers, who merely exhaust their bodies and strain their eyes and ears for nothing that one sees in the result, just perhaps to confuse their right judgments at their desk. He used his to some purpose, and always to assist his understanding to a comprehension of the record. He had no partialities as to his sources of information. He was a formidable enquirer, though not an endless catechist. Add to this, his sympathy for native ways and feelings was extraordinary for a European. He did not, indeed, like Henry Torrens Sahib Bahadoor, sport a mass of long flowing hair and curls, or fancy pyjamas and long shirt for *dishabille*, or promenade the native streets in *achkan* and Hindustani cap, any more than, like so many others, he kept a harem. Still less did he, like one of his misguided ancestors in India—I mean Hindu Stoor Sahib Bahadoor, believing that eccentric gentleman to belong to the same family—turn pagan and worship idols and the cow. But he seemed to have a respect for the Hindu river Ganges ; at least he unhesitatingly utilized it for a bath and swimming stream. Although he was far from patronizing the native ballet, he had not the savage horror of most *pukka* Englishmen of the nautch. He was an enthusiastic lover of music, but his enthusiasm was reserved for the unmeaning jingle on the piano, the foolish creakings on the fiddle and the piercing shrieks of European voices. He showered princely *baksheesh* on a company of Sahebs and Mems who once came to Patna, who spoke not the Sahebs' language, nor understood ours. He was not mad of *dhurpads* and *kheúls*, like Captain Willard Bahadoor, but he could lend a decent ear to our master singers, and would apparently be delighted with a *tappá* or *thungri*. He was supposed to have an artistic preference for the attitude and posture

of the Asiatic salaam, though, like a well-known Sahib Commissioner of the present day, he did not swear eternal enmity to all natives who did not walk into his presence in loose drawers and make a low obeisance. Altogether, he took kindly to native ways and seemed to enter into the very spirit of Indian manners and customs and notions. Of course, his knowledge of these was proportionate. Add to all an intuitive perception of character and the hidden soul of things that was regarded a miracle, and you have in broad outline Loui Stoor Sahib Bahadoor, who now descended on Azimabad as a good angel for the good and a very bad avenging angel indeed for the bad.

Good or bad, he was certainly a relief for dulness. Bankipore, never rich in attractions to the native community around, had become a burden even to itself. Both official and social life seemed to be at a stand; there was not the faintest approach to a ripple in the stream, which but silently meandered in the channel of routine. For long there had been no murder to hang any body for, no highwayman caught, no carcass of a tiger brought by village Nimrod from the far backwoods in expectation of Government reward—no, not even a capture of forgerers' tools, nor a Police bribery case to keep up the remembrance of the Civil Station among the men at large, young or old, of our City. The Station Society itself was not more fortunate in the matter of its own special enjoyments. The races had been abolished. Private theatricals had ceased. Balls were unknown. Vivacity, for which, the English are not very famous, had long since gone, and now the English substitute, animal spirits, were also on the wing. They went through their appointed work or necessary duties, dismally, as in a dissenting (*Bdze* Christian) prayer-meeting. They gave up their wonted gymnastics—their dangerous games. Even a high-metalled horse seemed at this time rare among them. Certainly we never heard, as at other times, of any serious accidents. At drawing-rooms and assemblies, the ladies and gentlemen—I learnt

from reliable sources—after the first “How d’ do?” “Thank you,” and necessary damnation pronounced on the weather, as enjoined (I believe) in the English Scriptures, would yawn in one another’s faces in desperate weariness. Even the boys—to complete my recollections or rather information—even the boys were overtaken by the universal sobriety, and became unusually tame, and almost as judicial and wise as we, young spirits of the City.

And now, in the midst of all, the bomb-shell fell, and burst. In the Divine plan pre-ordained, the Hour had come, and the Man arrived.

All was hurry and bustle at the advent. The Station awoke. The usual consultations were held, the usual spies were set on the new comer. The usual correspondence as to his antecedents and ways arose. Letters went flying about the place and out of it, and letters came into it. The *quid nuntis* were busy.

All to little purpose! Few had much to report, none anything of a reëssuring character. The gossips were unaccountably silent. The Civil Surgeon was then waited upon in a body for his report. But the deputation got little by the step. The Doctor was about as much in the dark as the rest. He had made the first call, and received a visit in return—that was all. He had had no chance to dilate on the weather or the health of the station. After a week and a half, he had called again on the plea of enquiring about the health of the mother and children, but his enquiry was met by the bland assurance that they were a “happy family” who were “always well,” though he was told at 9 in the morning that madam was still “in bed, perhaps.” He had not yet seen anything of *her*, and inferred her existence from seeing in the garden, on the first occasion, an English governess-looking lady with a child. He had not, of course, ventured again. The clergyman, though far from enthusiastic, gave a better character of the new arrival as one who was munificent in his donations to the charities, though a little too inquisitive about their disposal.

The stranger was strange in all conscience. For the

first weeks he showed himself only in church, which indeed was for the first time filled—to see him. Usually he would be “not at home.” In truth, he was assiduous at *Cutchery* and worked hard at home to clear the long accumulated arrears. Gradually, he admitted a few visitors and called once at each of two or three houses, alone. It was said he contented himself with reporting his arrival to the Commissioner. Those who came in contact with him reported him a strict man of business with the manners of a perfect gentleman, but—as some of them just whispered—a trifle conceited. The wag of the station—a non-official beggar of an indigo planter—in his impudence went so far as to nickname him the “Little Mogul.” But though the beggar often enough aired his wit, he was generally doomed to laugh at it all himself.

Say rather, that the new Magistrate-Collector was a sultan. He was not, to be sure, one of the massive towers of ruddy flesh, without polish, which stalk and strut as if it was the height of human glory to be a walking hill or pyramid. He was a short man, *Stoor Saheb Bahadoor*, but spare and well-proportioned, with a clear complexion, who carried himself about with grace and dignity. Nor was he one of those *Brummagem* pretenders to *ton* who work at office in velvet coat and bathed in all manner of advertised greases and perfumed abominations, and are too high to receive the curtsy of a black man. He knew to dress. He had the taste of a cultivated gentleman, the simplicity which befitted an English chief, the courtliness of an *Omrah*, the munificence of a prince. He took men for what they were worth, not for their color or nation. To birth, of course, he allowed its due, and he had a wonderful faculty for discerning it. He soon enough found out the Aristocracy of Bankipore and kept them at arm's length. To the native *Raises* and *Pandits* and *Moulvies* he was most gracious. He took no pride at all in Englishism as such. The rudeness or nonsense of Europeans was just so much rudeness or nonsense to him.

Bankipore was almost confounded. Its mingled surprise and ill humour would not allow it to go to sleep

again. Stoor Saheb Bahadoor kept local society alive, and uneasy. The local Administration he filled with consternation.

There was a sudden, almost spasmodic animation, in every sphere, not much unlike what I experienced when the Doctor Saheb once gave me to hold the handles of an infernal box. European and native alike writhed. Early the new Magistrate proceeded to take account of the ways of his fellows and the work of his subordinates. Soon he took the measure of all concerned, or even non-concerned, with him. He overhauled all the departments, and all the men. The alarm spread from the Station to all the District. It was universally felt that not only a new reign had commenced, but a dynastic change was imminent.

The Magistrate not only restored any interest that the independent native community around ever felt in the Civil Station, but very greatly strengthened that interest. He made the dull English town a positive attraction, and constituted himself by far its chief "lion." A great genius was the Saheb Magistrate Bahadoor. Yes, Bahadoor *par excellence*, as the whole District not simply grudgingly said in public, for fear of being reported against and punished for want of manners (*beadvi*.) but felt and, of course, invariably said, in mentioning his name. He did not fulfill all expectations formed of himself, and yet few returned away altogether dissatisfied. Yes, Bankipore in those days was the grand pilgrimage of the District, and its sole shrine was the magistracy (*Cutchery*.) as its soul in every respect was Stoor Saheb Bahadoor. And a famous place for amusement the Cutchery was. The Saheb was a man of infinite jest—endless resources. One might suppose that he abandoned himself to the demonstrative enjoyment of the drollery he got up, but he was a staid, almost severe, though good humoured enough, Hakim, who, generally, no more than smiled. He scarcely ever gave himself up to boisterous merriment; more often contented himself with a hearty sober laugh. He

was all the more formidable that he never lost sight of business, or a grave purpose, in all the exhibitions to which he incidentally treated the people. Of course, the intelligent reader must have perceived that, if the Saheb was the cause of laughter in others, it was laughter at *still others*,—never at himself. No man was wiser or more wisely mischievous than Stoor Saheb Bahadoor, or more careful of his dignity. None dared to laugh in his presence, unless he himself made a sign. The people looked on in silence but observant, bottling up their laughter, which they poured and refilled, (as they recalled and retailed) and poured again, on their way back and at home, to their heart's content and infinite satisfaction. Where the Magistrate got all the materials for this endless *tamasha*? you ask. Why,—he found these among the numerous people who came in his way as Head of the District. The world is full of cheats and charlatans, humbugs and humdrums, sneaks and snobs, Bombasts and asses; and Stoor Saheb had a true eye for such. A proportion of these came in the ordinary course before him, every day, whether as suitors, witnesses, pleaders, Amlah, Police, place-men or place-hunters, and they were fair game, and ready to hand.

• The idlers of our City,—and their name, in those days, was—legion, now made the court of the new Hakim their habitual haunt. During all the office hours in the week days, they lurked in the Civil Station. They lounged about the civil buildings. They hung about the Magistracy and Collectorate in the verandahs and under the eaves, and beneath the trees, and at the stalls. Their numbers were largely increased by accessions from all ranks of the community—including the respectable and the employed classes. The passenger traffic of the city conveyances, like the goods traffic of the Railways during the height of the late Famine, suddenly rose to an enormous figure. *Ekkā* cabbies became more than usually impertinent and master-*ekkā-wālās* inordinately rich. Not a covered litter was to be obtained for a screened lady in the middle of the day, for all screened chairs and boxes—palan-

quins, *doolies* and all—had carried the barefaced males to Cutchery. The wealthier went to the *mela* in their own vehicles, which waited for them and to which they came—when tired with standing in the court, or when there was nothing stirring there—to smoke and chew betels and spices, and drink water or lunch, or, if necessary, repose. By arrangement, the fun-hunters formed themselves into relays, going into the court or coming out—a division of labor which gave the watchers rest and kept the resters informed of what was going on in the *ajlas*, so that they might be ready to go in there themselves any moment. The *amlah* of the other courts and offices adjoining would, also, from time to time, leave their work to have an occasional peep into the magistrate's. The suitors of the other Courts filled this—whence they would be called, when their turn came, by the criers and *chuprasis*, well advised and *gratified* for the service. And so of witnesses, mooktears, pleaders, and the rest. There was a vast crowd, and of course an unavoidable crush, but order was, under the circumstances, beautifully maintained, and there was silence always—for fear of the formidable Collector-Magistrate.

We too, the boys of Azimabad, caught the general infection. The fame of the great Stoor Sahib Bahadoor had reached down even to us. In spite of all difficulties placed in our way by our families—who feared we might be run over in the races of wheels and horses that went continually on, between the City and the Civil Station, or suffocated in the crowd in the court-house,—we shirked the tasks imposed on us, on purpose to detain, slipped out and managed to reach the scene, however late. To avoid discovery we left through back-doors. To avoid being met on the way by our elders and sent back with angry words, we avoided the streets and skulked in lanes and alleys, and made the best of our way through ditches and over hedges and down by the edges of dirty pools. Still we continually came upon our elders, and, of course,—to grief. The worst of these scarecrows were officious neighbours, who really did not care a jot if we went

bodily to hell, but whose sense of enjoyment was impaired, and who indeed seemed to think their dignity hurt, by having to share with youngsters a fun open to all, for which *they* had not paid in particular; and we had often to retrace our steps and bide our time, or take another course. Once arrived at our destination, it was comparatively easy for us, when about to be rated, to allow ourselves to be carried in the surge of humanity and lost, safe out of sight of our unconscionable tormentors.

A grand day at the Cutchery was Saturday. That was in fact the sensation day. All the finest burlesques—the downright *tamasha*—were reserved for the fag end of the week, before the close for the following holiday. On that day the fun was level to the utmost capacity and the smallest age, and the crowd, in consequence, proportionately immense. Then city and suburb, town and country, age and youth, mustered in great force. Both officials and non-officials were represented on the scene. The week days were, for the most part, the days for the experienced and the knowing—for those who discerned the drift of cross-examinations, understood the significance of gentle shrugs, and dived beneath the calm surface of the brow, who could catch the flying fancy as it flies, or take the point of grave bench chaff, or perceive the ludicrous in apparently not uncommon witnesses or pleaders and mooktears. Saturday was the special “children’s afternoon”—the day for the lay and unsophisticated—for the hunters of fun, pure and simple. On that day the farce was divested of all technicalities and no peculiar training or particular age was necessary to appreciate it to the full. On that day the great Lat descended from his throne and mixed himself with his subjects, in the playground as it were. Or say, the *Má Báp* stood beside, admiring, while the children played.

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